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Sr John St Aubyn Bart

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. IV.

[redacted]

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH,

CONTAINING,

The LIFE and DEATH of RICHARD the SECOND.
The First Part of KING HENRY the FOURTH.
The Second Part of KING HENRY the FOURTH.
The LIFE of KING HENRY the FIFTH.
The First Part of KING HENRY the SIXTH.

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M,DCC,LXV.

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THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD

THE

SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second.*
Duke of York,
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Lord Berkley.
Buſhy,
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green,
Earl of Northumberland.
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland.
Roſs.
Willoughby.
Biſhop of Carliſle.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Fitzwater.
Surry.
Abbot of Weſtminſter.
Sir Pierce *of* Exton.

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of* England.

Of this the Editions, earlier than the firſt Folio, are,

I. 4to, by *Valentine Simmes*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598, of which I have a collation by Mr. *Theobald.*

II. 4to, for *Mathew Law*, 1615, from which the firſt Folio was printed.

[1]The LIFE and DEATH of

KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

OLD *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late Appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. *Rich.* Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,

[1] *The* Life *and* Death *of King* Richard II.] But this Hiſtory comprizes little more than the Two laſt Years of this Prince. The Action of the Drama begins with *Bolingbroke's* appealing the Duke of *Norfolk*, on an Accuſation of high Treaſon, which fell out in the Year 1398; and it cloſes with the Murder of King *Richard* at *Pomfret*-Caſtle towards the End of the Year 1400, or the Beginning of the enſuing Year. THEOBALD.

If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent Danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no invet'rate malice.
K. *Rich.* Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow. Ourſelves will hear
Th' accuſer, and th' accuſed freely ſpeak.—
High-ſtomach'd are they Both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

SCENE II.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege!
Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your Crown!
K. *Rich.* We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t'appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*
Boling. Firſt (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a Subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I Appellant to this princely preſence.
—Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my Greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant;

Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds, that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul Traytor's Name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, ere I move,
What my Tongue ſpeaks, my [2] Right-drawn Sword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair Rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of Treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's Royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſland'rous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground * inhabitable,
Where never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my Gage.
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's Royalty,
Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except.
If guilty Dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,

[2] *Right-drawn.*] Drawn in a right or juſt Cauſe.

* *Inhabitable.*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.*

As to take up mine Honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that Sword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. *Rich.* What doth our Couſin ſay to *Mowbray's* charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of Ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge,
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetch from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad Life to make all This good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter's* death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And conſequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abel's*, cries
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious Worth of my Deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. *Rich.* How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!

Thomas

Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this Slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. *Rich. Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's ſon;
Now by [3] my Scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our ſubject, *Mowbray*, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburſt I to his Highneſs' ſoldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſovereign Leige was in my debt;
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now, ſwallow down that Lie.—For *Glouceſter's* death,
I ſlew him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor;
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend,

[3] *My Scepter's awe.*] The reverence due to my Scepter.

And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot;
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our tryal day.

K. *Rich.* Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this Choler without letting blood:
[4] This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk's* gage.

K. *Rich.* And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry?* when
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. *Rich. Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot *.

Mowb. Myſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my Shame;
The one my duty owes; but [5] my fair Name,
Deſpight of death, That lives upon my Grave,
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,

[4] *This we preſcribe, though no phyſician,* &c.] I muſt make one Remark, in general, on the *Rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are ſo much inferior to the reſt of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect without the inſerted rhymes, except in a very few places; and juſt there too, the rhyming verſes are of a much better taſte than all the others, which rather ſtrengthens my conjecture. POPE.

* *No boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no uſe*, in delay or refuſal.

[5] *My fair Name,* &c.] That is, *My name that lives on my grave* in *deſpight of death.* This eaſy paſſage moſt of the Editors ſeem to have miſtaken.

Pierc'd

Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. *Rich.* Rage muſt be withſtood.
Give me his gage. Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots. Take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs Reputation; That away,
Men are but guilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In That I live, and for That will I die.

K. *Rich.* Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
[6] Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd Daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
[7] The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, ev'n in *Mowbray's* face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. *Rich.* We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At *Coventry* upon Saint *Lambert's* day.

[6] *Or with pale* beggar face—] *i. e.* with a face of ſupplication. But this will not ſatisfy the *Oxford Editor*, he turns it to *baggard fear*. WARBURTON.

[7] *The ſlaviſh* motive—] *Motive*, for inſtrument. WARB. Rather that which fear puts in motion.

There

There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate.
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at Arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Duke of Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. ALas! * the part I had in *Glo'ſter's* blood
Doth more ſollicit me, than your Exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the Will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thy ſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by Nature's Courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the Deſt'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ſter*,
One vial, full of *Edward's* ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe.
Ah, *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee;

* *The part I had.*] That is, my relation of conſanguinity to *Glouceſter.* HANMER.

Made

Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life;
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is deſpair.
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardiſe in noble breaſts,
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is to 'venge my *Glo'ſter's* death.

Gaunt. God's is the Quarrel; for God's Subſtitute,
His Deputy anoïnted in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his Miniſter.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain myſelf?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's Champion and Defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will: farewel, old *Gaunt*, farewel.
Thou go'ſt to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Couſin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on *Hereford's* ſpear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be *Mowbray's* ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming Courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
[s] A caitiff recreant to my couſin *Hereford!*
Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy ſometime brother's wife
With her companion Grief muſt end her life.

[s] *A caitiff recreant*—] *Caitiff* originally ſignified a *priſoner*; next *a ſlave*, from the condition of priſoners; then a *ſcoundrel*, from the qualities of a ſlave. Ημισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποβάλλει ὁ ἁλὼς ἦμαρ.
In this paſſage it partakes of all theſe ſignifications.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry.*
As much Good ſtay with thee, as go with me;
Dutch. Yet one word more — grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For Sorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York:*
Lo, this is all —— nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him —— oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* ſee there
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me,—let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt Leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Liſts, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord-Marſhal, and Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea; at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the Summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the Champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſty's approach. [*Flouriſh.*

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, *and others: when they are ſet, Enter the Duke of* Norfolk *in armour.*

K. *Rich.* Marſhal, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms;
Aſk him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his Cauſe.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, ſay who thou art? [*To* Mowbray.
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engag'd by my oath,
(Which, heav'n defend, a Knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding Iſſue [9],
Againſt the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The trumpets ſound. Enter Bolingbroke, *Appellant, in armour.*

K. *Rich.* Marſhal, aſk yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our Law,

[9] ——— *his ſucceeding Iſſue,*] Such is the reading of the firſt folio; the later editions read *my* Iſſue. *Mowbray's Iſſue* was, by this accuſation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come among other reaſons for their ſake, but the old reading is more juſt and grammatical.

Depoſe

K. *Rich.* Farewel, my lord; ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the tryal, Marſhal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford, Lancaſter* and *Derby,*
Receive thy Lance; and heav'n defend thy Right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*
Mar. Go bear this Lance to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*
1 *Her. Harry* of *Hereford, Lancaſter* and *Derby.*
Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and Himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray,* Duke of *Norfolk,*
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford, Lancaſter* and *Derby,*
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the Signal to begin. [*A Charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound, Trumpets; and ſet forward, Combatants.
—But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.
K. *Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And Both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flouriſh; after which, the King ſpeaks to the Combatants.*
Draw near;———
And liſt, what with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath foſtered;

ſubſtitutes, but the rhyme, to which ſenſe is too often enſlaved, obliged *Shakeſpeare* to write *jeſt,* and obliges us to read it.

And,

And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
[[2] And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating Envy ſet you on,
To wake our Peace [3], which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;]
Which thus rouz'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,
And harſh reſounding trumpets' dreadful Bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,

[2] *And for we think, the eagle-winged pride,* &c.] Theſe five verſes are omitted in the other editions, and reſtored from the firſt of 1598. POPE.

[3] *To wake our Peace,——— which thus rouz'd up——*

Might fright fair Peace,] Thus the ſentence ſtands in the common reading, abſurdly enough: which made the *Oxford Editor*, inſtead of, *fright fair Peace*, read, *be affrighted*; as if theſe latter words could ever, poſſibly, have been blundered into the former by tranſcribers. But his buſineſs is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticiſm direct. In a word, then, the true original of the blunder was this: The Editors, before Mr. *Pope*, had taken their Editions from the Folios, in which the text ſtood thus,

——————— *the dire aſpect*
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
Which thus rouz'd up,———
——————— *fright fair Peace,*

This is ſenſe. But Mr. *Pope*, who carefully examined the firſt printed plays in Quarto (very much to the advantage of his Edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the firſt Edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the firſt general collection of the poet's works; and not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, as not agreeing to the reſt of the context; which, on reviſe, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as ſpurious, but as rejected on the author's reviſe; and, indeed, with great judgment; for,

To wake our Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep,

as pretty as it is in the image, is abſurd in the ſenſe; For Peace awake is ſtill Peace, as well as when aſleep. The difference is, that Peace aſleep gives one the notion of a happy people ſunk in ſloth and luxury, which is not the idea the ſpeaker would raiſe, and from which ſtate, the ſooner it was awaked the better. WARBURTON.

Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You, couſin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of Baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done. This muſt my comfort be,
That Sun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Baniſhment.

K. *Rich.* *Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce.
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy Sentence, my moſt ſovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſs' mouth.
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim [4],
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forego;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp;
Or, like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my Teeth and Lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance
Is made my Goaler to attend on me.

[4] *A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim,*
Have I deſerved, &c.———]
To *deſerve* a *merit* is a phraſe of which I know not any example. I wiſh ſome copy would exhibit, *A dearer* mede, and *not ſo deep a maim.* *To deſerve a mede* or *reward*, is regular and eaſy.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a Pupil now;
What is thy Sentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. *Richard.* [5] It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our Sentence, Plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.

K. *Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal Sword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n
[6] (Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter.
You never ſhall, ſo help you truth, and heav'n!
Embrace each other's love in Baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,
'Gainſt us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. * *Norfolk*,—ſo far, as to mine enemy——
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,

[5] *Compaſſionate*, for plaintive. WARBURTON.

[6] *(Our part*, &c.] It is a queſtion much debated amongſt the writers of the Law of Nations, whether a baniſh'd man be ſtill tied in allegiance to the ſtate which ſent him into exile. *Tully* and Lord Chancellor *Clarendon* declare for the affirmative: *Hobbs* and *Puffendorf* hold the negative. Our author, by this line, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion. WARB.

* Norfolk,—*ſo far*, &c.] I do not clearly ſee what is the ſenſe of this abrupt line, but ſuppoſe the meaning to be this. *Hereford*, immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addreſſes *Norfolk*, and, fearing ſome miſconſtruction, turns to the king and ſays—*ſo far as to mine enemy* —that is, *I ſhould ſay nothing to him but what enemies may ſay to each other.*

As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land,
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this Realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.

Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My Name be blotted from the Book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel, my Liege. Now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way[7]. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

K. *Rich.* Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart, thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away.—Six frozen winters ſpent, [*To* Bol.
Return with Welcome home from Baniſhment.

Bolingb. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs,
End in a word; ſuch is the Breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done:
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. *Rich.* Why, uncle? thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,

[7] ——— *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps *Milton* had this in his mind when he wrote theſe lines.

The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.

And

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow *;
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him, for my death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. *Rich.* Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things, ſweet to taſte, prove indigeſtion ſow'r.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his Fault, I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſ
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.
A partial ſlander † ſought I to avoid,
And in the Sentence my own life deſtroy'd.

K. *Rich.* Couſin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Aum. Couſin, farewel; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no Greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

* *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;*] It is matter of very melancholy conſideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good.

† *A partial ſlander*—] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a juſt picture of the ſtruggle between principle and affection.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a Travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make [8]
Will but remember me, what a deal of World
I wander from the Jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long Apprentice-hood,
To foreign paſſages, and in the End
Having my Freedom, boaſt of Nothing elſe
But that I was a Journeyman to Grief? *
Gaunt. [9] All Places that the Eye of Heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the King did baniſh Thee;
But Thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,

[8] Boling. *Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious Stride I make*] This, and the ſix Verſes which follow, I have ventur'd to ſupply from the old *Quarto*. The Alluſion, 'tis true, to an *Apprenticeſhip*, and becoming a *Journeyman*, is not in the ſublime Taſte, nor, as *Horace* has expreſs'd it, *ſpirat Tragicum ſatis:* however as there is no Doubt of the Paſſage being genuine, the Lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt. THEOBALD.

* —— *Journeyman to Grief?*] I am afraid our author in this place deſigned a very poor quibble, as *journey* ſignifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be cenſured for what he himſelf rejected.

[9] *All Places that the Eye of Heav'n viſits*, &c.] The fourteen verſes that follow, are found in the firſt Edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Pope* have reſtored were expunged in the reviſion by the authour: if the lines incloſed in crotchets are omitted, the ſenſe is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatick writers, than to ſhorten their dialogues for the ſtage.

And

And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring Peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lye that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling Sorrow hath leſs Pow'r to bite
The Man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.]

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick Summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy Youth, and Cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, *England's* Ground, farewel; ſweet ſoil, adieu,
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd; yet a true-born *Engliſhman*[1].

[*Exeunt.*

[1] —— *yet a true-born* Engliſhman.] Here the firſt act ought to end, that between the firſt and ſecond acts there may be time for *John* of *Gaunt* to accompany his ſon, return and fall ſick. Then the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act begins with a natural converſation, interrupted by a meſſage from *John* of *Gaunt*, by which the king is called to viſit him, which viſit is paid in the following ſcene. As the play is now divided, more time paſſes between the two laſt ſcenes of the firſt act, than between the firſt act and the ſecond.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Court.

Enter King Richard, *and* Bagot, *&c. at one door; and the Lord* Aumerle, *at the other.*

K. *Rich.* WE did, indeed, obſerve——Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next High-way, and there I left him.
K. *Rich.* And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-eaſt wind,
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheume; and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow Parting with a tear.
K. *Rich.* What ſaid your couſin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel.
And, for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word. That taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's Grave.
Marry, would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort Baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.
K. *Rich.* He is our kinſman, Couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from Baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Our ſelf, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſie?

What

What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves,
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their Affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends—
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our Subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.———

Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient Manage muſt be made, my Liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.

K. *Rich.* We will our ſelf in perſon to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a Court,
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. *Rich. Buſhy*, what news?

Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is ſick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt-haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. *Rich.* Where lyes he?

Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe.*

K. *Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician's mind,

To

To help him to his Grave immediately.
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heav'n, we may make haſte, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ELY-HOUSE.

Gaunt *brought in, ſick; with the Duke of* York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?

York Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they, whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe,
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;
The ſetting Sun, and muſick in the cloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt.
Though *Richard* my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad Tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his State; there are, beſide,
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:

Report

Report of Faſhions in proud *Italy* [2],
Whoſe manner ſtill our tardy, apiſh, Nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with wit's regard [3].
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe *;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.
Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inſpir'd,
And, thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder.
Light Vanity, inſatiate Cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal Throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd Iſle,
This Earth of Majeſty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradiſe*,
This fortreſs, built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt infection †, and the hand of war;
This happy Breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,

[2] *Report of faſhions in proud* Italy,] Our authour, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of *England*, and to all ages the manners of his own; has charged the times of *Richard* with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in *Shakeſpeare's* time, and much lamented by the wiſeſt and beſt of our anceſtors.

[3] *Where Will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels againſt the notices of the underſtanding.

* —— *whoſe way himſelf will chuſe*;] Do not attempt to *guide him who*, whatever thou ſhalt ſay, *will take his own courſe.*

† *Raſh.* That is, *haſty, violent.*

† *Againſt infection,* ——] I once ſuſpected that for *infection* we might read *invaſion*; but the copies all agree, and I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpeare* meant to ſay, that iſlanders are ſecured by their ſituation both *from* war and *peſtilence.*

Which

Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier Lands[5];
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
[6] Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
For chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the world's Ranſom, bleſſed *Mary's* Son;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear, dear Land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I dye, pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful Conqueſt of itſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

[5] *Leſs happier lands.*] So read all the editions, except *Hanmer's*, which has *leſs happy*. I believe *Shakeſpeare*, from the habit of ſaying *more happier* according to the cuſtom of his time, inadvertently writ *leſs happier*.

[6] *Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth.*] The firſt edition in 4to, 1598, reads,

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* for *their birth.*

The ſecond 4to in 1615,

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* by *their birth.*

The firſt folio, though printed from the ſecond quarto, reads as the firſt. The particles in this authour ſeem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the paſſage, which appears a little diſordered, may be regulated thus:

——— —— *royal kings,*
Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry;
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the Sepulchre.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth:
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaſter?*
K. *Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt?*
Gaunt. Oh, how that Name befits my compoſition!
Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt;
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. *Rich.* Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. *Rich.* Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. *Rich.* Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt, thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dyeſt, though I ſicker be.
K. *Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows, I ſee thee ill.
Ill in myſelf, but ſeeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the Land,

Wherein

Wherein thou lieſt in Reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs Patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians, that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy Crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy Land.
Oh, had thy Grandſire, with a prophet's eye.
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt;
Who art poſſeſs'd now, to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by leaſe;
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou now, not King:
[7] Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;
And Thou———

K. *Rich.* And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,

[7] *Thy* ſtate of law *is* bondſlave to the law:] *State of law*, i. e. *legal ſov'rainty*. But the *Oxford Editor* alters it to the *ſtate o'er law*, i. e. *abſolute ſov'rainty*. A doctrine, which, if our poet ever learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, Queen *Elizabeth's*, but in the reign after it, King *James's*. By *bondſlave to the law*, the poet means his being inſlaved to his *favourite* ſubjects. WARBURTON.

This ſentiment, whatever it be, is obſcurely expreſſed. I underſtand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite ſo zealous for *Shakeſpeare's* political reputation. The reaſoning of *Gaunt*, I think, is this: *By ſetting thy royalties* to farm, *thou haſt reduced thyſelf to a ſtate below ſovereignty, thou art* now no longer king but landlord of *England, ſubject to the ſame reſtraint and limitations as other landlords; by making thy condition* a ſtate of law, *a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate*, thou art become a bondſlave to the law; *thou haſt made thyſelf amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

Whether this interpretation be true, or no, it is plain that Dr. *Warburton's* explanation of *bondſlave to the law*, is not true.

Dar'ſt

Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my Seat's right-royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not Brother to Great *Edward's* ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother *Edward's* ſon,
For that I was his father *Edward's* ſon.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well-meaning ſoul
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mong'ſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward's* blood.
Join with the preſent Sickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
[9] Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*

K. *Rich.* And let them die, that Age and Sullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute

[8] *And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age.*
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flow'r.] Thus ſtand theſe lines in all the copies, but I think there is an errour. Why ſhould *Gaunt*, already *old*, call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can age be ſaid to *crop at once*? How is the idea of *crookedneſs* connected with that of *cropping*? I ſuppoſe the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindneſs be time's *crooked* edge
To crop at once ———

That is, *let thy unkindneſs* be time's ſcythe *to crop*.

Edge was eaſily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one miſtake once admitted made way for another.

[9] *Love they.*] That is, *let them love.*

His

His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age.
He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. *Rich.* Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford's* love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be, as it is.

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. *Rich.* What ſays old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid.
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

York. Be *York* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. *Rich.* The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be.
So much for that.——Now for our *Iriſh* wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
To'rds our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us.
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender Duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ſter's* death, not *Hereford's* Baniſhment,
Not *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſow'r my patient cheek;
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
I am the laſt of noble *Edward's* ſons,

Of

Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was firſt;
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the *French*,
And not againſt his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not That,
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, *Richard! York* is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. *Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my Liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Hereford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* jeſt, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take *Hereford's* Rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomary Rights;
Let not to-morrow then enſue to day;
Be not thyſelf; for how art thou a King,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford's* Right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to ſue
His livery, and * deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,

* *Deny his offer'd homage.*] That is, *refuſe* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands.

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we ſeize into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while; my Liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* Go, *Buſhy*, to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtraight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſs done. To-morrow next
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England*,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen; to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of Stay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Roſs.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.

Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,

Ere't be diſburden'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,

That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Willo. Tends, what you'd ſpeak, to the Duke of *Hereford?*

If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good tow'rds him.

Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,

Bereft

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heav'n, it's ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Roſs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the Nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, I wot not what?
But what o' God's name doth become of this?

North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That, which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blows;
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.

Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.

Roſs. He hath not money for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.

North. His noble Kinſman. Moſt degenerate King!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
[1] And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.

Roſs. We ſee the very wreck, that we muſt ſuffer;

[1] To *ſtrike* the *ſails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind.

And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo; ev'n through the hollow eyes of Death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thyſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from *Port le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,
All theſe, well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoak,
Imp out our drooping Country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking Pawn the blemiſh'd Crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepter's gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like itſelf.
Away with me in poſt to *Ravenſpurg*;
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.
Roſs. To horſe, to horſe; urge Doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The COURT.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſhy. MAdam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe,
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a Gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard.* Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
[2] With nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
[3] Like Perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew

[2] *With* nothing *trembles, yet at* ſomething *grieves.*] The following line requires that this ſhould be read juſt the contrary way,

With ſomething *trembles, yet at* nothing *grieves.*
WARBURTON.

All the old editions read,

——*my inward ſoul*
With nothing trembles; at ſomething it grieves.

The reading, which Dr. *Warburton* corrects, is itſelf an innovation. His conjecture gives indeed a better ſenſe than that of any copy, but copies muſt not be needleſſly forſaken.

[3] *Like* Perſpectives, which rightly *gaz'd upon,*
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.] This is a fine ſimilitude, and the thing meant

Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry
Diſtinguiſh form.——So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
[4] As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; Conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
[5] For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;

Or

meant is this. Amongſt *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *Optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *Perſpective* are *inverted:* ſo that, if held in the ſame poſition with thoſe pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *Perſpective*, it can preſent nothing but confuſion: and to be ſeen in form, and under a regular Appearance, it muſt be look'd upon from a contrary ſtation: or, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays, *ey'd awry.*

WARBURTON.

[4] *As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think.*] We ſhould read, *as though* in *thinking:* That is, *though muſing, I have no diſtinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depreſſion of the mind, which every one has ſometime felt, is here very forcibly deſcribed.

[5] *For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;*
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve.]

With theſe lines I know not well what can be done. The Queen's reaſoning, as it now ſtands, is this. My *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is ſtill derived from* ſome antecedent cauſe, *ſome fore-father grief*; but with me the caſe is, that *either my real grief hath no real cauſe, or ſome real cauſe has produced a fancy'd grief.* That is, *my grief is not conceit, becauſe it either has not a cauſe like conceit, or it has a cauſe like conceit.* This can hardly ſtand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;

Not

Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve;
[6] 'Tis in reverſion That I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

SCENE VI.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope, the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipt?

Green. That he, our hope, [7] might have retir'd his Power?
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy's Hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himſelf;

Not *ſomething hath the nothing which I grieve.*
That is, *My grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneaſineſs from ſome paſt occurrence.* But, on the contrary, here is *real grief without a real cauſe*; not *a real cauſe with a fanciful ſorrow.* This, I think, muſt be the meaning; harſh at the beſt, yet better than contradiction or abſurdity.

[6] *'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs,*
But what it is, that is not yet known, &c.] I am about to propoſe an interpretation which many will think harſh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *poſſeſs a man,* is, in *Shakeſpeare,* to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be poſſeſſed,* is, *to be fully informed.* Of this ſenſe the examples are numerous.

I have poſſeſt *him my moſt ſtay*
Can be but ſhort. Meaſ. for Meaſ.
Is he poſſeſt *what ſum you need.*
Merch. of Venice.

I therefore imagine the Queen ſays thus:

'Tis in reverſion —— that I do poſſeſs. ——

The event is yet in futurity—that I know with full conviction --*but what it is, that is not yet known.* In any other interpretation ſhe muſt ſay that *ſhe poſſeſſes* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, leſs natural than my explanation.

[7] *Might have retired his power.*] Might have *drawn* it *back.* A *French* ſenſe.

And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg*.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The lord *Northumberland*, his young ſon *Percy*,
The lords of *Roſs*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have; whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke*.

Queen. So, *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* * my ſorrow's diſmal heir.
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow, join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York*.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts;

* *My ſorrow's diſmal heir.*] The authour ſeems to have uſed *heir* in an improper ſenſe; an *heir* being one that *inherits by ſucceſſion*, is here put for one that *ſucceeds*, though he *ſucceeds* but in order of time, not in order of deſcent.

Comfort's

Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care, and Grief,
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop this Land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport my ſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.
York. He was—why, ſo—go all, which way it will—
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford's* ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie* [8], to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is't?
Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do. I would to heav'n,
So my * untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland?*
How ſhall we do for mony for theſe wars?
Come, ſiſter; couſin, I would ſay; pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
—Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?

[8] *Get thee to* Plaſhie, ———] The Lordſhip of *Plaſhie* was a Town of the Dutcheſs of *Glouceſter's* in *Eſſex*. See *Hale's* Chronicle, p. 13. THEOBALD.

* *Untruth.*] That is, *Diſloyalty, treachery.*

If

If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
My kinſman is, One whom the King hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you.—Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Berkley* caſtle—
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too;———
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

SCENE VIII.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to levy Power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our Nearneſs to the King in Love
Is near the Hate of thoſe, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes; and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then ſo do we;
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for Refuge ſtraight to *Briſtol* Caſtle;
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?

Bagot. No, I'll to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel.

Farewel. If heart's Preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.
Buſhy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*
Green. Alas, poor Duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.
Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to a wild Proſpect in Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland.

Boling. HOW far is it, my lord, to *Berkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire.*
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome,
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſhold*, will be found
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel;
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs;
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company,
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter*, whenceſoever.
—*Harry*, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I thought, my lord, t'have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?
Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The Houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford;*
And ſent me o'er by *Berkley*, to diſcover
What Pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to known him now; this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*; and be ſure,
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.
North. How far is it to *Berkley?* and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy.

Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords, *York*, *Berkley*, *Seymour*;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here comes the lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.
Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.
Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.
Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore, thanks, th' exchequer of the poor,
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of *Berkley*, as I gueſs.
Berk. My lord of *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.
Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*;
And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time [9].
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

[9] —— *the* abſent *time*,] For *unprepared*. Not an inelegant ſynecdoche. WARBURTON.

He means nothing more than, *time of the king's abſence*.

SCENE X.

Enter York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble Uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me no Uncle:——
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England's* ground?
But more than why; why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
[1] And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal boſom lies his Power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and myſelf
Reſcu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand *French*;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,

[1] *And oſtentation of* DESPISED *arms?*] But ſure the oſtentation of deſpiſed arms would not *fright* any one. We ſhould read

——— DISPOSED *arms.*

i. e. forces in battle-array. WAR.

This alteration is harſh. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads *deſpightful.* Mr. *Upton* gives this paſſage as a proof that our authour uſes the paſſive participle in an active ſenſe. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old Duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with ſeverity, and to inſinuate that he deſpiſes his power, as being able to maſter it. In this ſenſe, all is right.

Now

Now priſoner to the palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
* On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
York. Ev'n in condition of the worſt degree;
In groſs Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon.
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy Sovereign.
Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive: O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upſtart unthrifts? † Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.
You have a ſon, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's Goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge law; attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my Claim

* *On what condition.*] It ſhould be, in *what condition*. That is, *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit.

† *Wherefore was I born?*] To what purpoſe ſerves birth and lineal ſucceſſion? I am Duke of *Lancaſter* by the ſame right of birth as the King is king of *England*.

To mine Inheritance of free Deſcent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon, to do him Right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had Feeling of my Couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him Right.
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath ſworn, his Coming is
But for his own; and, for the Right of That,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my Pow'r is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewel.
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, Uncle, that we will accept.
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To *Briſtol-Caſtle*, which, they ſay, is held
By *Buſhy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go. But yet I'll pauſe,
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things paſt Redreſs are now with me paſt Care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[2]SCENE XI.

In WALES.

Enter Saliſbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. MY lord of *Saliſbury*, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves. Farewel.

Saliſ. Stay yet another day, thou truſty *Welſhman:*
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd Prophets whiſper fearful Change.
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings——
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*

Saliſ. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Star,

[2] Here is a ſcene ſo unartfully and irregularly thruſt into an improper place, that I cannot but ſuſpect it accidentally tranſpoſed; which, when the ſcenes were written on ſingle pages, might eaſily happen, in the wildneſs of *Shakeſpeare's* drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the ſecond ſcene of the enſuing act, and there I would adviſe the reader to inſert it, though I have not ventured on ſo bold a change. My conjecture is not ſo preſumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in *Shakeſpeare's* time, broken into acts; the two editions publiſhed before his death exhibit only a ſequence of ſcenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pauſe of action. In a drama ſo deſultory and erratick, left in ſuch a ſtate, tranſpoſitions might eaſily be made.

[3] *The bay-trees*, &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the higheſt degree poetical and ſtriking.

Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament.
Thy Sun ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Storms to come, woe, and unreſt.
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy Good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green, *Priſoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men.——
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſled a Prince, a royal King,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a royal Bed,
And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
Myſelf, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries;
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,

Eat-

Eating the bitter bread of Baniſhment,
While you have fed upon my Signiories,
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods,
[3] From mine own windows torn my houſhold coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſs, leaving me no ſign,
Save mens' opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
T'execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.* —— Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd.
—Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'n's ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind Commends;
Take ſpecial care, my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. [4] Thanks, gentle Uncle.—Come, my lords, away,

[To

[3] *From mine own windows torn my houſhold coat.*] It was the practice, when coloured glaſs was in uſe, of which there are ſtill ſome remains in old ſeats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the houſe.

[4] *Thanks, gentle Uncle; Come, my Lords, away,*
To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices,
A while to Work, and after Holyday.] Tho' the intermediate Line has taken Poſſeſſion of all the old Copies, I have great Suſpicion of its being an Interpolation; and have therefore ventur'd to throw it out. The firſt and third Line rhime to each other; nor, do I imagine, this was caſual, but intended by the Poet. Were we to acknowledge the Line genuine, it muſt argue the Poet of Forgetfulneſs and Inattention to Hiſtory. *Bolingbroke* is, as it were, yet but juſt arrived; he is now at *Briſtol*; weak in his Numbers; has had no Meeting with a Parliament; nor

[To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices;]
A while to Work; and, after, Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

* *Changes to the coaſt of* Wales.

Flouriſh: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Rich.* BArkloughly-caſtle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking Seas?
K. *Rich.* Needs muſt I like it well. I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe;
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.

nor is ſo far aſſur'd of the Succeſſion, as to think of going to ſuppreſs Inſurrections before he is planted in the Throne. Beſides, we find, the Oppoſition of *Glendower* begins the *Firſt* Part of K. *Henry* IV; and *Mortimer's* Defeat by that hardy *Welſhman* is the Tidings of the firſt Scene of that Play. Again, tho' *Glendower*, in the very firſt Year of K. *Henry* IV. began to be troubleſome, put in for the Supremacy of *Wales*, and impriſon'd *Mortimer*; yet it was not 'till the ſucceeding Year, that the King employed any Force againſt him.

THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is juſt, has been followed by Sir *T. Hanmer*, but is neglected by Dr. *Warburton*.

* Here may be properly inſerted the laſt ſcene of the ſecond act.

Yield

ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
l it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
e double tongue may with a mortal touch
v death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.
not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
Earth ſhall have a Feeling, and theſe ſtones
armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
faulter under foul rebellious arms.
bop. 'Fear not, my Lord; that Pow'r, that made
you King,
pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
ieans, that heaven yields, muſt be embrac'd
ıot neglected; elſe, if heaven would,
ve would not heav'n's offer, we refuſe
›roffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.
n. He means, my lord; that we are too remiſs;
ſt *Bolingbroke*, through our ſecurity,
s ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.
Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, know'ſt thou not,
when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
ind the globe, that lights the lower world;
thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
ırders, and in outrage bloody, here,
:hen from under this terreſtrial ball
'es the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
larts his light through ev'ry guilty hole,
murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
loak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
hen this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,

:ar *not, my Lord.*] Of :ech the four laſt lines were l from the firſt edition by 'ope. They were, I ſup- ›mitted by the players on- ıorten the ſcenes, for they ırthy of the authour and ſuitable to the perſonage.

* *Behind the globe*, &c.] I ſhould read,

——*the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid*
Behind the globe, and *lights the lower world.*

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
[6] The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden Crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the Right.

SCENE III.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your Power?
Salif. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but Deſpair:
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To day, to day,———unhappy day, too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the *Welſhmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, diſperſt and fled.

[6] *The breath of worldly men.*] Here is the doctrine of indefeaſible right expreſſed in the ſtrongeſt terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of King *James*, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whoſe opinions are regulated by faſhion or intereſt, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think falſe or fooliſh.

Aum.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace
ſo pale?

K. *Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls, that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember, who you are.

K. *Rich.* I had forgot myſelf. Am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt;
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my Name; a puny Subject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favr'rites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. *Rich.* [7] Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd.
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my Kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care,
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our Subjects? that we cannot mend;

[7] *Mine ear is open,*] It ſeems to be the deſign of the poet to raiſe *Richard* to eſteem in his fall, and conſequently to intereſt the reader in his favour. He gives him only paſſive fortitude, the virtue of a confeſſor rather than of a king. In his proſperity we ſaw him imperious and oppreſſive, but in his diſtreſs he is wiſe, patient, and pious.

They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, Woe, Deſtruction, Ruin, Loſs, Decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful Land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſt
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſca
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with women's voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy Crown.
[8] Thy very Beadſmen learn to bend their bows
[9] Of double-fatal Ewe, againſt thy State.
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.
K. *Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a Tale ill.
[1] Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire?* where is *Bagot*

W

[8] *The very Beadſmen learn to bend their bows.*] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadſmen* be right, for the *bow* ſeems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadſman*. The king's *beadſmen* were his chaplains. *Trenſa* calls himſelf the *beadſman* of his patron. *Beadſman* might likewiſe be any men maintained by charity to pray for their benefactor. *Hanmer* reads *the very beadſmen*, but *thy* is better.

[9] *Of double fatal Ewe,——*] Called ſo, becauſe the leave the Ewe are poiſon, and the w is employed for inſtrument death; therefore *double* ſhould be with an hyphen.

WARBURT

[1] *Where is the Earl of* W ſhire? *where is* Bagot? *What is become of* Buſ *where is* Green?] H are *four* of them named; within a very few Lines, King, hearing they had m their Peace with *Bolingbr* calls them THREE *Judas's*. how was their Peace ma

W

What is become of *Buſhy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke.*

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas!*
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſow'reſt and moſt deadly hate.
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; thoſe, whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow'd ground.

Aum. Is *Buſby, Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtol* loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father, with his Power?

Why, with the Loſs of their Heads. This being explained, *Aumerle* ſays, *Is* Buſhy, Green, *and th' Earl of* Wiltſhire *dead?* So that *Bagot* ought to be left out of the Queſtion: and, indeed, he had made the beſt of his way for *Cheſter*, and from thence had eſcap'd into *Ireland.* And ſo we find him, in the 2d Act, determining to do.

Bagot. *No: I'll to* Ireland, *to his Majeſty.*

The Poet could not be guilty of ſo much Forgetfulneſs and Abſurdity. The Tranſcribers muſt have blunder'd. It ſeems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally alter'd the Text,

Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? *where is* he got?

i. e. into what Corner of my Dominions is he *ſlunk*, and *abſconded?* THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. *Warburton* adopts. *Hanmer* leaves a blank after *Wiltſhire.* I believe the authour, rather than tranſcriber, made a miſtake. *Where is he got* does not ſound in my ear like an expreſſion of *Shakeſpeare.*

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak;
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke's*,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
[2] And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
[3] Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings;
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murther'd.—For within the hollow Crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court; and [4] there the Antick ſits,
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood

[2] *And that ſmall* model *of the barren earth.*] He uſes *model* here, as he frequently does elſewhere, for *part, portion.* WARBURTON.

He uſes it rather for *mould.* That earth, which cloſing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line ſeems to authoriſe.

[3] A metaphor, not of the moſt ſublime kind, taken from a *pie.*

[4] *There the Antick ſits.*] Here is an alluſion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whoſe chief part is to deride and diſturb the graver and more ſplendid perſonages.

With ſolemn Rev'rence; throw away reſpect,
[5] Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while;
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you; ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is [6] death deſtroying death:
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. *Rich.* Thou chid'ſt me well; proud *Bolingbroke*, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his Power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

[5] *Tradition.*] This word ſeems here uſed in an improper ſenſe, for *traditional practices:* That is, *eſtabliſhed or cuſtomary homage.*

[6] *Death deſtroying death.*] That is, to *dye fighting*, is to return the evil that we ſuffer, to deſtroy the deſtroyers. I once read *death* defying *death*, but *deſtroying* is as well.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to Deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, [7] I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away,
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That Pow'r I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. *Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my Foll'wers; let them hence, away,
From *Richard's* night to *Bolingbroke's* fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke's *Camp near* Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn,
The *Welſhmen* are diſpers'd; and *Saliſbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this Coaſt.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeem the lord *Northumberland*,

[7] *I'll hate him everlaſtingly, That bids me be of comfort.*] This ſentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offenſive to a mind convinced that his diſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit quietly to irreſiſtible calamity, than theſe petty and conjectured comforts which unſkilful officiouſneſs thinks it virtue to adminiſter.

To ſay, King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!
North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with You, to ſhorten you,
* For taking ſo the Head, the whole Head's Length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake. The heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe myſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, *Harry*; what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a King. King *Richard* lies
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Saliſbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of *Carliſle*.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiſs King *Richard's* hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon.
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r.
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,

* *For taking ſo the head,*—] To *take* the *head* is, to act without reſtraint; to take undue liberties.

And

And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen.*
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King *Richard's* Land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignify as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this Plain.
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this Caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King *Richard* and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring Shock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n;
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters! on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flouriſh. Enter, on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop, *and* Saliſbury.

York. [a] See! ſee! King *Richard* doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his Glory; and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright Paſſage to the Occident.

[a] *See! ſee! King* Richard *doth himſelf appear,*] The following ſix lines are abſurdly given to *Bolingbroke*, who is made to condemn his own conduct and diſculp the King's. It is plain theſe ſix and the four following all belong to *York.* WARB.

Yet

Yet looks he like a King; behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty; alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. *Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful King;
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends,
Yet know,—— My Maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of Peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding War;
But ere the Crown, he looks for, live in peace[9],
Ten

[9] *But e'er the Crown, he looks for,* live *in Peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody Crowns of Mothers' Sons
Shall ill become the Flow'r *of* England's *face*;] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text here, I cannot but think it liable to Suſpicion. A Crown living in Peace, as Mr. *Warburton* juſtly obſerv'd to me, is a very odd Phraſe. He ſuppoſes;
But e'er the Crown, he looks for, light *in Peace,*
i. e. deſcend and ſettle upon *Bolingbroke's* Head in Peace.—— Again, I have a ſmall Quarrel to the third Line quoted. Would the

Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England's* face:
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation; and bedew
Her Paſture's graſs with faithful *Engliſh* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandfire's bones;
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,
Currents, that ſpring from one moſt gracious head
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt* [1],
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid;
His Coming hither hath no farther ſcope;

the Poet ſay, That bloody Crowns ſhould diſfigure the *Flow'rs* that ſpring on the Ground, and bedew the *Graſs* with blood? Surely the two Images are too ſimilar. I have ſuſpected,

Shall ill become the Floor *of* England's *Face*;

i. e. Shall make a diſmal Spectacle on the Surface of the Kingdom's Earth. THEOBALD.

Shall ill become the flow'r of *England's* face;] By *the flow'r of* England's *face*, is meant the choiceſt youths of *England*, who ſhall be ſlaughter'd in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of* England's *face*, to deſign her choiceſt Youth, is a fine and noble expreſſion. *Pericles*, by a ſimilar thought, ſaid that the deſtruction of the *Athenian* youth was a fatality like cutting off the Spring from the Year. Yet the *Oxford Editor*, who did not apprehend the figure, alters the line thus,

"*Shall* miſbecome *the* flow'ry *England's* face."

Which means —— I know not what. WARBURTON.

Dr. *Warburton* has inſerted *light in peace* in the text of his own edition, but *live in peace* is more ſuitable to *Richard's* intention, which is to tell him that though he ſhould get the *crown* by rebellion, it will be long before it will *live* in peace, be ſo *faſtned* as to be firm, *The flow'r of* England's *face*, is very happily explained, and any alteration is therefore needleſs.

[1] *And by the* bury'd *hand of* warlike *Gaunt.*] It ſhould be read juſt the other way,

And by the warlike *hand of* bury'd *Gaunt.* WARBURT.

I ſee no great difference.

Then

in for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
anchiſement immediate on his knees;
ich on thy royal party granted once,
glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt;
barbed ſteeds to ſtables; and his heart
faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt;
as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
. *Rich. Northumberland*, ſay—Thus the King re-
noble Couſin is right-welcome hither, [turns:
all the number of his fair demands
l be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
h all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
k to his gentle Hearing kind Commends.
Exit North.
do debaſe ourſelf, Couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
ook ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
l we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
ince to the traitor, and ſo die?
m. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
ime lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of
mine,
laid the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
ond proud man, ſhould take it off again
words of Sooth [2]; oh, that I were as great
my grief, or leſſer than my name!
at I could forget what I have been,
t remember what I muſt be now!
'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.
n. Northumberland comes back from *Bolingbroke.*
Rich. What muſt the King do now? muſt he
ſubmit?
King ſhall do it. Muſt he be depos'd?

th *words of ſooth*;——] *ſweet* as well as *true*. In ce *ſooth* means *ſweetneſs* or ſoftneſs, a ſignification yet retained in the verb to *ſooth*.

The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave;
A little, little Grave;—an obſcure Grave;
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way [3],
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head [4];
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; my tender hearted couſin!
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match, with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves

[3] *Or I'll be buried in the King's high-way;*
Some Way of common Trade,—] As ſpecious as this Reading appears, Mr. *Warburton*, Mr. *Biſhop*, and I, all concurr'd in ſuſpecting it, and in the Amendment which now poſſeſſes the Text;
Some way of common Tread,—*i.e.* a high Road. He ſubjoins immediately;
For on my heart they tread *now, while I live;*
And we know how much it is *Shakeſpeare's* way to diverſify the Image with the ſame Word.
THEOBALD.
Dr. *Warburton* has put *tread* in his own text, but *trade* will ſerve very well in the ſenſe either of *commerce* or *cuſtom*.

[4] — *on their ſovereign's head!*] *Shakeſpeare* is very apt to deviate from the *pathetick* to the *ridiculous*. Had the ſpeech of *Richard* ended at this line it had exhibited the natural language of ſubmiſſive miſery, conforming its intention to the preſent fortune, and calmly ending its purpoſes in death.

With'n

Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
Two kinſmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?——Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
[North. *advances.*
Moſt mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bolingbroke?* will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays, *ay.*
North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.
K. *Rich.* Down, down I come; like gliſt'ring *Phaëton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[North. *retires to* Bol.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' Calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down, King;
For Night-owls ſhriek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.
Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?
North. Sorrow, and grief of Heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick Man;
[Richard *comes to them.*
Yet is he come.
Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious lord——— [*Kneels.*
K. *Rich.* Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſie.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
[*Touching his own head.*
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. *Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. *Rich.* Well you deſerve.—They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London.* Couſin, is it ſo?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. *Rich.* Then I muſt not ſay, *no.* [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Garden, in the Queen's Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.

hat I have, I need not to repeat,
vhat I want, it boots not to complain.
d. Madam, I'll ſing.
'en. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe,
ou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
ly. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
'en. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
ever borrow any tear of thee.
ıy, here comes the Gardiners.
ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees;———
'retchedneſs unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

l talk of State; for every one doth ſo,
nſt a Change; woe is fore-run with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*
d. Go, bind thou up yond dangling Apricots,
ı, like unruly children, make their Sire
with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight.

inſt a Change; woe is :-run with WOE.] But s there, in the Gardiners' of State, for matter of *woe?* Beſides, this is in- ır a *Sentence*, but proves ſimple one. I ſuppoſe *re* wrote,
e is fore-run with MOCKS, as ſome meaning in it; ifies, that, when great : on the decline, their take advantage of their , and treat them with- ony. And this we find e caſe in the following it the Editors were ſeek- rhime. Tho' had they ſo impatient they would nd it gingled to what followed, tho' it did not to what went before. WARBURTON.

There is no need of any emendation. The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognoſtication, ſuppoſes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of ſorrow when any great diſaſter is impending. The ſenſe is that, *publick evils are always preſignified by publick penſiveneſs, and plaintive converſation.* The conceit of rhyming *mocks* with *apricocks*, which I hope *Shakeſpeare* knew better how to ſpell, ſhows that the commentator was reſolved not to let his conjecture fall for want of any ſupport that he could give it.

Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth;
All muſt be even in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſom weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholſom flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, a firm ſtate[5]?
When our Sea-walled garden, the whole Land,
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholſom herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelf met with the Fall of leaf;
The weeds, that his broad ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean, the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is't, that he had not ſo trimm'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the ſkin, of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf;
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte,
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches

5 —— OUR *firm ſtate?*] How could he ſay *ours* when he immediately ſubjoins, that it was in- firm? We ſhould read,
—— A *firm ſtate*.
WARBURTON.

We

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live;
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the Crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the King ſhall be depos'd?

Gard. Depreſt he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am preſt to death, through want of ſpeaking.
Thou *Adam's* likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What *Eve*, what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond Fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better Thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet, what I ſay, is true.
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd;
In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few Vanities that make him light;
But in the Balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt, that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, ladies, go;
To meet, at *London*, *London's* King in woe.
What, was I born to this? that my ſad Look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke?*

Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would, the plants [6], thou graft'ſt, may never grow.
[*Exeunt. Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy Curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of Rue, ſour *herb of grace*;
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.
[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely ſpeak thy mind;
What thou doſt know of noble *Glo'ſter's* death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end [7].

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ſter's* death was plotted,

[6] *I would, the plants, &c.*—] This execration of the queen is ſomewhat ludicrous, and unſuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflexion is better adapted to the ſtate both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. *Pope*, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, ſpared the laſt lines of this act.

[7] ——— *his* timeleſs *end.*] *Timeleſs* for *untimely.* WARB.

I heard

I heard you ſay, " Is not my arm of length,
" That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* Court
" As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?"
Amongſt much other talk that very time,
I heard you ſay, " You rather had refuſe
" The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
" Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
" How bleſt this Land would be in this your Couſin's
" death."

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars [8],
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies [9],

[8] ——*my fair* STARS,] I rather think it ſhould be STEM, he being of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

I think the preſent reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is ſuppoſed to be influenced by the *ſtars*, therefore our authour with his uſual licence takes *ſtars* for *birth*.

[9] *If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,*] Here is a tranſlated ſenſe much harſher than that of ſtars explained in the foregoing note. *Aumerle* has challenged *Bagot* with ſome heſitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be ſtaked in duel againſt a baſer. *Fitzwater* then throws down his *gage* a *pledge* of battle, and tells him that if he ſtands upon *ſympathies*, that is, upon *equality of blood*, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferiour to his own. *Sympathy* is an *affection* incident at once to two ſubjects. This *community of affection* implies a *likeneſs or equality of nature*, and thence our poet tranſferred the term *to equality of blood*.

There

There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine.
By that fair Sun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter's* death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point [1].

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.

* *Another Lord.* I take the earth to the like, forſworn *Aumerle*,
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treach'rous ear
From ſin to ſin. Here is my honour's pawn,
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heav'n, I'll throw at all,
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surry. My Lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true; you were in preſence then;

[1] ——— *my rapier's point.*] *Shakeſpeare* deſerts the manners of the age in which his drama is placed very often, without neceſſity or advantage. The edge of a ſword had ſerved his purpoſe as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then eſcaped the impropriety of giving the *Engliſh* nobles a weapon which was not ſeen in *England* till two centuries afterwards.

* This ſpeech I have reſtored from the firſt edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, againſt the mind of the authour. For *the earth* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *thy oath*.

And

And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surry. As falſe, by heav'n, as heav'n itſelf is true.
Fitzw. *Surry*, thou lieſt.
Surry. Diſhonourable boy,
That Lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that Lie, reſt
In earth as quiet, as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
[2] I dare meet *Surry* in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive [3] in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.
Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolk* lies. Here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. Theſe Diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd; repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his Signiories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious chriſtian field

[2] *I dare meet* Surry *in a wilderneſs.*] I dare meet him where no Help can be had by me againſt him. So in *Macbeth*,

—— *O be alive again,*
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword.

[3] *In this new world,*] In this world where I have juſt begun to be an actor. *Surry* has, a few Lines above, called him *boy*.

Stream-

Streaming the Enſign of the chriſtian Croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleaſant Country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Boling. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good *Abraham!*—Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of tryal.

SCENE II.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the Poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne—
Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
[a] Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true Nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richard's* Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent Guilt be ſeen in them.

[a] *Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically,
Yet beſt beſeems it *me to ſpeak the truth.*
But I do not think it is printed otherwiſe than as *Shakeſpeare* wrote it.

And

[5] And ſhall the Figure of God's Majeſty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? oh, forbid it!
That, in a chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.
And if you crown him, let me propheſie,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial [6].

May't

[5] *And ſhall the figure*, &c.] Here is another proof that our authour did not learn in King *James's* court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the *Stuarts* who has expreſſed this doctrine in much ſtronger terms. It muſt be obſerved that the Poet intends from the beginning to the end to exhibit this biſhop as brave, pious, and venerable.

[6] *His day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almoſt to the end of the act, containing the whole proceſs

May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the Common's ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender. So we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer.
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard, *and* York.

K. *Rich.* Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
[7] The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So *Judas* did to *Chriſt*; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King!——will no man ſay, *Amen?*
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he;
And yet, *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer,
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown.

ceſs of dethroning and debaſing King *Richard*, was added after the firſt edition of 1598, and before the ſecond of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loſs. The authour, I ſuppoſe, intended to make a very moving ſcene.

[7] *The favours.*] The *countenances*; the *features*.

K. *Rich.*

. *Rich.* Give me the Crown.——Here, couſin,
ſeize the Crown,
e, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
r is this golden Crown like a deep well,
t owes two buckets, filling one another;
ıe emptier ever dancing in the air,
other down, unſeen and full of water;
t bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
ıking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
ɔling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.
. *Rich.* My Crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are
mine;
may my Glories and my State depoſe,
not my griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
ɔling. Part of your Cares you give me with your
Crown.
. *Rich.* Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares
down.
care, is loſt of care, by old care done[o];
r care, is gain of care, by new care won.
cares I give, I have, though given away;
y tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
ɔling. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?
. *Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be;
refore no no; for I reſign to thee.
', mark me how I will undo myſelf;
e this heavy weight from off my head;
this unwieldy Scepter from my hand;
pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;

[o] *The emptier ever dancing.*] is a compariſon not eaſily modated to the ſubject, very naturally introduced. beſt part is this line, in he makes the uſurper the bucket.

[p] *My care, is loſt of care, by old care done;*] *Shakeſpeare* obſcures his meaning by playing with ſounds. *Richard* ſeems to ſay here, that *his cares are not made leſs by the increaſe of* Bolingbroke's *cares*, for this reaſon, that *his care is the loſs of care*, his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the ceſſation of the care to which he had been accuſtomed.*

With

With mine own tears I waſh away [1] my Balm;
With mine own hands I give away my Crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred State;
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths;
All pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny;
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard's* Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit!
God ſave King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. *Rich.* Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? [2] if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King;
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*

[1] *My Balm.*] The oil of conſecration. He has mentioned it before.

[2] *If thou would'ſt.* That is, if thou would'ſt read over a liſt of thy own deeds.

Have

here deliver'd me to my ſow'r Croſs,
vater cannot waſh away your ſin.
rth. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee;
'et ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
ıey can ſee [3] a Sort of traitors here.
if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
myſelf a traitor with the reſt;
have given here my ſoul's conſent,
deck the pompous body of a King;
Glory baſe, a Sovereign a ſlave;
Majeſty, a ſubject; State, a peaſant.
rth. My lord———
Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
ıo man's lord, I have no Name, no Title;
ıot that Name was giv'n me at the Font,
is uſurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
I have worn ſo many winters out,
know not now, what name to call myſelf!
hat I were a mockery-King of ſnow,
ing before the Sun of *Bolingbroke*,
elt myſelf away in water-drops!
King,—great King,—and yet not greatly good,
my word be ſterling yet in *England*, [*To* Boling.
command a mirror hither ſtraight,
it may ſhew me what a face I have,
it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.
ling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.
rth. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to hell.
ling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland.*

Sort] A *pack*, a *company*. WARBURTON.
: laſt who uſed the word

ſort in this ſenſe was, perhaps, *Waller.*
A ſort of luſty ſhepherds ſtrive.

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

K. *Rich.* They ſhall be ſatisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very Book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's myſelf.

Enter One, with a Glaſs.

Give me that Glaſs, and therein will I read.
—No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring Glaſs,
Like to my Followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? was this the face,
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke?*
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this face;
[*Daſhes the Glaſs againſt the Ground.*
As brittle, as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the Moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. *Rich.* Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul;
There lies the ſubſtance. And I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling.

Name it, fair Couſin.
. Fair Couſin! I am greater than a King:
I was a King, my flatterers
ı but Subjects; being now a Subject,
ing here to my flatterer:
:eat, I have no need to beg.
Yet aſk.
. And ſhall I have?
You ſhall.
. Then give me leave to go.
Whither?
. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.
Go ſome of you, convey him to the *Tower*.
. Oh, good! convey:——[4] Conveyers are
u all.
:hus nimbly by a true King's fall. [*Exit.*
On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
nation: lords, prepare yourſelves.
o, and lo be ready all.
ıll but Abbot, Biſhop of Carliſle *and* Aumerle.

SCENE IV.

ı woeful pageant have we here beheld.
he woe's to come; the children yet unborn
this day as ſharp to them as thorn[5].
ou holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot,
Realm of this pernicious blot.
3efore I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
not only take the Sacrament,

[4] *ıre ye all.*] To ſays the depoſed Prince, *jugglers* rm often uſed in an who riſe with this *nimble* dexte- l ſo *Richard* under- rity *by the fall of a good king*. ere. *Piſtol* ſays of [5] *As ſharp as thorn.*] This ıey *the wiſe it call*; pathetick denunciation ſhews ey is the word for that *Shakeſpeare* intended to im- ıd, which ſeems to preſs his auditors with diſlike of o here. *Ye are all*, the depoſal of *Richard*.

* To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A Plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day [9]. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in LONDON.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
[7] To *Julius Cæſar's* ill-erected Tower;
To whoſe flint-boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner, by proud *Bolingbroke.*
[8] Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any Reſting for her true King's Queen.
Enter King Richard, *and Guards.*
But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.
[9] O thou, the model where old *Troy* did ſtand,
[*To K.* Richard.
Thou,

* *To bury*, to *conceal*; to keep *ſecret*.

9 In the firſt edition there is no perſonal appearance of King *Richard*, ſo that all to the line at which he leaves the ſtage was inſerted afterwards.

[7] *To* Julius Cæſar's, &c.] The Tower of *London* is traditionally ſaid to have been the work of *Julius Cæſar*.

[8] *Here let us reſt, if,* &c.] *Here reſt, if any reſt can harbour here.* MILTON.

[9] —*O thou, the model where old* Troy *did ſtand.*] The Queen uſes comparative terms abſolutely. Inſtead of ſaying *Thou*

Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard's* tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou moſt beauteous Inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an ale-houſe Gueſt?

K. *Rich.* * Join not with grief, fair Woman, do not ſo,
To make my End too ſudden. Learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. ' I am ſworn brother, Sweet,
To grim Neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hye thee to *France*,
And cloiſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's Crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſts?

K. *Rich.* A King of beaſts, indeed—if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,

Thou who appeareſt as the ground on which the magnificence of *Troy* was once erected, ſhe ſays,

O thou, the model, &c.

Thou map of honour. Thou picture of greatneſs.

* *Join not with grief,*] Do not thou unite with grief againſt me; do not, by thy additional ſorrows, enable grief to ſtrike me down at once. My own part of ſorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately deſtroy me.

' —— *I am ſworn brother,*
To grim neceſſity; ——] I have reconciled myſelf to neceſſity, I am in a ſtate of amity with the conſtraint which I have ſuſtained.

As from my death-bed, my laſt living Leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good Night, to quit their grief[2],
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why? [3] the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out;
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you,
With all ſwift-ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

K. *Rich.* *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewitha
The mounting *Bolingbroke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,

[2] —— *to quit their grief.*] To retaliate their mournful ſtories.

[3] *For why?* ——] The poet ſhould have ended this ſpeech with the foregoing lin and have ſpared his childiſh prat about the fire.

worthy danger, and deſerved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end.
Take leave and part, for you muſt part forthwith.
K. *Rich.* Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
nd then betwixt me and my married wife.
:t me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me.
[*To the Queen.*
·And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
ırt us, *Northumberland.* I, towards the North,
here ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
y Queen to *France*, from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
ıe came adorned hither like ſweet *May*;
nt back like *Hollowmas*, or ſhorteſt day.
Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?
K. *Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my Love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.
North. That were ſome Love, but little Policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. *Rich.* So two together weeping, make one woe.
'eep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
:tter far off; than near, be ne'er the near*.
o, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.
K. *Rich.* Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
nd piece the way out with a heavy heart.
ome, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief;
ince, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
)ne kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
'hus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiſs.*

* *Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near,*] To be *ner the nigher*, or as it is comonly ſpoken in the mid land counties, *ne'er the ne'er*, is, *to make no advance towards the good deſired.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.
K. *Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Duke of YORK's *Palace.*

Enter York, *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. MY lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When Weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins coming into *London.*
York. Where did I leave?
Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard's* head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bolingbroke!*
You wou'd have thought, the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, *Bolingbroke!*
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, Countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?

York. As in a Theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent [5] on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God ſave him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted;
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heav'n hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon *Aumerle.*

York. Aumerle that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard's* Friend.
And, madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, * bear you well in this new Spring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to Prime.

[5] *Are idly bent* ——] That is, *carelefly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the ſtage.

* — *bear you well*] That is, *conduct yourſelf with prudence.*

What news from *Oxford?* hold theſe Juſts and Triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, they do.

York. You will be there?

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.

York. What Seal is that, which hangs without thy boſom?

Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing †.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who ſees it.

I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.

York. Which, for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear———

Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.

York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.

Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.

York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!

Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I ſay. Saddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

† *Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing.*] Such harſh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be eaſily ſupplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture looſe on ſuch ſlight occaſions.

Dutch,

Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not Peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

SCENE V.

Enter Servant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King,
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.*—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.—
[*Speaking to the Servants.*
York. Give me my boots.
Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford.*
Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,

And

And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon;
Sweet *York*, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yét I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*, mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York:*
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee, Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Court at Windſor *Caſtle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
* Enquire at *London*, 'mong the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions,
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers,
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a Crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the Prince,

* This is a very proper introduction to the future character of *Henry* the fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatneſs in his manhood.

And

And told him of theſe Triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Boling. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was, he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our Couſin, that he ſtares,
And looks ſo wildly?

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty,
To have ſome conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our Couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the Tale be done.

Boling. Have thy deſire. [York *within.*

York. My Liege, beware, look to thyſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.

York. Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy King.
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The Treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traytor's boſom, King,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf,
Thy overflow of good converts the bad[6];
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſon.

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.

[6] In former copies, *Thy Overflow of Good converts* to *Bad*;] This is the Reading of all the printed Copies in general; and I never 'till lately ſuſpected its being faulty. The Reading is disjointed, and inconcluſive: My Emendation makes it clear and of a Piece. "Thy Overflow of Good changes "the Complexion of thy Son's "Guilt; and thy Goodneſs, be-"ing ſo abundant, ſhall excuſe "his Treſpaſs." THEOBALD.

Mine

Fine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies,
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traytor lives, the true man's put to death.
[*Dutcheſs within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'n's ſake let me in.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I. Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to *the Beggar, and the King*[7].
—My dang'rous Couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for his forgiveneſs proſper may;
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;

[7] The *King and Beggar* ſeems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left.

For

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them Both, my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'r's in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt;
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now,
Say, Pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again,
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.

York.

York. Speak it in *French*, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moy* [8].

Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſow'r husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf, againſt the word;
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there,
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our truſty Brother-in-law, the Abbot [9],
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good Uncle, help to order ſeveral Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe traytors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and couſin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old ſon; I pray heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——— *Pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuſe me*, a phraſe uſed when any thing is civilly denied. This whole paſſage is ſuch as I could well wiſh away.

[9] *But for our truſty* Brother-in-law—*the* Abbot —] The Abbot of *Weſtminſter* was an Eccleſiaſtic; but the Brother-in-law, meant, was *John* Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of *Huntingdon*, (own Brother to King *Richard* II.) and who had married with the Lady *Elizabeth* Sister to *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*. THEOBALD.

SCENE IX.

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King, what wo
he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?
Serv. Thoſe were his very words.
Exton. Have I no friend?—quoth he; he ſpake twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay,—I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret.* Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeun*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Priſon at Pomfret-*Caſtle.*

Enter King Richard.

I Have been ſtudying, how to compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world;
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts, of things divine, are intermixt

Wit

li ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
inſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones;* and then
again,
as hard to come, as for a Camel
read the poſtern of a needle's eye.
ıghts, tending to ambition, they do plot
kely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
his hard world, my ragged priſon-walls,
for they cannot, die in their own pride.
ghts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
hall not be the laſt; like ſilly beggars,
ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their ſhame
many have, and others muſt ſit there;
in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
ıg their own misfortune on the back
ch as have before endur'd the like.
play I, in one priſon, many people,
ıone contented. Sometimes am I King,
treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
o I am. Then cruſhing penury
ıdes me, I was better when a King;
am I king'd again; and by and by,
, that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
:raight am nothing. But what-e'er I am,
nor any man, that but man is,
nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
being nothing.—Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
ı; keep time: how ſow'r ſweet muſick is,
time is broke, and no proportion kept?
in the muſick of mens' lives;
ere have I the daintineſs of ear,
:ck time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring,
r the concord of my ſtate and time,
ɔt an ear to hear my true time broke.
:d time, and now doth time waſte me,
w hath time made me his numbring clock,

My thoughts are minutes; and [1] with ſighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times. O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th'clock.
This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

[1] —— *with ſighs they jar,*
Their watches, &c. ——] I think this expreſſion muſt be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The firſt quarto reads,

My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
There watches to mine eyes the outward watch.

The ſecond quarto:

My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they jar,
There watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.

The firſt folio agrees with the ſecond quarto.

Perhaps out of theſe two readings the right may be made. *Watch* ſeems to be uſed in a double ſenſe, for a *quantity of time*, and for the *inſtrument that meaſures time*. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto, &c.

[2] —— *in this* ALL-HATING *world.*] We ſhould read FALL-HATING, *i. e.* Love for *Richard* is a very rare jewel; a world that ſhuns and avoids thoſe who are fallen, or in misfortunes. WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning is, *world in which I am univerſally hated.*

SCEN

SCENE XI.

Enter Groom,

Groom. Hail, royal Prince.

K. *Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dog,
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime Maſter's Face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* ſtreets, that Coronation day,
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. *Rich.* So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade had eat bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him;
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride muſt have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,

[1] *Where no Man ever comes, but that ſad* Dog.] I have ventur'd at a Change here, againſt the Authority of the Copies, by the Direction of Dr. *Warburton*. Indeed, *ſad Dog* ſavours too much of the Comedian, the Oratory of the late facetious Mr. *Penkethman*. And *Drudge* is the word of Contempt, which our Author chuſes to uſe on other like Occaſions. THEOBALD.

Dr. *Warburton* ſays peremptorily, read *Drudge*—but I ſtill perſiſt in the old reading.

Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe,
And yet I bear a burthen like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting *Bolingbroke.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer
[*To the G*
K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert a
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
ſhall ſay. [
Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?
K. *Rich.* Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont
Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of
Who late came from the King, commands t
trary.
K. *Rich.* The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaſt*
thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the*
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, *and Servants.*

K. *Rich.* How now, what means death in th
aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſt
[*Snatching a Sword, and kill*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills*
[Exton *ſtrikes him*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon; thy fierce hanc
Hath with the King's blood ſtain'd the Kin
Land.

Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Court at Windſor.

Flouriſh: Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and attendants.*

Boling. KIND Uncle *York*, the lateſt news we hear,
Is, that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred State wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to *London* ſent
The heads of *Sal'ſbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their Taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
[*Preſenting a Paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz-w. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*

The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traytors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand Conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the Grave:
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.
Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton, *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear; herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did this deed.
Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murth'rer, love him murthered.
The Guilt of Conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour;
With *Cain* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, or light.

Lords

Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen Black, incontinnet:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely Bier. [*Exeunt omnes.**

* This play is extracted from the Chronicle of *Hollingſhead*, in which many paſſages may be found which *Shakeſpeare* has, with very little alteration, tranſplanted into his ſcenes; particularly a ſpeech of the biſhop of *Carliſle* in defence of King *Richard's* unalienable right, and immunity from human juriſdiction.

Johnſon, who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inſerted many ſpeeches from the *Roman* hiſtorians, was, perhaps, induced to that practice by the example of *Shakeſpeare*, who had condeſcended ſometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But *Shakeſpeare* had more of his own than *Johnſon*, and, if he ſometimes was willing to ſpare his labour, ſhewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleneſs rather than neceſſity.

This play is one of thoſe which *Shakeſpeare* has apparently reviſed; but as ſucceſs in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finiſhed at laſt with the happy force of ſome other of his tragedies, nor can be ſaid much to affect the paſſions, or enlarge the underſtanding.

THE

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, *Surnam'd* HOT-SPUR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*
Henry, *Prince of* Wales,
John, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to the King.*
Worceſter.
Northumberland.
Hot-ſpur.
Mortimer.
Archbiſhop of York.
Dowglaſs.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir Michell.
Weſtmorland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Sir John Falſtaff.
Poins.
Gads-hill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

The perſons of the drama were firſt collected by *Rowe.*

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

Of this play the Editions are,
I. 1599, *S. S.* for *And. Wiſe.*
II. 1604.
III. 1608, for *Matthew Law.*
IV. 1613, *W. W.* for *Matt. Law.*
V. 1622, *T. P.* ſold by *Matthew Law.* All in quarto.
VI. Folio 1623.
VII. 4to 1639, *John Norton*, ſold by *Hugh Perry.*
VIII. Folio 1632, *&c.*
Of theſe Editions I have the I. V. VI. VII. VIII.

[1]The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court *in* London.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King HENRY.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant [2],
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new Broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds a-far remote.

No

[1] *The 1ſt Part of Henry* IV.] The Tranſactions, contained in this hiſtorical Drama, are comprized within the Period of about 10 Months: For the Action commences with the News brought of *Hotſpur* having defeated the *Scots* under *Archibald* Earl *Douglas* at *Holmedon*, (or *Halidown-hill*) which Battle was fought on *Holyrood*-day, (the 14th of *September*) 1402: and it cloſes with the Defeat and Death of *Hotſpur* at *Shrewſbury*; which Engagement happened on *Saturday* the 21ſt of *July* (the Eve of St. *Mary Magdalen*) in the Year 1403. THEOBALD.

Shakeſpeare has apparently deſigned a regular connection of theſe dramatic hiſtories from *Richard the ſecond* to *Henry the fifth*. King *Henry*, at the end of *Richard* the ſecond, declares his purpoſe to viſit the Holy Land, which he reſumes in this ſpeech. Tho complaint made by king *Henry* in the laſt act of *Richard* the ſecond, of the wildneſs of his ſon, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited.

[2] *Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,*

And

No more the thirſty entrance of this Soil [3]
Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood;
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. [4] Thoſe oppoſed eyes,

Which;

And breathe ſhort-winded accents—] That is, *Let us ſoften peace to reſt a while without diſturbance, that ſhe may recover breath to propoſe new wars.*

[3] *No more the thirſty entrance of this Soil*
Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood:] This nonſenſe ſhould be read, *Shall* TREMPE, *i. e.* moiſten, and refers to thirſty, in the preceding line: *Trempe*, from the *French*, *tremper*, properly ſignifies the moiſtneſs made by rain. WARB.

That theſe lines are abſurd is ſoon diſcovered, but how this nonſenſe will be made ſenſe is not ſo eaſily told; ſurely not by reading *trempe*, for what means he, that ſays, *the thirſty* entrance *of this* Soil *ſhall no more* trempe *her lips with her children's blood*, more than he that ſays *it ſhall not* damp *her lips?* To ſuppoſe the *entrance of the ſoil* to mean the *entrance* of a King upon *Dominion*, and King *Henry* to predict that *Kings ſhall enter hereafter without bloodſhed*, is to give words ſuch a latitude of meaning, that no nonſenſe can want a congruous interpretation.

The antient copies neither have *trempe* nor *damp*; the firſt 4to of 1599, that of 1622, the Folio of 1623, and the 4to of 1639, all read,

No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall daube *her lips with her own children's blood.*

The Folios of 1632 and 1664 read, by an apparent errour of the preſs, *Shall* damb *her lips*, from which the later editors have idly adopted *damp*. The old reading helps the editor no better than the new, nor can I ſatisfactorily reform the paſſage. I think that *thirſty entrance* muſt be wrong, yet know not what to offer. We may read, but not very elegantly,

No more the thirſty entrails *of this ſoil*
Shall daubed be *with her own children's blood.*

The relative *her*, is inaccurately uſed in both readings; but to regard ſenſe more than grammar is familiar to our authour.

We may ſuppoſe a verſe or two loſt between theſe two lines. This is a cheap way of palliating an editor's inability; but I believe ſuch omiſſions are more frequent in *Shakeſpeare* than is commonly imagined.

[4] ——— *Thoſe oppoſed eyes,*] The ſimilitude is beautiful: But, what are *eyes meeting in inteſtine ſhocks, and marching all one way?* The true reading is, FILES; which appears not only from the integrity of the metaphor, *well beſeeming*

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming, ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies;
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre [5] of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a Power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chaſe theſe Pagans, in thoſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go;
Therefore, we meet not now. Then let me hear,
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmorland*,

beſeeming ranks march all one way; but from the nature of thoſe *meteors* to which they are compared; namely long ſtreaks of red, which repreſent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeneſs to ſuch lines, gave occaſion to all the ſuperſtition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. Out of mere contradiction, the *Oxford Editor* would improve my alteration of *files* to *arms*, and ſo loſes both the integrity of the metaphor and the likeneſs of the compariſon. WARBURT.

This paſſage is not very accurate in the expreſſion, but I think nothing can be changed.

[5] *As far as to the ſepulchre*, &c.] The lawfulneſs and juſtice of the *holy wars* have been much diſputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the queſtion may be eaſily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans, to extirpate by the ſword all other religions, it is, by the law of ſelf-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Chriſtians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, ſimply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Chriſtians, and only lying in wait till opportunity ſhall promiſe them ſucceſs.

Which

What yeſternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience [6].
Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
[7] And many limits of the Charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken;
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.
K. *Henry.* It ſeems then, that the tidings of th
broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the holy Land.
Weſt. This, matcht with other, did, my gracio
lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-ſpur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* ſpent a ſad and bloody hour,
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he, that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.
K. *Henry.* Here is a dear and true-induſtrious frie
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:

[6] —— *this dear expedience.*] For *expedition.* WARBURTON.
[7] *And many* limits ——] *mits* for *eſtimates.* WARBUI

And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon's* plains. Of priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?
Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
K. *Henry.* Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In Envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon,
A ſon, who is the theam of Honour's tongue,
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtreighteſt plant,
Who is ſweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride,
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.——What think you, Couſin,
Of this young *Percy's* pride? the priſoners,
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.
Weſt. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects,
Which makes him plume himſelf[1], and briſtle up
The

[1] *Which makes him* PRUNE *himſelf*,—] Doubtleſs *Shakeſpeare* wrote PLUME. And to this the *Oxford Editor* gives his *fiat*. WARBURTON. I am not ſo confident as thoſe two

The Creſt of youth againſt your Dignity.

K. *Henry.* But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Jeruſalem.*
Couſin, on *Wedneſday* next our Council we
Will hold at *Windſor*, ſo inform the lords:
But come yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
[9] Than out of anger can be utter'd.

Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff.

Fal. NOW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. *Henry.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten [1] to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? Unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata. I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

two editors. The metaphor is taken from a cock who in his pride *prunes himſelf*; that is picks off the looſe feathers to ſmooth the reſt. To *prune* and to *plume*, ſpoken of a bird, is the ſame.

[9] *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, *More is to be ſaid than anger will ſuffer me to ſay: More than can iſſue from a mind diſturbed like mine.*

[1] *To demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know.*] The Prince's objection to the queſtion ſeems to be, that *Falſtaff* had aſked in the *night* what was the time of *day*.

Fal.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal.* For we, hat take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and ıot by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo fair. And I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King—— is God ſave thy Grace (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none.)——

P. *Henry.* What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to ıe prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then?——come——roundly, oundly——

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd hieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana's* foreſter's, ;entlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moon; and et men ſay, we be men of good government, being ;overned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſte miſ-reſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we—ſteal.

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea; being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; [3] got with ſwearing, *lay by*; and ſpent with crying, *bring*

In former editions,

[2] *Let not Us, that are Squires of the Night's body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's* Beauty.] This conveys no manner of Idea to me. How could they be called Thieves of the Day's Beauty? They robbed by Moon-ſhine; they could not ſteal the fair Day-light. I have ventured to ſubſtitute, *Booty:* and this I take to be the Meaning. Let us not be called *Thieves*, the Purloiners of that *Booty*, which, to the Proprietors, was the Purchaſe of honeſt Labour and Induſtry by Day. THEOBALD.

[3] *got with ſwearing*, lay by;] *i. e.* ſwearing at the paſſengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phraſe that then ſignified *ſtand ſtill*, addreſſed to thoſe who were preparing to ruſh forward. But the *Oxford Editor* kindly accommodates theſe old thieves with a new cant phraſe, taken from *Bagſhot-Heath* or *Finchly-Common*, of LUG-OUT. WARBURTON.

in: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the l
and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge
gallows.

Fal By the lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad: and
mine Hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench

P. *Henry.* [4] As the honey of *Hybla*, my old

[4] *As the Honey of* Hybla, *my* Old *Lad of the* Caſtle.] Mr. *Rowe* took notice of a Tradition, that this Part of *Falſtaff* was written originally under the Name of *Oldcaſtle*. An ingenious Correſpondent hints to me, that the Paſſage above quoted from our Author proves, what Mr. *Rowe* tells us was a Tradition. *Old* Lad of the *Caſtle* ſeems to have a Reference to *Oldcaſtle*. Beſides, if this had not been the Fact, why, in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry* IV. where our Author promiſes to continue his Story with Sir *John* in it, ſhould he ſay, *Where, for any Thing I know*, Falſtaff *ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſs already he be killed with your hard Opinions: for* Oldcaſtle *dy'd a Martyr, and this is not the Man.* This looks like declining a Point, that had been made an Objection to him. I'll give a farther Matter in Proof, which ſeems almoſt to fix the Charge. I have read an old Play, called, *The famous Victories of* Henry *the* Vth, *containing the Honourable Battle of* Agincourt.——The Action of this Piece commences about the 14th Year of K. *Henry* IVth's Reign, and ends with *Henry* the Vth marrying Princeſs *Catharine* of *France*. The Scene opens with Prince *Henry's* Robberies. Sir *John Oldcaſtle* is one of h and called *Jockie:* and *Gads hill* are two othe rades.——From this ol ſect Sketch, I have a S *Shakeſpeare* might form Parts of *Henry* the IVth, Hiſtory of *Henry* V: an quently, 'tis not improb he might continue the of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, Deſcendants of that moved Queen *Elizabet* mand him to change the

Th

my old lad of the caſtle alludes to the name *S* firſt gave to this buffoo ter, which was Sir *J caſtle:* And when he the name, he forgot to this expreſſion that allu The reaſon of the cha this, one Sir *John Oldc* ing ſuffered in the time V. for the opinions of it gave offence; and the Poet altered it to *Fa* endeavours to remove dal, in the *Epilogue* to t part of *Henry* IV. *Fu* notice of this matte *Church Hiſtory*, —— *S have themſelves bee with, and others very the memory of Sir* John *whom they have fancie companion, a jovial royſt*

the caſtle; [5] and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance.

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. *Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. *Henry.* Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent———But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No: thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

toward to boot. The beſt is, Sir John Falſtaff *hath relieved the memory of* ſir John Oldcaſtle, *and of late is ſubſtituted buffoon in his place.* Book 4. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. *Shakeſpear* wanted a droll name to his character, and never conſidered whom it belonged to: we have a like inſtance in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, where he calls his *French* Quack, *Caius*, a name, at that time very reſpectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned phyſician, one of the founders of *Caius* College in *Cambridge*. WARBURTON.

[5] *And is not a buff jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?*] To underſtand the propriety of the Prince's anſwer, it muſt be remarked that the ſheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when *Falſtaff* aſks whether *his hoſteſs is not a ſweet wench*, the Prince aſks in return, whether *it will not be a ſweet thing to go to priſon by running in debt to this ſweet wench.*

ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Poins!* —— Now ſhall we know, if *Gads-hill* have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

SCENE III.

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true Man.———

P. *Henry.* Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet *Hal.* What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? what ſays Sir *John* Sack and Sugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good-Friday* laſt, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry.* Sir *John* ſtands to his word; the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry.* Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I have viſors for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in *Eaſt cheap*; we may do it, as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes

obſervation made by *Pope*, hyperbolical enough, but not contradicted by the erroneous reading in this place, the ſpeech not being ſo characteriſtick as to be infallibly applied to the ſpeaker. *Theobald's* triumph over the other Editors might have been abated by a confeſſion, that the firſt edition gave him at leaſt a glimpſe of the emendation.

full

full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood royal, if thou dar'ſt not cry, *ſtand*, for ten ſhillings [3].

P. *Henry.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. *Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then when thou art King.

P. *Henry.* I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation-ſake) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me in *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. *Henry.* Farewel, thou latter ſpring! Farewel, all-hallown ſummer! [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet hony lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. [4] *Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto*, and *Gadſhill*,

[3] The preſent reading may perhaps be right, but I think it neceſſary to remark, that all the old Editions read, *if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.*

[4] In former editions: Falſtaff, HARVEY, ROSSIL, *and* Gads-hill *ſhall rob thoſe men that*

hill, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my ſhoulders.

P. *Henry*. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. *Henry*. Ay, but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourſelves.

Poins. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tye them in the wood; our viſors we will change after we leave them; and, ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immaſk our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry*. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd Back; and for the third, if he fights longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incom-

that we have already way-laid.] Thus We have two Perſons named, as Characters in this Play, that never were among the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. But let us ſee who they were, that committed this Robbery. In the ſecond Act, we come to a Scene of the *High-way*. *Falſtaff*, wanting his Horſe, calls out on *Hal*, *Poins*, *Bardolph*, and *Peto*. Preſently, *Gads hill* joins 'em, with Intelligence of Travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince ſays,——You *four ſhall front 'em in the narrow Lane*, Ned Poins *and* I *will walk lower*. So that the *Four* to be concerned are *Falſtaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*. Accordingly, the Robbery is committed: and the Prince and *Poins* afterwards rob the *Four*. In the *Boar's-Head* Tavern, the Prince rallies *Peto* and *Bardolph* for their running away; who confeſs the Charge. Is it not plain, that *Bardolph* and *Peto* were *two* of the *four* Robbers? And who then can doubt, but *Harvey* and *Raſſil* were the Names of the Actors.

THEOBALD.

prehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the [5] reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. *Henry.* Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eaſt-cheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare Accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much [6] ſhall I falſifie men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My Reformation glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.

[5] *Reproof* is *confutation.*

[6] ——*ſhall I falſifie men's* HOPES;] Juſt the contrary. We ſhould read FEARS. WARBURTON.

To *falſify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men *hoped* for little.

This ſpeech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation, and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuſes to itſelf, and palliating thoſe faults which it can neither juſtify nor forſake.

I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hot-ſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
[7] I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my Condition;
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of Reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our Houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves

[7] *I will from henceforth rather be myſelf, Mighty and to be fear'd,* than my Condition;] *i. e.* I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the reſentment of an injured King, than ſtill continue in the inactivity and mildneſs of my natural diſpoſition. And this ſentiment he has well-expreſſed, ſave that by his uſual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *diſpoſition:* which uſe of terms *depraving* our *Oxford Editor*, as it frequently does, he in a loſs for the meaning, ſubſtitutes *in* for *than*,

Mighty and to be fear'd in *condition.*

So that by *condition*, in this reading, muſt be meant ſtation, office. But it cannot be predicated of ſtation and office, *that it is ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down*: which ſhews that *condition* muſt needs be licentiouſly uſed for *diſpoſition*, as we ſaid before. WARB.

The commentator has well explained the ſenſe which was not very difficult, but is miſtaken in ſuppoſing the uſe of *condition* licentious. *Shakeſpeare* uſes it very frequently for *temper of mind*; and in this ſenſe the vulgar ſtill ſay a *good* or *ill-conditioned man.*

The

The ſcourge of Greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame Greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.

North. My good lord,———

K. *Henry. Worceſter*, get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majeſty might never yet endure
[1] The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
[*Exit* Worceſter.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* Northumberland.

North. Yes, my good lord.
Thoſe Priſoners, in your Highneſs' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty.
Or Envy therefore, or Miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners;
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land [2] at harveſt-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held

[1] *The moody* FRONTIER——] This is nonſenſe. We ſhould read FRONTLET, *i. e.* forehead. WARBURTON.

So in *Lear*, when one of the King's daughters frowns, he tells her of her *frontlet*. All the editions read *frontier* in this place. May it not mean, *Majeſty will not endure the moody brow of a ſervant to* border *upon it, to be near it?* *Shakeſpeare* has licences equal to this.

[2] *At harveſt home.*] That is, *at a time of feſtivity.*

A pouncet-

[1] A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe: and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff.——And ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk't;
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me: amongſt the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
[2] I, then all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my Grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)

[1] *A pouncet-box,*——] A ſmall box for muſk or other perfumes then in faſhion: The lid of which being cut with open work gave it its name; from *poinſoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

WARBURTON.

[2] *I, then all ſmarting with my wounds being* COLD,
(To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay)] But in the beginning of the Speech he repreſents himſelf at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour.

" *When I was dry with rage and extreme toil*, &c.

I am perſuaded therefore that *Shakeſpeare* wrote and pointed it thus,

" *I then all ſmarting with my wounds*; *being* GAL'D
" *To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay*, &c.

WARBURTON.

Whatever *Percy* might ſay of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *ſmart*, and not before. If any alteration were neceſſary I ſhould tranſpoſe the lines.

I then all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Anſwer'd neglectingly.

A *popinjay* is a *parrot*.

And

And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: And but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.———
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and, in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die; and never riſe
[3] To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. *Henry.* Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,

[3] *To do him wrong, or any way impeach*
What then he ſaid, so *he* unſay *it now.*] Let us conſider the whole paſſage, which, according to the preſent reading, bears this literal ſenſe. "Whatever *Percy then ſaid* may reaſonably die and never riſe to impeach *what he then ſaid*, ſo he unſay it now." This is the exact ſenſe, or rather nonſenſe, which the paſſage makes in the preſent reading. It ſhould therefore, without queſtion, be thus printed and emended,

To do him wrong, or any way impeach.
What then he ſaid, SEE, *he* UNSAYS *it now.*

i. e. "Whatever *Percy* then ſaid "may reaſonably die, and never riſe to do him wrong or "any ways impeach him. For "ſee, my Liege, what he then "ſaid, he now unſays." And the King's anſwer is pertinent to the words, as ſo emended — *why, yet he doth deny his priſoners, but with proviſo*, &c. implying, "you are miſtaken in ſaying, "*ſee he now unſays it.*" But the anſwer is utterly impertinent to what precedes in the common reading. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has perplexed the paſſage. The conſtruction is, *Let* what he then ſaid *never riſe to impeach* him, ſo he unſay it now.

But

But with proviſo and exception.
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſom ſtraight
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*;
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? [4] and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*

[5] He never did fall off, my ſovereign Liege,

But

4 —— *and indent with* fears.] The reaſon why he ſays, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with *Mortimer*, is, becauſe he ſuppoſed *Mortimer* had wilfully betrayed his own forces to *Glendower* out of fear, as appears from his next Speech. No need therefore to change *fears* to *foes*, as the *Oxford Editor* has done.

WARBURTON.

The difficulty ſeems to me to ariſe from this, that the King is not deſired to *article* or *contract with* Mortimer, but with another *for* Mortimer. Perhaps we may read,

Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with peers,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?

Shall we purchaſe back a traytor? Shall we deſcend to a compoſition with *Worceſter*, *Northumberland*, and young *Percy*, who by diſobedience *have loſt and forfeited* their honours and *themſelves?*

5 *He never did fall off, my ſovereign Liege,*
But BY *the chance of war*;—] A poor apology for a ſoldier, and a man of honour, that he fell off, and revolted by the chance of war. The Poet certainly wrote,

But 'BIDES *the chance of war. i. e.* he never did revolt, but *abides* the chance of war, as a priſoner. And if he ſtill endured the rigour of impriſonment, that was a plain proof he was not revolted to the enemy. *Hot-ſpur* ſays the ſame thing afterwards,

—— *ſuffer'd his kinſman* March
—— *to be* encag'd *in* Wales.

Here again the *Oxford Editor* makes

ut by the chance of war; [6] to prove That true,
eeds no more but one tongue; for all thoſe wounds,—
hoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
Then on the gentle *Severn's* ſedgy bank,
ı ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
e did confound the beſt part of an hour
ı changing hardiment with great *Glendower*;
hree times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
pon agreement, of ſwift *Severn's* flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
an fearfully among the trembling reeds,
nd hid his criſpe head in the hollow bank,
lood-ſtained with theſe valiant Combatants.
Never did bare and rotten Policy

ikes this correction his own, at ſmall expence of changing *des* to *bore*. WARBURTON. The plain meaning is, *he came into the enemy's power but by chance of war*. To *'bide the taſte of war* may well enough nify to *ſtand the hazard of a tle*, but can ſcarcely mean to *lure the ſeverities of a priſon*. ıe King charged *Mortimer* that *wilfully betrayed* his army, and, he was then with the enemy, ls him *revolted Mortimer*. *Hot-r* replies, that he never *fell off*, it is, fell into *Glendower's* ds, *but by the chance of war*. hould not have explained thus iouſly a paſſage ſo hard to be ſtaken, but that two Editors e already miſtaken it.

[5] ——— *to prove that true, Needs no more but one tongue, For all thoſe wounds*, &c.] is paſſage is of obſcure con-ction. The later editors int it, as they underſtood that *for the wounds* a tongue *was needful*, and only *one tongue*. This is harſh. I rather think it is a broken ſentence. *To prove the loyalty of* Mortimer, ſays *Hotſpur*, *one ſpeaking witneſs is ſufficient, for his wounds* proclaim his loyalty, *thoſe mouthed wounds*, &c.

[7] *Who then affrighted*, &c.] This paſſage has been cenſured as ſounding nonſenſe, which repreſents a ſtream of water as capable of fear. It is miſunderſtood. *Severn* is here not the *flood*, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was frighted, and hid his head in *the hollow bank*.

[8] *Never did* bare *and rotten policy*.] All the quarto's which I have ſeen read *bare* in this place: The firſt folio, and all the ſubſequent editions, have *baſe*. I believe *bare* is right: *never did policy lying* open *to detection ſo* colour *its workings*.

Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive ſo many, and all willingly;
Then let him not be ſlander'd with Revolt.

K. *Henry.* Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou believeſt him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durſt as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not aſham'd? [9] but, ſirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.—My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſon.
—Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exit K.* Henry.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I'll after ſtrait,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
[1] Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worceſter.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all theſe veins,

[9] — *but*, ſirrah, *from this hour*.] The *Oxford Editor* is a deal more courtly than his old plain *Elizabeth* author. He changes *ſirrah* therefore to *Sir*: And punctilios of this kind he very carefully diſcharges throughout his edition: which it may be enough once for all juſt to have taken notice of. WARBURTON.

[1] *Although it be with hazard*, &c.] So the firſt folio, and all the following editions. The quarto's read,

Although I make *a hazard of my head.*

And

ınd ſhed my dear blood drop by drop in duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*
ıs high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
ıs this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad. [*To* Worceſter.

Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners;
ınd when I urg'd the ranſom once again
)f my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
ınd on my face he turn'd an [3] eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
y *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the Proclamation;
ınd then it was, when the unhappy King
Whoſe wrongs in us, God pardon!) did ſet forth
Jpon his *Iriſh* expedition,
rom whence he, intercepted, did return
o be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
ive ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft, I pray you. Did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?

North. He did: myſelf did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you, that ſet the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot

[2] *But I will lift the* downfall'n Mortimer] The quarto of 1599 reads *down-trod Mortimer*: which is better. WARB. All the quartos that I have ſeen read *down-trod*, the three folios read *downfall*.

[3] *An eye of death.*] That is, *an eye* menacing *death*. *Hot-ſpur* ſeems to deſcribe the King as trembling with rage rather than fear.

Of murd'rous Subornation? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power
Did gage them Both in an unjuſt behalf,
As Both of you, God pardon it! have done,
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bolingbroke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet times ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering, and * diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay ———

Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
† On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim—
Send Danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So Honour croſs it from the north to ſouth,

* *Diſdain'd* for *diſdainful.* † *On the unſteadfaſt footin*
of a ſpear.] *i. e.* of a ſpear laid acroſs. WARBURTON

An

them grapple.——— O! the blood more ſtirs
: a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.
. Imagination of ſome great exploit
im beyond the bounds of patience.
By heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To

av'n, methinks, &c]
critic of the ſize of
:. calls this ſpeech,
y ceremony, *a ridicu-*
and abſolute madneſs.
ald talks in the ſame
ie *French* critics had
e people juſt enough
nd where *Shakeſpeare*
eſſed the rules of the
ic writers; and, on
ions, they are full of
rigid cant, of *fable,*
diction, unities, &c.
nother thing to get to
's ſenſe: to do this re-
tle of their own. For
hich, they could not
: poet here uſes an al-
covering to expreſs a
very natural thought.
, all on fire, exclaims
kſtering and *bartering*
, and dividing it into
! ſays he, could I be
hen I had purchaſed
ould wear her digni-
t a Rival—what then?

n, methinks, it were an
ap,
bright honour from the
ıc'd Moon:
ome great and ſhin-
er in the moſt elevated
lready in poſſeſſion of
would, methinks, be
eater acts, to eclipſe
and pluck all his ho-
him;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:

i. e. or what is ſtill more difficult, tho' there were in the world no great examples to incite and fire my emulation, but that honour was quite ſunk and buried in oblivion, yet would I bring it back into vogue, and render it more illuſtrious than ever. So that we ſee, tho' the expreſſion be ſublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. *Euripides* at leaſt thought ſo, when he put the very ſame ſentiment, in the ſame words, into the mouth of *Eteocles—I will not, madam, diſguiſe my thoughts; I could ſcale heaven, I could deſcend to the very entrails of the earth, if ſo be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.* WARBURTON.

Though I am very far from condemning this ſpeech with *Gildon* and *Theobald* as *abſolute madneſs*, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which the learned commentator has endeavoured to diſplay. This ſally of *Hot-ſpur* may be, I think, ſoberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with reſentment; as the boaſtful clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the haſty

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the Deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Corrival all her Dignities.
[6] But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!
Wor. He apprehends * a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
—Good Couſin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*,
That are your priſoners———
Hot I'll keep them all;
By heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them;
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes;
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. I will; that's flat.———
He ſaid, he would not ranſom *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*

motion of turbulent deſire; as the dark expreſſion of indetermined thoughts. The paſſage from *Euripides* is ſurely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.

[6] *But out upon this* half-fac'd *fellowſhip!*] I think this finely expreſſed. The image is taken from one who turns from another, ſo as to ſtand before him with a ſide face; which implied neither a full conforting, nor a ſeparation. WARB.

I cannot think this word rightly explained. It alludes rather to dreſs. A coat is ſaid to be *faced*, when part of it, as the ſleeves or boſom, is covered with ſomething finer and more ſplendid than the main ſubſtance. The mantua-makers ſtill uſe the word. *Half-fac'd fellowſhip* is then *partnerſhip but half adorned*, partnerſhip *which yet wants half the ſhew of dignities and honours.*

* — *a world of figures here*, &c.] *Figure* is uſed here equivocally. As it is applied to *Hot-ſpur's* ſpeech, it is a *rhetorical mode*; as oppoſed to *form*, it means *appearance* or *ſhape*.

Nay,

Nay, I will have a Starling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Hear you, couſin, a word.

Hot. All Studies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke.*
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of *Wales*,[1]
But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, my kinſman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool,
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke.*
In *Richard's* time—what do ye call the place?——
A plague upon't!—it is in *Glo'ſterſhire*———
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept——
His uncle *York*—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bolingbroke*,
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg.*

North. At *Berkley* caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true:
Why, what a deal of candy'd Courteſy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his * *infant fortune came to age,*—
And *gentle Harry Percy*—and *kind couſin*—
The Devil take ſuch cozeners—God forgive me—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

[1] *And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of* Wales.] A Royſter, or turbulent fellow, that fought in the taverns, or raiſed diſorders in the ſtreets, was called a *ſwaſh-buckler.* In this ſenſe *ſword and-buckler* is uſed here.

* Alluding to what paſſed in King *Richard*, Act II. Sc.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll ſtay your leiſure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* priſoners.
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas'* Son your only mean
For Pow'rs in *Scotland*; which, for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.—You, my lord, [*To* North.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that fame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Archbiſhop.

Hot. York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Briſtol*, the lord *Scroop*.
[a] I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion, that ſhall bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it. On my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt [*] ſlip.

[a] *I ſpeak not this in* eſtimation,] *Eſtimation* for *conjecture*. But between this and the foregoing verſe it appears there were ſome lines which are now loſt. For, conſider the ſenſe. What was it that was *ruminated, plotted, and ſet down?* Why, as the text ſtands at preſent, that the Archbiſhop *bore his brother's death hard*. It is plain then that they were ſome *conſequences* of that reſentment which the ſpeaker informed *Hot-ſpur* of, and to which his concluſion of, *I ſpeak not this by conjecture, but on good proof*, muſt be referred. But ſome player, I ſuppoſe, thinking the ſpeech too long, ſtruck them out. WARBURTON.

If the Editor had, before he wrote his note, read ten lines forward, he would have ſeen that nothing is omitted. *Worceſter* gives a dark hint of a conſpiracy. *Hot-ſpur ſmells it*, that is, *gueſſes it*. *Northumberland* reproves him for not ſuffering *Worceſter* to tell his deſign. *Hot-ſpur*, according to the vehemence of his temper, ſtill follows his own conjecture.

[*] *To let ſlip* is, to looſe the greyhound.

It cannot chuſe but be a noble Plot;
ıen the Power of *Scotland* and of *York*
ı with *Mortimer*---ha!
. So they ſhall.
In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
e our heads, by raiſing of a head *;
:ar ourſelves as even as we can,
King will always think him in our debt;
ink, we deem ourſelves unſatisfy'd,
: hath found a time to pay us home.
e already, how he doth begin
ke us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
[by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
ıl to *Glendower*, and lord *Mortimer*,
: you and *Dowglas*, and our Pow'rs at once,
vill faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
r our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
ı now we hold at much uncertainty.
h. Farewel, good brother; we ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Uncle, adieu. O let the hours be ſhort,
elds, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

ead is a *body of forces.*
s is a natural deſcription ſtate of mind between at have conferred, and ıt have received, obligations too great to be ſatisfied.

That this would be the event of *Northumberland's* diſloyalty, was predicted by King *Richard* in the former play.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn at Rocheſter.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What, oſtler?

Oſt. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cutt's* ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers, [1] out of all ceſs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are [2] as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the [3] bots: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince *Robin* Oſtler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the moſt villianous houſe in all *London* road for fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' Maſs, there's ne'e

[1] *out of all* ceſs.] The *Oxford Editor*, not underſtanding this phraſe, has alter'd it to—*out of all* caſe. As if it were likely that a blundering tranſcriber ſhould change ſo common a word as *caſe* for *ceſs?* which, it is probable, he underſtood no more than this critic; but it means *out of all meaſure*: the phraſe being taken from a *ceſs*, tax or ſubſidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of meaſure, it was ſaid to be, *out of all ceſs.* WARBURTON.

[2] *as* dank.] *i. e.* wet, rotten. POPE.

[3] *Botts* are worms in the ſtomach of a horſe.

a Kil

a King in Chriſtendom could be better bit than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas [4] like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, oſtler!—Come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two [5] razes of ginger to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-croſs*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What, oſtler! a plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come and be hang'd—haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell?—lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a!——marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call

[4] *like a* Loach.] *Scotch*, a lake. WARBURTON.

[5] *And two* Razes *of Ginger.*] As our Author in ſeveral Paſſages mentions a *Race* of Ginger, I thought proper to diſtinguiſh it from the *Raze* mentioned here. The former ſignifies no more than a ſingle Root of it; but a *Raze* is the *Indian* Term for a *Bale* of it. THEOBALD.

up

up the gentlemen; they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

SCENE II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain!—

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's ev'n as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow, maſter *Gads-hill.* It holds current, that I told you yeſternight. There's a [6] Franklin, in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with [7] St. *Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it; I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worſhipp'ſt St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if mat-

[6] *Franklin* is a little gentleman.

[7] *St.* Nicholas' *clarks.*] St. *Nicholas* was the Patron Saint of ſcholars: And *Nicholas*, or *Old Nick*, is a cant name for the Devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, St. *Nicholas's clarks.* WARBURTON.

ters ſhould be look'd into for their own credit ſake, make all whole. [8] I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff-ſixpenny-ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; [9] burgo-maſters, and great One-yers; ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will [1] ſtrike ſooner

[8] —— *I am joined with no foot-land rakers,*——] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long ſtaff ſixpenny ſtrikers*, no fellows that infeſt the road with long ſtaffs and knock men down for ſixpence. *None of thoſe mad muſtachio purple hued maltworms, none of thoſe whoſe faces are red with drinking ale.*

[9] — *burgo maſters, and great one-eyers.*] *Perhaps* oneraires, *Truſtees*, or *Commiſſioners*; ſays Mr. *Pope*. But how this Word comes to admit of any ſuch Conſtruction, I am at a loſs to know. To Mr. *Pope*'s ſecond Conjecture, of *cunning Men that look ſharp and aim well*, I have nothing to reply ſeriouſly: but chuſe to drop it. The reading which I have ſubſtituted, I owe to the Friendſhip of the ingenious *Nicholas Hardinge*, Eſq. A *Moneyer* is an Officer of the Mint, which makes Coin and delivers out the King's Money. *Moneyers* are alſo taken for Banquers, or thoſe that make it their trade to turn and return Money. Either of theſe Acceptations will admirably ſquare with our author's Context.

THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and it is not undeſervedly adopted by Dr. *Warburton*. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads great *owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is neceſſary; *Gads-hill* tells the *Chamberlain* that he is joined with no mean wretches but *with burgomaſters and great ones*, or as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great-oneyers*, or *greatone eers*, as we ſay *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. This is I fancy the whole of the matter.

[1] —— *ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than* DRINK; *and* DRINK *ſooner than pray*;—] According to the ſpecimen given us in this play, of this diſſolute gang, we have no reaſon to think they *were leſs ready to drink than ſpeak*. Beſides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *ſpeaking*, *drinking* and *praying* to do with one another? We ſhould certainly read THINK in both places inſtead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humourous climax. *They will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than* THINK; *and* THINK *ſooner than pray*. By which laſt words is meant, that *Tho' perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them*. The *Oxford Editor* has dignified this correction by his adoption of it. WARBURTON.

than

than ſpeak: and ſpeak ſooner than think; and th
ſooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray
tinually unto their ſaint the Common-wealth; or
ther, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they
up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots?
ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. [2] She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd
We ſteal as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the rec
of Fern-ſeed [3], we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather you are more beho
to the night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walkin
viſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſ
in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you ar
falſe thief.

Gads. Go to, * *Homo* is a common name to all
—Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſt
Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Ex*

[2] *She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her.*] A Satire on chicane, in courts of juſtice; which ſupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

[3] ——— *we have the receipt of Fern-ſeed,*——] *Fern* is one of thoſe plants, which have their ſeed on the back of the leaf ſo ſmall as to eſcape the ſight. Thoſe who perceived that *fern* was propagated by ſemination, and yet could never ſee the ſeed, were much at a loſs for a ſolution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavour augment itſelf, they aſc to *Fern-ſeed* many ſtrange perties, ſome of which the r virgins have not yet forgot exploded.

* — Homo *is a name, Gads-hill* had promiſed as h *a true man*, the chamberlain him to promiſe rather as h *falſe thief*; to which *Gadsh* ſwers, that though he might reaſon to change the word he might have ſpared *ma homo* is a name common men, and among others to th

SCE

SCENE III.

Changes to the Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, *and* Peto.

Poins. COME, ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtaff's* horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins, Hal!* ——

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but [4] four foot by the ſquare farther afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me [5] medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a Plague upon you

[4] —— *four foot by the ſquare.*] The thought is humourous, and alludes to his bulk: Inſinuating, that his legs being four foot aſunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four foot ſquare.* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is ſo much humour here as is ſuſpected: *four foot by the ſquare* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule.*

[5] —— *medicines to make me love him,*] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder.*

both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll ſtarve, ere I'll [6] rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me; and the ſtony hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.*] Whew!—a plague upon you all. Give me my horſe; you rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat guts! lye down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, [7] to colt me thus?

P. *Henry.* Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horſe, good King's ſon.

P. *Henry.* Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thyſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters [8]; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon. When a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Stand,——

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

[6] ——— *rob a foot further.*] This is only a ſlight errour which yet has run through all the copies. We ſhould read *rub* a foot. So we now ſay *rub* on.

[7] *To colt* is, to fool, to trick, but the prince taking it in another ſenſe oppoſes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorſe*.

[8] —— *heir-apparent garters*;] Alluding to the order of the garter, in which he was enrolled as heir apparent.

Poins.

Poins. O, 'tis our Setter, I know his voice. [9] *Bardolph.*—What news?

Gads. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's ony of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to ie King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tvern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narow lane; *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they cape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. *Henry.* What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch.*

Fal. Indeed, I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandather; but yet no coward, *Hal.*

P. *Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the edge; when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find im. Farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. *Henry. Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by. Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

[9] Bardolph—*What news.*] In all the copies that I have ſeen *Poins* is made to ſpeak upon the entrance of *Gads hill* thus,

O, *'tis our Setter, I know his voice.* — Bardolph, *What news?* This is abſurd; he knows *Gadshill* to be the *ſetter*, and aſks *Bardolph what news.* To countenance this impropriety, the later editions have made *Gadshill* and *Bardolph* enter together, but the old copies bring in *Gadshill* alone, and we find that *Falſtaff*, who knew their ſtations, calls to *Bardolph* among others for his horſe, but not to *Gadshill* who was poſted at a diſtance. We ſhould therefore read,

Poins. *O 'tis our ſetter*, &c.
Bard. *What news?*
Gadſh. *Caſe ye*, &c.

SCENE IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand, ———

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains' throats; ah! whorſon caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again at the other part of the ſtage.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry.* Your mony.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and* Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, and* Falſtaff *after a blow*

blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

. *Henry.* Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:

thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſt with fear
rongly, that they dare not meet each other;
ı takes his fellow for an officer.
ıy, good *Ned.* Now *Falſtaff* ſweats to death,
lards the lean earth as he walks along:
e't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.
ins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Lord Percy's *Houſe.*

Enter Hot-ſpur *ſolus, reading a letter.*

T for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear Houſe. He could be contented to be there; why is ıt then? *in reſpect of the love he bears our Houſe!* ews in this, he loves his own barn better than he our Houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe ıdertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis rous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell ny lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck ›wer, ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake is danger- he friends you have named uncertain, the time it nſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the rpoize of ſo great an oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay ? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cow- hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? e lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; riends true and conſtant; a good plot, good s, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? my lord of *York* commends the plot, and the

general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not beſides, the *Dowglas?* have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcal is this? an infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared; I will ſet forward to night.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harry's* bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, *courage! to the field!* and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,

Of

Of paliſadoes, frontiers [1], parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin,
Of priſoner's ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd [2] thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtream;
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are
theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan ſhall be my Throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait. O *Eſperance!*
Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.

Lady. [3] Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weazle

[1] For *frontier* Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and after him Dr. *Warburton*, read very plauſibly *fortins.*

[2] *And thus hath ſo beſtir'd*—] Perhaps, *And* thought *hath ſo* diſturb'd.

[3] *Out, you mad-headed ape!*] This and the following ſpeech of the lady are in the early editions printed as proſe; thoſe editions are indeed in ſuch caſes of no great authority, but perhaps

A weazle hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen
As you are toſt with.
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir
About his Title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go ——
Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion, I ſhall aſk.
I'll break thy little Finger, *Harry.*
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler:—love! I love thee not [4],
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
To play with [5] mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them current too — gods me! my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* what wouldſt thou have with me?
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For, ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear,
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate,*
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon, where about;
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate.*
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percy's* wife. Conſtant you are,

haps they were right in this place, for ſome words have been left out to make the metre.

[4] Hot. *Away, away, you trifler:* —— *love! I love thee not,*] This I think would be better thus,

Hot. *Away, you trifler.*
Lady. *Love!*
Hot. *I love thee not.*
This is no time, go.

[5] —— *mammets,*] Puppe

But yet a woman; and for ſecreſie,
No lady cloſer, for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate.*

Lady. How! ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate,*
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate?*

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Boar's-*Head Tavern in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom, Dick,* and *Francis.* They take it already upon their conſcience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales,* yet I am the King of courteſie; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack,* like *Falſtaff,* but a *Corinthian*[6], a lad of mettle, a good boy (by the Lord, ſo they call me); and when I am King of *England,* I ſhall command all the good lads in *Eaſt-cheap.* They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off. —— To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell

[6] — *Corinthian,*] A wencher.

thee, *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, ſweet *Ned*,—to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penny-worth of ſugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-ſkinker [7], one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome, Sir:* with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of baſtard in the half moon*, or ſo. But, *Ned*, to drive away the time till *Falſtaff* come, I pr'y—thee, do thou ſtand in ſome bye-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires*

Poins. Francis———

P. *Henry*. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis———

SCENE VIII.

Enter Francis *the Drawer* [8].

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.—Look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. *Henry*. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My lord.

P. *Henry*. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis,———

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. Five years; by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo

[7] *under-ſkinker*,] A tapſter; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *ſkinker* is *one that ſerves drink at* table.

[8] *Enter* Francis *the drawer*.] This ſcene, helped by the diſtraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the ſtage, but afford not much delight to the reader. The authour has judiciouſly made it ſhort.

valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, Sir.—Pray you ſtay a little, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Nay, but hark you, *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry.* I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry.* Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis*; but to-morrow, *Francis*; or, *Francis*, on *Thurſday*; or, indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*,——

Fran. My lord?

P. *Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat ring, puke-ſtocking [9], caddice-garter, ſmooth tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry.* Why then your brown [1] baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas

[9] The prince intends to aſk the drawer whether he will rob his maſter whom he denotes by many contemptuous diſtinctions, of which all are eaſily intelligible but *puke-ſtocking*, which may have indeed a dirty meaning, but it is not the meaning here intended, for the prince deſigns to mention the materials of the ſtocking. There is ſomething wrong which I cannot rectify.

[1] —— *brown baſtard*—] *Baſtard* was a kind of ſweet wine. The prince finding the drawer not able, or not willing, to underſtand his inſtigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away.

doublet

doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis,——

P. *Henry.* Away, you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a Calling? Look to the gueſts within. [*Exit drawer.*] My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. *Henry.* Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins,*——

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. *Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis?*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the ſon of a Woman!—His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning.—[2] I am not yet of *Percy's* mind,

[2] —— *I am not yet of* Percy's *mind,* The drawer's anſwer had interrupted the prince's train of diſcourſe. He was proceeding thus, *I am now of all humours that have ſhewed themſelves humours*

mind, the hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of *Scots* at breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſays to his wife, *Fy upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet* Harry, ſays ſhe, *how many haſt thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench,* ſays he, and anſwers, *ſome fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in *Falſtaff*; I'll play *Percy,* and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Ribi* [3], ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

SCENE IX.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague on all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!*—Give me a cup of ſack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards!—Give me a cup of ſack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter? (pitiful-hearted *Titan!*) that melted at the ſweet

mours——*I am not yet of* Percy's *mind.* That is, *I am willing to indulge myſelf in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of* Percy's *mind,* who thinks all the time loſt that is not ſpent in bloodſhed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal ſoldier.

[3] *Ribi,* that is, *drink. Hanmer.* All the former editions have *rivo,* which certainly had no meaning, but yet was perhaps the cant of *Engliſh* taverns.

[4] — *pitiful-hearted* Titan, *that melted at the ſweet Tale of the* Sun?] This abſurd Reading poſſeſſes all the Copies in general; and tho' it has paſs'd thro' ſuch a Number of Impreſſions, is Nonſenſe, which we may pronounce to have ariſen at firſt from the Inadvertence, either of Tranſcribers, or the Compoſitors at *Preſs.* 'Tis well known, *Titan* is one of the poetical Names of the *Sun*; but we have no authority from Fable for *Titan's* melting away at his own ſweet Tale, as *Narciſſus* did at the Reflection of his own Form. The Poet's

ſweet tale of the Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, [5] here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man;

Poet's Meaning was certainly this: *Falſtaff* enters in a great Heat, after having been robb'd by the *Prince* and *Poins* in Diſguiſe: and the Prince ſeeing him in ſuch a Sweat, makes the following *Simile* upon him: "Do but look upon that Com-"pound of Greaſe;——his Fat "drips away with the Violence "of his Motion, juſt as *Butter* "does with the Heat of the "*Sun-Beams* darting full upon "it." THEOBALD.

Didſt thou never ſee Titan *kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful-hearted* Titan! *that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun?*] This perplexes Mr. *Theobald*; he calls it nonſenſe, and indeed, having made nonſenſe of it, changes it to *pitiful hearted Butter*. But the common reading is right: And all that wants *reſtoring* is a parentheſis into which *(pitiful-hearted* Titan!) ſhould be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was *Titan's* character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. But the *Oxford Editor* goes ſtill further, and not only takes without ceremony Mr. *Theobald's* bread and *butter*, but turns *tale* into *face*; not perceiving that the heat of the Sun is figuratively repreſented as a *love tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or amorous.

WARBURTON.

[5] —— *here's* lime *in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man;*] Sir *Richard Hawkins*, one of Queen *Elizabeth's* ſea captains, in his voyages, p. 379. ſays, *Since the* Spaniſh *ſacks have been common in our taverns, which for conſervation are mingled with* lime *in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the ſtone, the dropſy, and infinite other diſtempers not heard of before this wine came into frequent uſe. Beſides, there is no year that it waſteth not two millions of crowns of our ſubſtance by conveyance into foreign countries.* This latter, indeed, was a ſubſtantial evil. But as to *lime's* giving the *ſtone*, this ſure muſt be only the good old man's prejudice; ſince in a wiſer age by far, an old woman made her fortune, by ſhewing us that *lime* was a *cure* for the *ſtone*. Sir *John Falſtaff*, were he alive again, would ſay ſhe deſerved it, for ſatisfying us that we might drink ſack in ſafety: But that liquor has been long ſince out of date. I think Lord *Clarendon*, in his Apology, tells us, *That ſweet wines, before the Reſtoration, were ſo much to the* Engliſh *taſte, that we engroſſed the whole product of the* Canaries; *and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in* Europe. But the baniſhed Cavaliers brought home with them the gouſt for *French* wines, which has continued ever ſince; and from whence, perhaps, we may more truly date the greater frequency of the *ſtone*. WARB.

yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it; a villainous coward—Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I ſay.—[6] I would, I were a weaver; I could ſing all manner of ſongs.—A plague on all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. *Henry*. How now, *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales!*

P. *Henry*. Why, you whorſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry*. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou can'ſt. You are ſtrait

[6] ——— *I would, I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms*, &c.] In the perſecutions of the proteſtants in *Flanders* under *Philip* II. thoſe who came over into *England* on that occaſion, brought with them the woolen manufactory. Theſe were Calviniſts, who were always diſtinguiſhed for their love of pſalmody.

WARBURTON.

In the firſt editions the paſſage is read thus, *I could ſing pſalms or any thing*. In the firſt folio thus, *I could ſing all manner of ſongs*. Many expreſſions bordering on indecency are found in the firſt editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three laſt editions, *I could ſing pſalms and all manner of ſongs*, is made without authority out of different copies.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who having their hands more employed than their minds, amuſe themſelves frequently with ſongs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wiſhes he could ſing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of muſick in the *Merchant of* Venice. Perhaps *to ſing like a Weaver* might be proverbial.

enough

enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of ſack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague on all cowards, ſtill, ſay I!

P. *Henry.* What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. *Henry,* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry.* What a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thurſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* [*Shews his ſword.*] I never dealt better ſince I was a man.—All would not do. A plague on all cowards!—Let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. *Henry.* Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry.* What, fought ye with them all?

Fal.

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*; If I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven, why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. [7] Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

[7] *Their points being broken— down fell his hoſe.*] To underſtand *Poins's* joke, the double meaning of *point* muſt be remembered, which ſignifies *the ſharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment.*

Fal.

P. *Henry.* Content:---and the argument ſhall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah!---no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

SCENE X.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my lord the Prince!

P. *Henry.* How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. *Henry.* [1] Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee, do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* Now, Sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; ſo did you, *Peto*; ſo did you, *Bardolph*; you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no. Fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry.* Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff's* ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of *England*, but he would

[1] *There is a Nobleman — give him as much as will make him a royal man.*] I believe here is a kind of jeſt intended. He that had received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this ſenſe the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal*, and ſend him away.

make

ou believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded
lo the like.

d. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs,
e them bleed; and then beſlubber our garments
and ſwear it was [2] the blood of true men. I did
lid not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to
is monſtrous devices.

enry. O villain, thou ſtolleſt a cup of ſack eigh-
ars ago, and wert [3] taken with the manner, and
ce thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*. Thou hadſt [4] fire
ord on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away;
ſtinct hadſt thou for it?

l. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you
theſe exhalations?

enry. I do.

l. What think you they portend?

nry. [5] Hot livers, and cold purſes.

l. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

nry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

SCENE XI.

Re-enter Falſtaff.

mes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How
r ſweet creature of [6] bombaſt? How long is't
ck, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

ood of true men.] That men with whom they *honeſt men*, oppoſed

in *the manner.*] The d Folio read *with the* hich is right. *Taken manner* is a law phraſe, n common uſe, to ſig- *in the fact*. But the *itor* alters it, for bet- of the ſenſe, to *in the* MANOUR.

i. e. I ſuppoſe, by the lord of it, as a ſtrey. WARBURTON.

[4] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *firy face*.

While I affirm a firy face
Is to the owner no diſgrace.
Legend *of Capt.* Jones.

[5] *Hot livers, and cold purſes.*] That is, *drunkenneſs* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of thoſe times, to *heat* the *liver*.

[6] *Bombaſt* is the ſtuffing of cloaths.

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years *Hal*, I was an Eagle's talon in the waſte; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague on ſighing and grief, it blows up a man like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad; here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you muſt go to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true Liegeman upon the croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: what a plague call you him———

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame; and his ſon in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular.

P. *Henry*. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a [7] piſtol kills a ſparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry*. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well; that raſcal has good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry*. Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback, ye cuckow! but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry*. Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand [8] blue caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtoln away by night. Thy father's beard is

[7] *Shakeſpeare* never has any care to preſerve the manners of the time. *Piſtols* were not known in the age of *Henry*. Piſtols were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently uſed by the *Scots*. Sir *Henry Wotton* ſomewhere makes mention of a Scotiſh *piſtol*.

[8] *Blue-caps*.] A name of ridicule given to the *Scots* from their blue *bonnets*.

turn'd

ırn'd white with the news. [9] You may buy land now ; cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. *Henry.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, nd this civil buffetting hold, we ſhall buy maiden-eads, as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like e ſhall have good trading that way.—But tell me, *lal*, art not thou horribly afeard, thou being heir ɔparent? Could the world pick thee out three ſuch ıemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, ıd that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? ɔth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy ıſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, hen thou com'ſt to thy father; if thou do love me, ractiſe an anſwer.

P. *Henry.* Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine ne upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This Chair ſhall be my State, his Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

P. *Henry.* [1] Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved—Give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be

[9] *You may buy land*, &c.] In former times the proſperity of the nation was known by the value of land as now by the price of ſtocks. Before *Henry* the ſeventh made it ſafe to ſerve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution for the conqueror to confiſcate the eſtates of thoſe that oppoſed, and perhaps of thoſe who did not aſſiſt him. Thoſe, therefore, that foreſaw a change of government, and thought their eſtates in danger, were deſirous to ſell them in haſte for ſomething that might be carried away.

[1] This anſwer might, I think, have better been omitted. It contains only a repetition of *Falſtaff*'s mock-royalty.

thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in [2] King *Cambyſes'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is [3] my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech—Stand aſide, Nobility———

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. *Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.*

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. *For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful Queen, For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.*

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry Players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain—[4] *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompany'd; for [5] though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows, yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lyeth the point; why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the

[2] A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleaſant mirth, containing the life of *Cambyſes* King of *Perſia*. By *Thomas Preſton*.

THEOBALD.

I queſtion if *Shakeſpeare* had ever ſeen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of meaſure, which, when he profeſſed to ſpeak in *King* Cambyſes' *vein*, he would hardly have miſſed, if he had known it.

[3] *My leg.*] That is, My *obeiſance* to my father.

[4] Harry, *I do not only marvel*, &c.] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time. WARB.

[5] *Though camomile*, &c.] This whole ſpeech is ſupremely comick. The ſimile of camomile uſed to illuſtrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an obſervation of a later writer of ſome merit, whom the deſire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young ſoldiers, he remarks, that *though* Bedlam *be in the road to* Hogſden, *it is out of the way to promotion.*

bleſſed

n of heav'n prove [6] a micher, and eat black-
queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of
prove a thief and take purſes? a queſtion
. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou
heard of, and it is known to many in our
the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient
report, doth defile; ſo doth the company
ſt; for, *Harry*, now do I not ſpeak to thee
ut in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion;
ls only, but in woes alſo.—And yet there is
man, whom I have often noted in thy com-
I know not his name.

. What manner of man, an it like your

goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpu-
chearful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt
age; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty,
idy, inclining to threeſcore: and now, I
me, his name is *Falſtaff*. If that man
ewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*,
in his looks. If then the [7] fruit may be
the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then pe-
I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that *Falſtaff*;
vith, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now,
ity varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been
?

. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? Do thou
le, and I'll play my father.
poſe me.—If thou doſt it half ſo gravely,
lly, both in word and matter, hang me up
s for a [8] rabbet-ſucker, or a poulterer's hare.

,] *i. e.* Truant; to
rk out of ſight, a
. WARBURTON.
is to a truant-boy,
g to go to ſchool,
o home, lurks in
picks wild fruits.
ſage is happily re-
ſtored by Sir *Thomas Hanmer*.

[8] *Rabbet-ſucker* is, I ſuppoſe, a *ſucking rabbet*. The jeſt is in comparing himſelf to ſomething thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*, a hare hung up by the hind legs without a ſkin, is long and ſlender.

P. *Henry.* Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my maſters.

P. *Henry.* Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are falſe.——Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry.* 'Swearеſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man! a tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that [9] boulting hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtufft cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted [1] *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein [*] cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your Grace would [2] take me with you. Whom means your Grace?

P. *Henry.* That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry.* I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in my ſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That

[9] *Boulting-hutch.*] *Bolting-hutch* is, I think, a *meal-bag.*

[1] Of the *Manning-tree* Ox I can give no account, but the meaning is clear.

[*] *Cunning* was not yet debaſed to a bad meaning. It ſignified *knowing* or *ſkilful.*

[2] *Take me with you.*] That is, *go no faſter than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning.*

he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witneſs it; but that he is, ſaving your reverence, a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked. If to be old and merry, be a ſin, then many an old Hoſt, that I know, is damn'd. If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah's* lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*; but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true *Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falſtaff*, baniſh not him thy *Harry's* company; baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the world.

P. *Henry*. I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and* Hoſteſs *goes out.*

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue!—Play out the Play; I have much to ſay in behalf of that *Falſtaff*.

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. *Henry*. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*. If you will deny the Sheriff, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope

hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry.* Go, * hide thee behind the arras, the reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. *Henry.* Call in the Sheriff.———

SCENE XII.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord.—A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,
For I myſelf at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal;
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be ſo; if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

* —*hide thee behind the arras,*] The bulk of *Falſtaff* made him not the fitteſt to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet ſacrifices ſomething to the ſcenery; if *Falſtaff* had not been hidden, he could not have been found aſleep, nor had his pockets ſearched.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* I think, it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* This oily raſcal is known as well as *Paul's*; go call him forth [3].

Peto. Falſtaff —— faſt aſleep, behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his Pockets.

[*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*

Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*

Item, Anchoves and ſack after ſupper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of ſack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall

[3] *go call him forth,*] The ſcenery here is ſomewhat perplexed. When the ſheriff came, the whole gang retired, and *Falſtaff* was hidden. As ſoon as the ſheriff is ſent away, the Prince orders *Falſtaff* to be called: by whom? by *Peto*. But why had not *Peto* gone up ſtairs with the reſt, and if he had, why did not the reſt come down with him? The converſation that follows between the prince and *Peto*, ſeems to be apart from the others.

I cannot but ſuſpect that for *Peto* we ſhould read *Poins*: what had *Peto* done that *his place ſhould be honourable*, or that he ſhould be truſted with the plot againſt *Falſtaff*? *Poins* has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage.

This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but *Poins*, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himſelf from the travellers. We may therefore boldly change the ſcenical direction thus, *Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, Gadshill, *and* Peto; *manent the* Prince *and* Poins.

be

be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, [4] I know, his death will be a march of twelveſcore. The mony ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good-morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good-morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's *Houſe in* Wales.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our [5] Induction full of proſp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?
And, uncle *Worceſter*——a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, couſin *Pe cy;* ſit, good couſin *Hot-ſpur;*
For, by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter*
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glend. I blame him not; at my Nativity,
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets; know, that, at my birth,

[4] —— *I know, his death will be a march of twelveſcore.*] i. e. It will kill him to march ſo far twelveſcore yards.

[5] — *induction*] That is, *entrance; beginning.*

The

The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.
Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.
Hot. I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.
Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamrous in the frighted fields.
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

[e] *Diſeaſed Nature*——] The Poet has here taken, from the perverſeneſs and contrariouſneſs of *Hotſpur's* temper, an opportunity of raiſing his character, by a very rational and philoſophical confutation of ſuperſtitious errour.

And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better *Welſ*
—I'll to dinner.
Mort. Peace, couſin *Percy*; you will make him ma
Glend. I can call ſpirits from the waſty deep.
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But, will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the dev
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the dev
By telling truth; *Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*—
If thou haſt pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.
Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* mac
head
Againſt my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And ſandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather to
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide ou
Right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd;
All weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear Coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being ſealed interchangeably
(A buſineſs, that this night may execute),

To-morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good lord of *Wor'ſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the *Scottiſh* Power,
As is appointed us, at *Shrewſbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days.
—Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
[*To* Glendower.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. [7] Methinks, my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damm'd up:
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

[7] *Methinks, my moiety,*—] *Hot-ſpur* is here juſt ſuch a divider as the *Iriſhman* who made *three halves*: Therefore, for the honour of *Shakeſpeare*, I will ſuppoſe, with the *Oxford Editor*, that he wrote *portion*. WARB.
I will not ſuppoſe it.

Hot.

Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me *nay?*
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in *Welſh.*
Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* Court,
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *Engliſh* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the * tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue, that was never ſeen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, *mew!*
Than one of theſe ſame meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night;
* (I'll haſte the writer) and withal,
Break with your Wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad;
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer.* [*Exit.*

* *The tongue.*] The *Engliſh* language.

* *(I'll haſte the writer)* He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Fie, couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my father?
cannot chuſe. Sometime he angers me,
lling of the Moldwarp and the Ant[a],
mer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
wing Griffin, and a moulting Raven,
ing Lion, and a ramping Cat,
h a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
me from my faith. I tell you what,
l me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
ning up the ſeveral devils names,
ere his lackeys: I cry'd, *hum*,—and *well*,—
k'd him not a word, O, he's as tedious
'd horſe, or as a railing wife;
han a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
eeſe and garlick, in a windmil, far,
ed on cates, and have him talk to me,
ummer-houſe in chriſtendom.
In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
ngly well read, and profited [1]
ge concealments; valiant as a Lion;
nd'rous affable; as bountiful
es of *India*. Shall I tell you, couſin?
ls your temper in a high reſpect,
rbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
ou do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does;
nt you, that man is not alive
o have tempted him as you have done,
t the taſte of danger and reproof.
ot uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

[a] *of the Moldwarp and Ant*,] This alludes to ophecy which is ſaid to uced *Owen Glendower* ms againſt King *Henry*. See *Hall's* Chronicle, folio 20. POPE.

[1] ——— ——— *profited*
In ſtrange concealments; ———]
Skilled in wonderful ſecrets.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too * wilful blame,
And, ſince your coming here, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain;
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd: good manners be your ſpeed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

SCENE III.

Enter Glendower, *with the ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, ſhe and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

[Glendower *ſpeaks to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She's deſp'rate here, a peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry,
That no perſuaſion can do good upon.

[*Lady ſpeaks in* Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy looks; that pretty *Welſh*,
Which thou pour'ſt down from thoſe two ſwelling heavens,

* — *too wilful-blame,*] This is a mode of ſpeech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read *too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent*, or thus, Indeed, *my lord, you are to* blame, too wilful.

I am

too perfect in, and, but for ſhame,
ch a parly ſhould I anſwer thee.
[*The Lady again in* Welſh.
erſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine;
hat's a feeling diſputation;
will never be a truant, love,
I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
s *Welſh* as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
by a fair Queen in a ſummer's bower,
raviſhing diviſion to her lute.
nd. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe run mad.
[*The Lady ſpeaks again in* Welſh.
rt. O, I am Ignorance itſelf in this.
nd. She bids you,
n the wanton ruſhes lay you down [1],
reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you;
on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
ming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
ng ſuch diff'rence betwixt wake and ſleep [4];
the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
hour before the heav'nly-harneſs'd team
is his golden progreſs in the eaſt.
rt. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
iat time will [5] our book, I think, be drawn.
nd. Do ſo;

ll on the wanton ruſhes lay
n down.] It was the cuſ-
this country, for many
to ſtrew the floors with
as we now cover them
arpets.

nd on your eye-lids crown
he God of Sleep,] The ex-
n is fine; intimating, that
od of Sleep ſhould not only
his eye lids, but that he
ſit crown'd, that is, pleaſed
lighted. WARBURTON.

4 *Making ſuch diff'rence betwixt wake and ſleep,*] She will lull you by her ſong into ſoft tranquillity, in which you ſhall be ſo near to ſleep as to be free from perturbation, and ſo much awake as to be ſenſible of pleaſure; a ſtate partaking of ſleep and wakefulneſs, as the twilight of night and day.

5 —— *our book,*—] Our paper of conditions.

[6] And thoſe muſicians, that ſhall play to you
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet ſtrait they ſhall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy gooſe. [*The muſick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil underſtands *Welſh*: and 'tis no marvel, he is ſo humorous, by'r lady, he's a good muſician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but muſical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in *Welſh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Iriſh*.

Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. [7] Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the *Welſh* lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

[*Here the Lady ſings a* Welſh *ſong.*

Come, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady. Not mine in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good ſooth*; and, *as true as I live*; and, *as God ſhall mend me*; and, *as ſure as day*: and giveſt ſuch farcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'd'ſt further than *Finſbury*. Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady, as thou art,

[6] *And* THOSE *muſicians, that ſhall play to you Hang in the air*——Yet] The particle *yet* being uſed here adverſatively, muſt have a particle of conceſſion preceding it. I read therefore *And* THO' TH' *muſicians*—— WARBURTON.

[7] *Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.*] I do not plainly ſee *what is a woman's fault.*

A good

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *infooth*,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To [t] velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. * 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-red-breaſt* teacher. If the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two-hours; and ſo come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glen. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow, As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Preſence-chamber in Windſor.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. Henry. LORDS, give us leave, the Prince of *Wales* and I
Muſt have ſome private conference; but be near,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you.——
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not, whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement, and a ſcourge for me,
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd

[t] *Velvet guards.*] To ſuch as have their cloaths adorned with yards of velvet, which was, I ſuppoſe, the finery of Cockneys.

* *'Tis the next way to turn taylor*, &c.] I ſuppoſe *Percy* means, that *ſinging* is a mean quality, and therefore he excuſes his lady.

[9] *For ſome diſpleaſing* ſervice—] *ſervice* for *action*, ſimply. WARBURTON.

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, [1] ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry.* So pleaſe your Majeſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well, as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
My ſelf of many I am charg'd withal.
[2] Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe news-mongers,
I may for ſome things true wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. *Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee. Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoul of ev'ry man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,

[1] —*ſuch lewd, ſuch mean* ATTEMPTS,] *Shakeſpear* certainly wrote ATTAINTS, *i. e.* unlawful actions. WARB.

[2] *Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg*, &c.] The conſtruction is ſomewhat obſcure. Let me beg ſo much extenuation, that, *upon confutation of many falſe charges, I may be pardoned ſome that are true.* I ſhould read *on reproof* inſtead of *in reproof*, but concerning *Shakeſpeare's* particles there is no certainty.

So

ɔn-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
ıd cheap to vulgar company,
that did help me to the crown,
kept [3] loyal to poſſeſſion,
ne in reputeleſs baniſhment,
of no mark, nor likelihood.
ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
ı comet, I was wonder'd at,
would tell their children, *this is he*;
ɔuld ſay, *where? which is* Bolingbroke?
n I ſtole all courteſie from heav'n,
myſelf in much humility,
ı pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
ıts and ſalutations from their mouths,
ıe preſence of the crowned King.
ı keep my perſon freſh and new,
nce, like a robe pontifical,
ı, but wonder'd at; and ſo my State,
ɔut ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
ɔing King, he ambled up and down
low jeſters, and [5] raſh bavin wits,
lled, and ſoon burnt; [6] 'ſcarded his State;

[3] *poſſeſſion.*] *True* to
ı then *poſſeſſion* of the

n I ſtole all courteſie
av'n,] This is an al-
:he ſtory of *Prome-*
who ſtole *fire* from
as with *this* he made
with *that*, *Boling-*
a King. As the
ſuppoſed jealous in
g *reaſon* to them-
getting *fire* from
ch lighted it up in
was called a theft;
ɛr is their preroga-
ɟetting *courteſie* from

thence, by which power is beſt procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquiſitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

[5] *Raſh bavin wits.*] *Raſh* is *heady, thoughtleſs. Bavin* is *Bruſh-wood*, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is ſoon out.

[6] In former copies,

——— CARDED *his State*]

Richard is here repreſented as laying aſide his royalty, and mixing himſelf with common jeſters. This will lead us to the true reading, which I ſuppoſe is,

'SCARDED *his State*;

i. e. diſcarded, threw off. WARB.

Mingled his Royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
[7] And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
[8] Of every beardleſs, vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity.
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey, and began
To loath a taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but, as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtand'ſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs. [*Weeping.*

[7] *And gave his countenance, againſt his name.* Made his preſence injurious to his reputation.

[8] *Of every beardleſs, vain comparative.*] Of every boy whoſe vanity incited him to try his wit againſt the King's.

When *Lewis* XIV. was aſked, why, with ſo much wit, he never attempted raillery, he anſwered, that he who practiſed raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to ſtand the butt of raillery was not ſuitable to the dignity of a King. *Scudery's* Converſation.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. *Henry.* For all the world,
As thou art at this hour was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Ravenſpurg*;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoul to boot,
' He hath more worthy intereſt to the State,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion!
For, of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs; in the Realm
Turns head againſt the Lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*, whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military Title capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt?
Thrice hath this *Hot-ſpur*, *Mars* in ſwathing cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th' Archbiſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,

' *He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate, Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion!*] This is obſcure. I believe the meaning is,—*Hot-ſpur* hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who haſt only the *ſhadowy right of lineal ſucceſſion*, while he has real and ſolid power.

Which

Which art my near'ſt and * deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy's* pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'ſie at his frowns,
To ſhow how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry.* Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head.
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
† And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcower my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry*, chance to meet.
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This in the name of heav'n I promiſe here;
The which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.

* *Deareſt* is *moſt fatal, moſt miſchievous.*

† *And ſtain my* favours *in a bloody maſk,*] We ſhould read *favour*, i. e. countenance. WARBURTON

Favours are *features.*

not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
nd I will die an hundred thouſand deaths,
e break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.
K. *Henry*. A hundred thouſand Rebels die in this!
ou ſhalt have Charge, and ſovereign Truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

w now, good *Blunt?* thy looks are full of ſpeed.
Blunt. So is the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
d *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
at *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewſbury:*
nighty and a fearful head they are,
promiſes be kept on every hand,
ever offer'd foul play in a State.
K. *Henry*. The Earl of *Weſtmorland* ſet forth to day,
th him my ſon, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*;
this advertiſement is five days old.
Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
Thurſday, we ourſelves will march: our meeting
t *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
rough *Glo'ſterſhire:* by which ſome twelve days hence
r general forces at *Bridgnorth* ſhall meet,
r hands are full of buſineſs: let's away,
vantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

hanges to the Boar's-head Tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

l. BARDOLPH, am not I fall'n away vilely, ſince this laſt action? Do I not bate? do I not indle? Why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old y's looſe gown; I am wither'd, like an old apple *John.*

John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking; I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, [2] a brewer's horſe. The inſide of a church!—Company, villainous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry. I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little; diced not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid mony that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs, out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral thou beareſt the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp [3].

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. — If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath

[2] *A* brewer's horſe.] I ſuppoſe a *brewer's* horſe was apt to be lean with hard work.

[3] *The knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himſelf the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make ſport with it among thoſe whom it is his intereſt to pleaſe, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can uſe with freedom.

ſhould

ſhould be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think, thou had'ſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild fire, there's no purchaſe in mony. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack, that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as [*] good cheap, as the deareſt chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintained that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would, my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir *John!* what do you think, Sir *John?* do you think, I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquired, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant. The tithe of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John*: you do not know me, Sir *John*: I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me mony, Sir *John*,

[*] *Good cheap.*] Cheap is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *a bon marché*.

and

ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

P. *Henry.* An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo: thou, or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million, thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

P. *Henry.* I ſay, 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. *Henry.* And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the Lion; doſt thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

P. *Henry.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whorſon,

ıpudent, [9] imboſs'd raſcal, if there were any thing in y pocket but tavern-reckonings, *Memorandums* of ıwdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-ndy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were ırich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a llain. And yet [1] you will ſtand to it, you will not ıcket up wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'ſt in the ſtate innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poor *Jack ılſtaff* do, in the days of villainy? Thou ſeeſt, I have ore fleſh than another man, and therefore more ailty.—You confeſs then, you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry.* It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee; go make ready Break-ſt. Love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, and che-ſh thy gueſts; thou ſhalt find me tractable to any oneſt reaſon. Thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd ſtill.—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*

low, *Hal*, to the news at Court? For the robbery, ad, how is that anſwer'd?

P. *Henry.* O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good ngel to thee. The mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. *Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and nay do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou lo'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. *Henry.* I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I

[9] *impudent, imboſs'd raſcal,*—] *Imboſſed* is *ſwoln, puffy.*

[1] *— and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs:*] ome part of this merry dialogue ems to have been loſt. I ſuppoſe *Falſtaff*, in preſſing the robbery upon his hoſteſs, had declared his reſolution *not to pocket up wrongs* or *injuries*, to which the prince alludes.

find one, that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. *Henry. Bardolph,*———

Bard. My Lord?

P. *Henry.* Go bear this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, to my brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Weſtmorland;* go.—[2] *Peto*, to horſe; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o'clock in the afternoon, there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive mony and order for their furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high;
And either they, or we, muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hoſteſs, my breakfaſt, come!

Oh, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglaſs.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL ſaid, my noble *Scot*. If ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral current through the World.

[2] Peto, *to horſe;*———] I cannot but think that *Peto* is again put for *Poins*. I ſuppoſe the copy had only a P——. We have *Peto* afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant of *Falſtaff*.

By

By heav'n, I cannot flatter, I defy
The tongues of ſoothers, but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourſelf:
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, Lord.
Doug. Thou art the King of honour;
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him———
Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well———

Enter a Meſſenger.

What letters haſt thou there?———
I can but thank you.
Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?
Meſſ. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous ſick.
Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his Pow'rs?
Under whoſe government come they along?
Meſſ. [3] His letters bear his mind, not I.
Hot. His mind!
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Meſſ. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.
Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterpriſe;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.

[3] Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I his mind,*] The line ſhould be read and divided thus, Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I.* Hot. *His mind!* Hotſpur had aſked *who leads his powers?* The *Meſſenger* anſwers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replies, *His mind!* As much as to ſay, I inquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character. WARBURTON.

He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs———
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn; nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a Truſt
[4] On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopt off.
And yet, in faith, 'tis not—His preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt; to ſet ſo rich a Main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for [5] therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.
We now may boldly ſpend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
[6] A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and and Miſchance look big

4 *On any ſoul removed.*] On any *leſs near* to himſelf; on any whoſe intereſt is *remote*.

5 —— *therein ſhould we read*
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope,] To read *the bottom and ſoul of hope, and the bound of fortune*, though all the copies and all the editors have received it, ſurely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *riſque*.

Therein ſhould we riſque
The very bottom, &c.

The *liſt* is the *ſelvage*; figuratively, the utmoſt line of circumference, the utmoſt extent.

6 *A comfort of retirement.*] A ſupport to which we may have recourſe.

Upon the Maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here;
[7] The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion; it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and meer diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence;
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe;
For well you know, [8] we of th' offending ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us.
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You ſtrain too far;
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,

[7] *The quality and hair of our attempt.*] The *hair* ſeems to be *the complexion, the character.* The metaphor appears harſh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our authour's time.

[8] *We of th' offending ſide.*] All the later editions have this reading; but all the older copies which I have ſeen, from the firſt quarto to the edition of *Rowe*, read, *we of the* off'ring *ſide.* Of this reading the ſenſe is obſcure, and therefore the change has been made; but ſince neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be miſtaken, I cannot but ſuſpect that *offering* is right, eſpecially as it is read in the firſt copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any ſingle edition, that I have yet ſeen, of a play written by *Shakeſpeare.*

The *offering* ſide may ſignify that party, which, acting in oppoſition to the law, ſtrengthens itſelf only by *offers*; encreaſes its numbers only by *promiſes.* The King can raiſe an army, and continue it by threats of puniſhment; but thoſe, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whoſe influence ariſes from *offers*, muſt keep danger out of ſight.

The *offering ſide* may mean ſimply the *aſſailant*, in oppoſition to the *defendant*, and it is likewiſe true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invaſion, that his cauſe ought to be kept clear from all objections.

nds a luſtre, and more great opinion,
arger Dare to our great enterpriſe,
an if the Earl were here; for men muſt think,
we without his help can make a head,
) puſh againſt the Kingdom; with his help,
'e ſhall o'erturn it topſie turvy down.
-Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think; there is not ſuch a word
ſpoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome, by my ſoul!
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſev'n thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſon?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daft the world aſide
And bid it paſs?
Ver. [9] All furniſht, all in arms,

[9] *All furniſht, all in arms,*
All plumb'd like Eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles.] *To bait with the wind* appears to me an improper expreſſion. To *bait* is in the ſtyle of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the *French battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight.

Beſides, what is the r
of *Eſtridges, that baited*
wind like Eagles; for the
that, in the uſual conſ
muſt relate to *Eſtridges*.
Sir *Thomas Hanmer* r
All plumb'd like Eſtr
with the *wind*
Baiting *like Eagles*.
By which he has eſca

All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midſummer*;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
[1]I ſaw young *Harry*, with his beaver on,
[2]His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
[3]And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the Sun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.

the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety ſufficient to make his reading queſtionable.

I read,

All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like Eſtridges that wing the wind
Baited like Eagles.

This gives a ſtrong image. They were not only plum'd like Eſtridges, but their plumes fluttered like thoſe of an Eſtridge on the wing mounting againſt the wind. A more lively repreſentation of young men ardent for enterprize perhaps no writer has ever given.

[1] *I ſaw young* Harry, *with his beaver* ON.] We ſhould read, *beaver* UP. It is an impropriety to ſay *on*: For the beaver is only the viſiere of the Helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the ſoldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, ſo that his face might be ſeen (hence *Vernon* ſays he *ſaw* young *Harry*.) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and ſecure the face. Hence in the ſecond part of *Henry* IV it is ſaid,

Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down.

WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note, for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down.

[2] *His* cuiſſes *on his thighs*,—] *Cuiſſes*, *French*, armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reaſon why his *cuiſſes* are ſo particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horſemanſhip is here praiſed, and the *cuiſſes* are that part of armour which moſt hinders a horſeman's activity.

[3] *And* witch *the world*—] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
[4] *Harry* to *Harry* ſhall, hot horſe to horſe——
Meet, and ne'er part, 'till One drop down a coarſe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily;
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] Harry *to* Harry *ſhall, hot horſe to horſe,*
Meet, and ne'er part.] This reading I have reſtored from the firſt edition. The ſecond edition in 1622, reads,
Harry *to* Harry *ſhall, not horſe to horſe,*
Meet, and ne'er part.
which has been followed by all the criticks except Sir *Tho. Hanmer*, who, juſtly remarking the impertinence of the negative, reads,
Harry *to* Harry *ſhall, hot horſe to horſe*
Meet, and ne'er part.
But the unexampled expreſſion of *meeting to*, for *meeting with* or ſimply *meeting*, is yet left. The ancient reading is ſurely right.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to a publick Road, near Coventry.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of ſack. Our ſoldiers ſhall march through; we'll to *Sutton-cold-field* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me mony, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coynage. Bid my lieutenant * *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a [5] ſouc'd gurnet. I have miſ-us'd the King's Preſs damnably; I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomens ſons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the banes; ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a culverin, [6] worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I preſs me none but ſuch

* *Lieutenant* Peto.] This paſſage proves that *Peto* did not go with the prince.

[5] *Souc'd gurnet.*] I believe a *ſowced gurnet* is a *pickled anchovy*. Much of *Falſtaff's* humour conſiſts in comparing himſelf to ſomewhat little.

[6] *Worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild duck.*] The repetition of the ſame image diſpoſed *Sir Tho. Hanmer*, and after him *Dr. Warburton*, to read, in oppoſition to all the copies, a ſtruck *Deer*, which is indeed a proper expreſſion, but not likely to have been corrupted. *Shakeſpeare*, perhaps, wrote a ſtruck *ſorel*, which, being negligently read by a man not ſkilled in hunter's language, was eaſily changed to ſtruck *fowl*. *Sorel* is uſed in *Love's labour loſt* for a young *deer*, and the terms of the chaſe were, in our authour's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman.

toaſts

toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices. And now my whole Charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were never ſoldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, [z] younger ſons to younger brothers; revolted tapſters, and oſtlers-trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; [a] ten times more diſhonourably

[z] *Younger ſons to younger brothers;*] *Raleigh*, in his diſcourſe on *war*, uſes this very expreſſion for men of deſperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other I know not, but I think the play was printed before the diſcourſe.

[a] —— *ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old-*fac'd *Antient.*] *Shakeſpeare* uſes this Word ſo promiſcuouſly, to ſignify an Enſign or Standard bearer, and alſo the Colours or Standard borne, that I cannot be at a Certainty for his Alluſion here. If the Text be genuine, I think, the Meaning muſt be; as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an Enſign all his days; that has let Age creep upon him, and never had Merit enough to gain Preferment. Mr. *Warburton*, who underſtands it in the Second Conſtruction, has ſuſpected the Text, and given the following ingenious Emendation. —— "How "is an old-fac'd *Ancient*, or *Enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? "On the contrary, Nothing is "eſteemed more honourable "than a ragged Pair of *Colours*. "A very little Alteration will "reſtore it to its original Senſe, "which contains a Touch of "the ſtrongeſt and moſt fine- "turned Satire in the World; *Ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old* Feaſt *Ancient* "*i. e.* the *Colours* uſed by the "City-Companies in their Feaſts "and Proceſſions. For each "Company had one with its pe- "culiar Device, which was u- "ſually diſplay'd and borne a- "bout on ſuch Occaſions. No- "Nothing could be more witty "or ſatirical than this Compa- "riſon. For as *Falſtaff's* Ra- "gamuffians were reduced "their tatter'd Condition thro- "their riotous Exceſſes; ſo thi "old Feaſt Ancient became tor "and ſhatter'd, not in any man- "ly Exerciſe of Arms, but a- "midſt the Revels of drunke- "Bacchanals." THEOBALD.

Dr. *Warburton's* emendation i very acute and judicious; but know not whether the licentiouſneſs of our authour's diction may not allow us to ſuppoſe that he meant to repreſent his ſoldiers, as *more ragged*, though leſs honourably ragged, *than an old ancient.*

ragged,

gged, than an old-feaſt ancient; and ſuch have I to l up the rooms of them that have bought out their rvices; that you would think, I had a hundred and ty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keep-g, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met e on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the bbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath en ſuch ſkare-crows: I'll not march through *Coven-y* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains arch wide betwixt the legs, as if they had[a] gyves on; r, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. here's but a ſhirt and half in all my company; and ıe half-ſhirt is two napkins tack'd together, and ırown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without eeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtoll'n from ıy Hoſt of St. *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn keeper f *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linen nough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Weſtmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal?*—How now, mad wag, what a levil doſt thou in *Warwickſhire?*—My good lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy; I thought, your Ho-nour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a Cat to ſteal cream.

P. *Henry*. I think, to ſteal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, *Jack*, whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry*. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

[a] gyves *on*;] *i. e.* ſhackles. POPE.

Fal.

Fal. Tut, tut, [1] good enough to toſs: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry.* No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John;* I fear, we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. WE'll fight him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. He is certain; ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd; ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dowg. You do not counſel well;

You ſpeak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglas*; by my life,

[1] *Good enough to toſs.*] That is, to toſs upon a pike.

And

nd I dare well maintain it with my life,
well-reſpected honour bid me on,
hold as little counſel with weak fear,
s you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
et it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Dowg. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
eing men of [2] ſuch great Leading as you are,
hat you foreſee not what impediments
rag back our expedition; certain horſe
f my couſin *Vernon's* are not yet come up;
our uncle *Worceſter's* horſe came but to-day,
nd now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
heir courage with hard labour tame and dull,
hat not a horſe is half half of himſelf.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low;
he better part of ours are full of Reſt.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
or God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.

[*The trumpets ſound a parley.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
f you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* and would to God,
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,

[2] *Such great leading.*] Such *Conduct*, ſuch experience in martial buſineſs.

Be-

Becauſe you are not of our quality;
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.
Blunt. And heav'n defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty!
But, to my Charge—The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt,
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.
Hot. The King is kind, and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame Royalty he wears;
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore;
And when he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd, *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They, more and leſs, came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him,

Even

at the heels, in golden multitudes.
'eſently, as Greatneſs knows itſelf,
me a little higher than his vow
to my father, while his blood was poor,
n the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg*.
iow, forſooth, takes on him to reform
certain Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
his Country's wrongs; and by this face,
eeming brow of juſtice, did he win
iearts of all that he did angle for;
eded further, cut me off the heads
l the Fav'rites that the abſent King
putation left behind him here,
i he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* war.
nt. I came not to hear this.
'. Then, to the point———
irt time after, he depos'd the King,
after That depriv'd him of his life,
in the neck of that, * taſk'd the whole State.
ake that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman *March*,
is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
l his King, to be incag'd in *Wales*,
: without ranſom to lie forfeited;
ac'd me in my happy Victories,
it to entrap me by intelligence,
my uncle from the Council-board,
ge diſmiſs'd my father from the Court,
oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
n concluſion drove us to ſeek out
: head of ſafety; and withal to pry
iis Title too, the which we find
adirect for long continuance.

this whole ſpeech he al-
gain to ſome paſſages in
the ſecond.
ſk'd the whole State.] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be, *tax'd* the whole ſtate.

[4] *This head of ſafety.*] This *army* from which I hope for protection.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?
Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw awhile.
—Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes. And ſo farewel.
Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love!
Hot. It may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray heav'n, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbiſhop of York's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and Sir* Michaell.

York. HIE, good Sir *Michaell*, bear this [5] ſealed brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhal;
This to my couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haſte.
Sir *Mich.* My lord, I gueſs their tenour.
York. Like enough.
To-morrow, good Sir *Michaell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch; for, Sir, at *Shrewſbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with lord *Harry*; and, I fear, Sir *Michaell*,
What with the ſickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe pow'r was * in the firſt proportion,
And what with *Owen Glendower's* abſence thence,
Who with them was [6] a rated ſinew too,

[5] *Sealed brief.*] A brief is ſimply a *letter*.

* *In the firſt proportion.*] Whoſe quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy.

[6] — *a rated ſinew too,*] So the firſt edition, *i. e.* accounted a ſtrong aid. POPE.

A *ſtrength* on which we *reckoned*; a *help* of which we *made account*.

And

comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies.
r, the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
'age an inſtant tryal with the King.
Mich. Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*, and lord *Mortimer*.
rk. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*, there's my lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
allant warriors, noble gentlemen.
rk. And ſo there is; but yet the King hath drawn
ſpecial head of all the Land together,
Prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
noble *Weſtmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
many more corrivals, and dear men
ſtimation and command in arms.
Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.
rk. I hope no leſs; yet, needful 'tis to fear.
to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michaell*, ſpeed;
f lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
iſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
he hath heard of our Confederacy,
'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him;
efore make haſte, I muſt go write again
ther friends; and ſo farewel, Sir *Michaell*. [*Exeunt*.

[7]ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of SHREWSBURY.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.
P. *Henry.* The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet [8] to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.
K. *Henry.* Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.
[*The Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

K. *Henry.* How now, my lord of *Wor'ſter?* 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Truſt,
And made us doff our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel;

[7] *Act* V.] It ſeems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the authour lived, this play is not broken into acts. The diviſion which was made by the players in the firſt folio ſeems commodious enough; but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himſelf able to make a better.

[8] *To his purpoſes.*] That is, to *the ſun's*, to that which the ſun portends by his unuſual appearance.

This

is is not well, my lord, this is not well.
hat ſay you to't? will you again unknit
is churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
d move in that obedient Orb again,
here you did give a fair and natural light,
d be no more an exhal'd meteor,
rodigy of fear, and a portent
broached miſchief, to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my Liege.
: mine own part, I could be well content
entertain the lag end of my life
th quiet hours, for I do proteſt,
ave not ſought the day of this diſlike.
K. *Henry.* You have not ſought it, Sir? how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. *Henry.* Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
favour from myſelf, and all our Houſe,
d yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
e were the firſt and deareſt of your friends;

Fal. *Rebellion lay in his way, he found it.*
Prince. *Peace,* Chevet, *peace.*] is, I take to be an arbitrary inement of Mr. *Pope's*: nor I eaſily agree, that *Chevet* it *keſpeare's* Word here. Why uld Prince *Henry* call *Falſtaff* ſter, for interpoſing in the courſe betwixt the King and *rceſter?* With Submiſſion, he s not take him up here for his eaſonable Size, but for his ill-'d and unſeaſonable Chatter-

I therefore have preſerv'd Reading of the old Books. *Chewet,* or *Chuet,* is a noiſy tering Bird, a *Pie.* This es a proper Reproach to *Falſtaff* for his medling and impertinent Jeſt. And beſides, if the Poet had intended that the Prince ſhould ſneer at *Falſtaff,* on Account of his Corpulency, I doubt not, but he would have called him *Bolſter* in plain *Engliſh,* and not have wrapp'd up the Abuſe in the *French* Word *Chevet.* In another Paſſage of this Play, the Prince honeſtly calls him *Quilt?* As to Prince *Henry,* his Stock in this Language was ſo ſmall, that when he comes to be King, he hammers out one ſmall Sentence of it to Princeſs *Catharine,* and tells her, *It is as eaſy for him to conquer the Kingdom as to ſpeak ſo much more* French. THEOBALD.

For you, [1] my ſtaff of office I did break
In *Richard's* time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I:
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſwear that Oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n Right;
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſware our aid; but in ſhort ſpace
It rain'd down fortune ſhow'ring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſuff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral Sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*,
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
[2] As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,

[1] *My ſtaff of office.*] See *Richard the ſecond.*

[2] *As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird.*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the ſparrow, in whoſe neſt the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurſe.

Whereby

hereby [3] we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf,
unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
id violation of all faith and troth,
orn to us in your younger enterprize.
K. *Henry.* Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,
oclaim'd at market-croſſes, read in churches.
face the garment of Rebellion
ith ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
f fickle Changelings and poor Diſcontents;
hich gape, and rub the elbow at the news
f hurly-burly innovation.
nd never yet did Inſurrection want
ich water-colours, to impaint his cauſe,
or moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
f pell-mell havock and confuſion.
P. *Henry.* In both our armies there is many a ſoul
all pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
once they join in tryal. Tell your Nephew,
he Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
praiſe of *Henry Percy.* By my hopes,
his preſent enterprize ſet off his head,
do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
lore daring, or more bold, is now alive,
o grace this latter age with noble deed.
or my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
have a truant been to Chivalry,
nd ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
et this before my father's Majeſty——
am content that he ſhall take the odds
f his great Name and Eſtimation,
nd will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
ry fortune with him, in a ſingle fight.

[3] *We ſtand oppoſed,* &c.] We nd in oppoſition to you.

[4] *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young.*] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, more *valued* young. I think the preſent gingle has more of *Shakeſpeare.*

K. *Henry.* And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it. No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
We love our People well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſled upon your Couſin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Couſin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with Reply;
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exit* Worceſter, *with* Vernon.

P. *Henry.* It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. *Henry.* Hence, therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
For on their anſwer we will ſet on them.
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Manent Prince Henry *and* Falſtaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle, and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. *Henry.* Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip. Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. *Henry.* Why, thou oweſt heav'n a death.

[*Exit P.* Henry *.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour

* This *exit* is remarked by Mr. *Upton.*

pricks

ıe on; but how if honour prick me off, when
ın? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? no:
m? no: or take away the grief of a wound?
our hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? no. What
r? a word. What is that word honour? Air;
Reckoning.—Who hath it? he that dy'd a
ay. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no.
nſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not
ı the living? no; why? Detraction will not
. Therefore, I'll none of it; [5] honour is a
ıtcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Percy's *Camp.*

ter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

), No, my nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard,*
eral kind offer of the King.
Twere beſt, he did.
Then we are all undone.
: poſſible, it cannot be,
ng ſhould keep his word in loving us;
ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
iſh this offence in other faults.
ion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes;
.ſon is but truſted like a Fox,
:'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,

r is a meer ſcutcheon,] ry fine. The reward actions formerly was honourable bearing in ı of arms beſtow'd upon But *Falſtaff* having honour often came not death, he calls it very *ſcutcheon*, which is the raldry borne in funeral proceſſions. And by *meer ſcutcheon* is inſinuated, that, whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

[5] *Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes.*] The ſame image of *ſuſpicion* is exhibited in a *Latin* tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the ſame time by Dr. *William Alablaſter*.

Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuſe of youth and heat of blood;
And [7] an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd *Hot-ſpur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my head,
And on his father's; we did train him on;
And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not *Harry* know,
In any caſe the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

SCENE IV.

Enter Hot-ſpur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd.
—Deliver up my lord of *Weſtmorland.*
—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle preſently.

Dowg. Defy him by the lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him ſo.

Dowg. Marry, I ſhall; and very willingly.
[*Exit* Dowgl:

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King,

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.

[7] *An adopted name of privilege,* name of *Hot-ſpur* will privile
A hair brain'd Hot-ſpur.] The him from cenſure.

He calls us rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dowg. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry's* teeth,
[8] And *Weſtmorland*, that was ingag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth!* Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my ſoul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praiſe:
[9] By ſtill diſpraiſing Praiſe, valu'd with You.
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,

[8] *And* Weſtmorland, *that was ingag'd.*] *Engag'd* is, *delivered as an hoſtage.* A few lines before, upon the return of *Worceſter*, he orders *Weſtmorland* to be diſmiſſed.

[9] *By ſtill diſpraiſing Praiſe, valued with You*] This fooliſh line is indeed in the Folio of 1623, but it is evidently the players' nonſenſe. WARB.

This line is not only in the firſt folio, but in all the editions before it that I have ſeen. Why it ſhould be cenſured as nonſenſe I know not. To vilify praiſe, compared or *valued* with merit ſuperiour to praiſe, is no harſh expreſſion. There is another objection to be made. Prince *Henry*, in his challenge of *Percy*, had indeed commended him, but with no ſuch hyperboles as might repreſent him above praiſe, and there ſeems to be no reaſon why *Vernon* ſhould magnify the Prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then *Shakeſpeare* forget the foregoing ſcene? or are ſome lines loſt from the prince's ſpeech?

He

[1] He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.
Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
[2] Of any Prince, ſo wild, at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſie.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

SCENE V.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort,
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings;
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us!
Now, for our conſciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

[1] *He made a bluſhing* cital *of himſelf,*] *Cital* for taxation. POPE.

[2] *Of any Prince, ſo wild, at liberty.*] Of any prince that played ſuch pranks, and was not confined as a madman.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking; only this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here draw I
My ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Eſperanza! Percy!* and ſet on;
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of war,
And by that muſick let us all embrace,
For, heav'n to earth, ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſie.
[*They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets ſound.*

SCENE VI.

King entereth with his power: Alarm to the Battle. Then enter Dowglas, *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battle croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?
Dowg. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
For I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell me true.
Dowg. The lord of *Stafford* dear to day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him; ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.
Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,

Now, Eſperanza!—] This is the word of battle on *Percy's* ſide. See *Hall's* Chronicle, fo. POPE.

[4] *For (heav'n to earth)*—] *i. e.* one might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

And

And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain, then enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot.*
Dowg. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.
Hot. Where?
Dowg. Here.
Hot. This, *Dowglas?* no. I know his face full well;
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.
Dowg. Ah! fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.
Dowg. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murther all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.
Hot. Up and away,
Our ſoldier ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm, enter Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape [5] ſhot free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here, here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* there's honour for you; [6] here's no vanity!—I am as hot as moulten lead,

[5] *Shot free at* London.] A play upon *ſhot*, as it means the *part of a reckoning*, and a *miſſive weapon diſcharged from artillery.*

[6] *here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the *negative*, in common ſpeech, was uſed to deſign, ironically, the exceſs of a thing. Thus *Ben Johnſon* in *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays,

O HERE'S NO FOPPERY! 'Death, *I can endure the ſtocks better.*

Mean-

d, and as heavy too; heav'n keep lead out of me, I :d no more weight than mine own bowels!—I have my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd, there's t three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they : for the town's end, to beg during life. But who nes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword;
any a noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff
nder the hoofs of vaunting enemies;
'hoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a ıile. [7] Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in arms, I have done this day. [8] I have paid *Percy*, I have ıde him ſure.

P. *Henry.* He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

eaning, as the paſſage ſhews, at the *foppery* was exceſſive. nd ſo in many other places. it the *Oxford Editor*, not appre-nding this, has alter d it to, *ere's vanity!* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this terpretation, though ingenious ıd well ſupported, is true. 'he words may mean, here is :al honour, *no vanity*,' or *no npty appearance.*

[7] Turk Gregory *never did ıch deeds in arms*,] Meaning *Gregory* the ſeventh, called *Hil-ebrand.* This furious frier ſur-nounted almoſt invincible obſta-les to deprive the emperor of iis right of inveſtiture of biſhops, vhich his predeceſſors had long ittempted in vain. *Fox*, in his hiſtory, had made this *Gregory* ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good proteſtants of that time were well pleaſed to hear him thus characteriſed, as uniting the attributes of their two great ene-mies, the *Turk* and *Pope*, in one. WARBURTON.

[8] *I have paid* Percy, *I have made him ſure.*

P. Henry. He is, indeed, and, &c.] The Prince's Anſwer, which is apparently connected with *Fal-ſtaff's* laſt words, does not co-here ſo well as if the knight had ſaid,

I have made him ſure; Percy's ſafe enough.

Perhaps a word or two like theſe may be loſt.

Fal.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword, but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. *Henry.* Give it me. What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will ſack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it a bottle of ſack.*

P. *Henry.* What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. [9] If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a * carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath; give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earl of* Weſtmoreland.

K. *Henry.* I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thyſelf, thou bleedeſt too much. Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. *Henry.* I do beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. *Henry.* I will do ſo.
My lord of *Weſtmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

[9] *If* Percy *be alive*, I'LL *pierce him*;] Certainly, HE'LL *pierce him*, i. e. Prince *Henry* will, who is juſt gone out to ſeek him. Beſides, *I'll pierce* him, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the ſpeech. WARBURTON.

I rather take the conceit to be this. To *pierce a veſſel* is to *tap* it. *Falſtaff* takes up his bottle which the Prince had toſſed at his head, and being about to animate himſelf with a draught, cries, if *Percy be alive I'll pierce him*, and ſo draws the cork. I do not propoſe this with much confidence.

* A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut croſwiſe for the gridiron.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;
And heav'n forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And Rebels arms triumph in maſſacres!

Lan. We breathe too long; come, couſin *Weſtmorland,*
Our duty this way lies; for heav'ns ſake, come.

P. *Henry.* By heav'n, thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter,*
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. *Henry.* I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.

P. *Henry.* Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dowg. Another King? they grow, like *Hydra's* heads.
I am the *Dowglas*, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

K. *Henry.* The King himſelf, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thyſelf about the field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee; ſo defend thyſelf.

Dowg. I fear, thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a king;
But mine, I'm ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight, the King being in danger.*

Enter

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again; the Spirits
Of *Sherley*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms.
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.
[*They fight*, Dowglas *flyeth.*
Chearly, my lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*; I'll to *Clifton* ſtrait.
K. *Henry.* Stay, and breathe awhile;
Thou haſt redeem'd my loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
P. *Henry.* O heav'n, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
Th' inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treach'rous labour of your ſon.
K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey.* [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*
P. *Henry.* Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
P. *Henry.* Then I ſee
A very valiant Rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*: and think not, *Percy*,

re with me in Glory any more.
tars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
n one *England* brook a double Reign,
rry Percy and the Prince of *Wales*.
Nor ſhall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
l the one of us; and would to heav'n,
ime in arms were now as great as mine!
'enry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
l the budding honours on thy creſt
p, to make a garland for my head.
I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Well ſaid, *Hal;* to it, *Hal.*—Nay, you ſhall
boy's play here, I can tell you.

)owglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down*
if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.

O, *Harry*, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth.
r brook the loſs of brittle life,
thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,
vound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my
fleſh;
)ught's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool,
ne, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
ave a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
it the earthy and cold hand of death,
n my tongue. No, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
)od for——— [*Dies.*

e proud Titles thou haſt
of me;
wound my thoughts ——
bought's the ſlave of life,
life time's fool;
time ———*muſt have a*
.] *Hot-ſpur* in his laſt
endeavours to conſole
The glory of the Prince

wounds his thoughts; but *thought*, being *dependent on life*, muſt ceaſe with it, and will ſoon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itſelf of no great value, being the *fool* and ſport of *time*; of *time* which, with all its dominion over ſublunary things, *muſt* itſelf at laſt *be ſtopped*.

P. *Henry.* For worms, brave *Percy.* Fare thee well, great heart!
* Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
[2] A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy.
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal;
[3] But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.
[*He ſees* Falſtaff *on the ground.*
—What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack!* farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
Oh, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck [4] ſo fair a Deer to day,
Though many a † dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

* *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.—] A metaphor taken from cloath, which *ſhrinks* when it is *ill-weav'd*, when its texture is looſe.

[2] *Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus*
Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit. OVID.

[3] *But let my* favours *hide thy mangled face,*] We ſhould read *favour*, face or countenance. He ſtooping down here to kiſs *Hot-ſpur.* WARBURTON. He rather covers his face with a ſcarf to hide the ghaſtlineſs of death.

[4] *So fair a deer.*] This is the reading of the firſt edition, and of the other quartos. The firſt folio has *fat*, which was followed by all the editors.

There is in theſe lines a very natural mixture of the ſerious and ludicrous produced by the view of *Percy* and *Falſtaff*. I wiſh all play on words had been forborn.

† *a dearer*] Many *of greater value.*

SCENE X.

Falſtaff *riſes.*

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to day, I'll give you leave to * powder me, and eat me to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion; in the which better part I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear, I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes* Hot-ſpur *on his back.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* John *of* Lancaſter.

P. *Henry.* Come, brother *John*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maiden ſword.

Lan. But ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
And breathleſs on the ground.—Art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-ſight?
I pr'ythee, ſpeak; we will not truſt our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

* *To powder* is *to ſalt.*

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a * double man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a *Jack*. There is *Percy*, if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. *Henry.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giv'n to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewſbury* clock. If I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John*. Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back;
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.
[*A retreat is ſounded.*
The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a noble man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Thus ever did Rebellion find rebuke.

* —*a double man*;] That is, I am not *Falſtaff* and *Percy* together, though having *Percy* on my back, I ſeem double.

Ill-

Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter*, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry.* Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Exeunt* Worceſter *and* Vernon, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. *Hen.* The gallant *Scot*, lord *Douglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt,
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers took him. At my Tent
The *Douglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. *Henry.* With all my heart.

P. *Henry.* Then, brother *John* of *Lancaſter*, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong.
Go to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free.
His valour, ſhown upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Ev'n in the boſom of our adverſaries.

Lan.[4] I thank your Grace for this high courteſie,
Which I ſhall give away immediately.

K. *Henry.* Then this remains, that we divide our Power.

[4] Theſe two lines are added from the quarto. POPE. I ſuſpect that they were rejected by *Shakeſpeare* himſelf.

You ſon *John*, and my couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms.
Myſelf and You, ſon *Harry*, will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt*.

The

The SECOND PART of

E N R Y IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *H E N R Y* V.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*
Prince Henry.
Prince John *of* Lancaſter.
Humphry *of* Glouceſter.
Thomas *of* Clarence.

Northumberland
The Archbiſhop of York,
Mowbray,
Haſtings,
Lord Bardolph,
Travers,
Morton,
Coleville,
} *againſt the King.*

Warwick,
Weſtmorland,
Surrey,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Juſtice,
} *of the King's Party.*

Falſtaff, Poins, Bardolph, Piſtol, Peto, *and* Page.
Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*

Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bulcalf,
} *Country Soldiers.*

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

I. Quarto, printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſh* 1600.
II. Folio, 1623.

INDUCTION.

[1] *Enter* RUMOUR, [2] *painted full of Tongues.*

OPEN your ears; for which of you will ſtop
The Vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
From the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of Peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world;
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* [3] is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And, of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus

[1] *Enter* RUMOUR,—] This ſpeech of *Rumour* is not inelegant or unpoetical, but is wholly uſeleſs; ſince we are told nothing which the firſt ſcene does not clearly and naturally diſcover. The only end of ſuch prologues is to inform the audience of ſome facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the perſons of the drama.

[2] —*painted full of tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the firſt Edition in Quarto of 1600, explains a paſſage in what follows, otherwiſe obſcure. POPE.

[3] ——— Rumour *is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himſelf deſcribing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the ſpeaker.

My

My well-known body to anatomize.
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry's* victory;
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewſbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Ev'n with the Rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the Wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur's* ſword;
And that the King before the *Dowglas'* rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewſbury*,
And this worm-eaten Hold of ragged ſtone *;
Where *Hot-ſpur's* father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty ſick. The Poſts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour's* tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

* *And this worm-eaten* Hole *of ragged Stone*;] *Northumberland* had retir'd and fortified himſelf in his Caſtle, a Place of Strength in thoſe Times, though the Building might be impaired by its Antiquity; and therefore, I believe, our Poet wrote.

And this worm-eaten Hold *of ragged Stone.* THEOBALD.

[redacted]

[1]The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV[6].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; *the Porter at the door.*

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,

[1] *The ſecond Part of* Henry IV. he Tranſactions comprized in is Hiſtory take up about nine ars. The Action commences th the Account of *Hot-ſpur's* ng defeated and killed; and ſes with the Death of K. *Hen-* IV, and the Coronation of *Henry* V. THEOBALD.

[6] Mr. *Upton* thinks theſe two ys improperly called the *firſt* l *ſecond parts* of *Henry* the *eb.* The firſt play ends, he s with the peaceful ſettle-nt of *Henry* in the kingdom the defeat of the rebels. his is hardly true, for the re-bels are not yet finally ſuppreſſed. The ſecond, he tells us, ſhews *Henry* the *fifth* in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he aſ-ſumes a more manly character. This is true; but this repreſen-tation gives us no idea of a dra-matick action. Theſe two plays will appear to every reader, who ſhall peruſe them without ambi-tion of critical diſcoveries, to be ſo connected that the ſecond is merely a ſequel to the firſt; to be two only becauſe they are too long to be one.

That

That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.
Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard;
Pleaſe it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.
North. What news, lord *Bardolph?* every minute now
Should be the [7] father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewſbury.*
North. Good, if heav'n will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh.
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your Son,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field;
And *Harry Monmouth's* brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since *Cæſar's* fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewſbury?*
Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I ſent

[7] *father of ſome* ſtratagem.] *Stratagem*, for vigorous action. WARBURTON.

On

day laſt to liſten after news.
. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
is furniſh'd with no certainties,
ian he, haply, may retain from me.

SCENE II.

Enter Travers.

. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings come
with you?
My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
oyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
e me. After him came ſpurring hard
eman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
pp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe;
l the way to *Cheſter*; and of him
nand what news from *Shrewſbury*.
me, that Rebellion had ill luck;
t young *Harry Percy's* ſpur was cold.
at he gave his able horſe the head,
nding forward, ſtruck his agile heels
the panting ſides of his poor jade
he [8] rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
'd in running to devour the way,
no longer queſtion.
. Ha? —— again ——
young *Harry Percy's* ſpur was cold?
n had ill luck?
My lord, I'll tell you;
oung lord your ſon have not the day,
ine Honour, for a [9] ſilken point
my Barony. Ne'er talk of it.

[8] *-head*] I think that only a ſingle ſpike.
rved in old prints the
oſe times to have been
[9] *Silken point.*] A *point* is a *ſtring tagged*, or *lace*.
North.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?
Bard. Who he?
He was [1] ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtoll'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

SCENE III.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragick volume.
So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, didſt thou come from *Shrewſbury?*
Mort. I ran from *Shrewſbury*, my noble Lord,
Where hateful Death put on his uglieſt Maſk
To fright our Party.
North. How doth my ſon, and Brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, [2] ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd,
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my *Percy's* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; ſo fought the noble *Douglas:*
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;

[1] — *ſome hilding fellow*, —] For *hinderling*, i. e. baſe, degenerate. POPE.

[2] *So woe-be-gone.*] The word was common enough amongſt the old *Scottiſh* and *Engliſh* poets, as *G. Douglas*, *Chaucer*, lord *Buckhurſt*, *Fairfax*; and ſignifies, *far gone in woe.* WARBURTON.

But

the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
haſt a ſigh to blow away this praſe,
g with brother, ſon, and all are dead!
't. *Dowglas* is living, and your brother, yet;
r my lord your ſon ——
th. Why, he is dead.
'hat a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath.
iat but but fears the thing he would not know,
by inſtinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
vhat he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, ſpeak,
iou thy Earl, his Divination lies;
will take it as a ſweet Diſgrace,
ake thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
t. You are too Great, to be by me gainſaid:
ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.
'h. * Yet for all this, ſay not, that *Percy's* dead.
ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye,

* *ſpirit.*] The impreſ- n your mind, by which eive the death of your

for all this, ſay not, &c.] radiction in the firſt part eech might be imputed ſtraction of *Northumber-* nd, but the calmneſs lection, contained in the ſeems not much to ice ſuch a ſuppoſition. nture to diſtribute this a manner which will, eem more commodious, t wiſh the reader to for- the moſt commodious ays the true reading.

Yet for all this, ſay not 'ercy's *dead.*
I ſee a ſtrange confeſ- n thine eye,
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and holdſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead.
Not he that ſaith the dead is not alive.
Morton. *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news*
Hath but a loſing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell.
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Here is a natural interpoſition of *Bardolph* at the beginning, wl o is not pleaſed to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of *Morton* for the tale which he is unwilling to tell.

Thou

Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and [5]hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. [6] If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mort. I'm ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which, I would to heav'n, I had not ſeen;
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few, his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his Camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops;
[7] For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;

Which

[5] ——*hold'ſt it* fear, *or ſin.*] *Fear*, for danger. WARBURTON.

[6] *If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.*] The words *ſay ſo* are in the firſt folio, but not in the quarto: they are neceſſary to the verſe, but the ſenſe proceeds as well without them.

[7] *For from his* metal *was his party ſteel'd;*
Which once in him ABATED,—] The word *metal* is one of thoſe hacknied metaphorical terms, which reſumes ſo much of a literal ſenſe as not to need the idea (from whence the figure is taken) to be kept up. So that it may with elegance enough be ſaid, *his metal was abated*, as well as *his courage was abated*. See what is ſaid on this ſubject on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. But when the writer ſhews, as here, both before and after, [—*his party ſteel'd*—— *turn'd on themſelves like dull and heavy lead*] that his intention was not to drop the idea from whence he took his metaphor, that he cannot ſay with propriety and elegance, his *metal was abated*; becauſe what he predicates of *metal*, muſt be then convey'd in a term conformable to the metaphor. Hence I conclude that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

Which

i once in him abated, all the reſt
l on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
the thing, that's heavy in its ſelf,
enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur's* loſs,
› this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
rrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
lid our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
›m the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ſter*
›n ta'en priſoner: and that furious *Scot*,
loody *Dowglas*, whoſe well-labouring ſword
ıree times ſlain th' appearance of the King,
vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
›ſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
ling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
t the King hath won; and hath ſent out
dy Pow'r to encounter you, my lord,
the conduct of young *Lancaſter*
Veſtmorland. This is the news at full.
th. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn;
on there is phyſick, and this news,
ould, had I been well, have made me ſick,
ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
; the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
rengthleſs hinges, buckle [9] under life,
ent of his fit, breaks like a fire
his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,
en'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
ırice themſelves. Hence, therefore, thou nice
crutch;

nce in him REBATED,— ıted. WARBURTON. is a great effort to pro- le effect. The commen- es not ſeem fully to un- the word *abated*, which ere put for the general *diminiſhed*, nor for the f *blunted* as applied to a ſingle edge, but for *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the work- men now call it, *let down*. It is very proper.

[8] *'Gan vail his ſtomach.*——] Began to fall his courage, to let his ſpirits ſink under his fortune.

[9] — *buckle*] Bend; yield to preſſure.

A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
[1] The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland!*
Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead! [2]

Bard. [3] This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord!
Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
[4] You caſt th'event of war, my noble lord,

And

[1] The old Edition,
The ragged'ſt *Hour that Time and Spight dare bring*
To frown, &c.——] There is no Conſonance of Metaphors betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any Dignity in the Image. On both Accounts, therefore, I ſuſpect, our Author wrote, as I have reformed the Text, *The* rugged'ſt *Hour*, &c. THEOB.

[2] The concluſion of this noble ſpeech is extremely ſtriking. There is no need to ſuppoſe it exactly philoſophical; *darkneſs* in poetry may be abſence of eyes as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole ſyſtem of ſublunary nature would ceaſe.

[3] *This ſtrained paſſion*, &c.—] This line is only in the firſt edition, where it is ſpoken by *Umfreville*, who ſpeaks no where elſe. It ſeems neceſſary to the connection. POPE.

[4] *You caſt th' event of war*, &c.] The fourteen lines from hence to *Bardolph's* next ſpeech are not to be found in the firſt editions till that in the Folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play

And ſumm'd th'account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head. It was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop;
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er;
You were adviſ'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you ſay, *Go forth.* And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than That being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
[5]The gentle Arch-biſhop of *York* is up
With well-appointed Powers. He is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord, your ſon had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight;
For that ſame word, Rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls,

play are inſerted after the firſt edition in like manner, but of ſuch ſpirit and maſtery generally, that the inſertions are plainly by *Shakeſpeare* himſelf. POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor ſpeaks of more editions than I believe him to have ſeen, there having been but one edition yet diſcovered by me that precedes the firſt folio.

[5] *The gentle*, &c.—] Theſe one-and-twenty lines were added ſince the firſt edition.

And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide, but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now, the Biſhop
Turns Inſurrection to Religion;
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his Riſing with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* ſtones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth [6] beſtride a bleeding land
Gaſping for life under great *Bolingbroke*,
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before, but to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge.
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *with his Page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. SIrrah, you, giant! what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me.

[6] *Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land.*] That is, ſtands over his country to defend her as ſhe lies bleeding on the ground. So *Falſtaff* before ſays to the *Prince*, *If thou ſee me down*, Hal, *and* beſtride me, *ſo; it is an office of friendſhip.*

The

The brain of this fooliſh-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whorſon mandrake[7], thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. [8] I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will neither ſet you in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel: The *Juvenal*, the Prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd; I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finiſh it when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet; he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal[9], for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him.—What ſaid Mr. *Dombledon*, about the ſatten of my ſhort cloak and ſlops?

[7] *Mandrake* is a root ſuppoſed to have the ſhape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony.

[8] *I was never mann'd*] That is, I never before had an agate for my *man*.

I was never mann'd with an agate till now:] Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard ſtones, for ſeals: and therefore he ſays, *I will ſet you either in gold nor ſilver*. The *Oxford Editor* alters this to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in uſe (a word indeed which our authour uſes to expreſs the ſame thought). But *aglets*, tho' they were ſometimes of gold or ſilver, were never *ſet* in thoſe metals. WARBURTON.

[9] — *he may keep it ſtill as a face royal,*] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So a *flag royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine royal* is not to be dug.

Page. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than *Bardolph*; he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his tongue be hotter. A whorſon *Achitophel*, a raſcally yea-forſooth knave, to bear a gentleman in [1] hand, and then ſtand upon *ſecurity*.—The whorſon-ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high-ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up [2], then they muſt ſtand upon *ſecurity*. I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſatten, as I am a true Knight, and he ſends me *Security*. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity, for he hath the horn of abundance. And [3] the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph?*

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worſhip a horſe.

Fal. [4] I bought him in *Paul's*, and he'll buy me a horſe in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the Stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

[1] *To bear in hand,* is *to keep in expectation.*

[2] — *if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up,*] That is, *If a man by* taking up *goods* is in their debt. *To be thorough* ſeems to be the ſame with the preſent phraſe, *to be in with* a tradeſman.

[3] *the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.*] This joke ſeems evidently to have been taken from that of *Plautus: Quò ambulas tu, qui* Vulcanum in cornu *concluſum geris. Amph.* Act 1. Scene 1. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by *Plautus*, for the proverbial term of *horns*, for *cuckoldom* is very ancient, as appears by *Artemidorus*, who ſays, Πρόσεστιν αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνή σου φορήσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον κέρατα αὐτῷ ἐπιθήσει, καὶ οὕτως ἀπίσω. Oneirocr. lib. 2. cap. 12. And he copied from thoſe before him. WARBURTON.

[4] *I bought him in* Paul's,] At that time the reſort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poſt. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servants.

ge. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed
rince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph.*
l. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.
. *Juſt.* What's he that goes there?
rv. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.
. *Juſt.* He that was in queſtion for the robbery?
rv. He, my lord. But he hath ſince done good
:e at *Shrewsbury*; and, as I hear, is now going
ſome charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaſter.*
. *Juſt.* What to *York?* call him back again.
rv. Sir *John Falſtaff,*———
l. Boy, tell him I am deaf.
ge. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.
. *Juſt.* I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any
good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I muſt
with him.
rv. Sir *John*———
l. What! a young knave and beg! are there not
? is there not employment? doth not the King
Subjects? do not the Rebels need ſoldiers? though
a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe
e to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it
than the name of Rebellion can tell how to
it.
rv. You miſtake me, Sir.
l. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man?
ig my knight-hood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I
lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.
rv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knight-hood
your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell
you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other
an honeſt man.
al. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide
, which grows to me? if thou gett'ſt any leave

of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You * hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick. I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you; ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.———

Fal. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty. You would not come when I ſent for you.———

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fallen into this ſame whorſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whorſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it, as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fallen into that diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. [5] Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an't pleaſe

* *Hunt-counter.*] That is, *blunderer*. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's ſervant and the counter-priſon.

[5] Fal. *Very well, my Lord, very well:*] In the *Quarto* Edition, printed in 1600, this Speech ſtands thus;

Old. *Very well, my Lord, very well:* I had not obſerv'd this, when I wrote my Note, to the firſt part of

pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord, but not ſo patient. Your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your Patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe; I would, my means were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog [6].

Ch. Juſt. Well, I'm loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at *Shrewſbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

of *Henry* IV, concerning the Tradition of *Falſtaff's* Character having been firſt called *Oldcaſtle*. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident Proof, of the Thing being ſo: and that the Play being printed from the State-Manuſcript, *Oldcaſtle* had been all along altered into *Falſtaff*, except in this ſingle Place by an Overſight: of which the Printers, not being aware, continued theſe initial Traces of the Original Name. THEOBALD.

[6] I do not underſtand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat?

Fal.

Fal. My lord ———

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. [7] A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow; but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.———

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his [8] ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord, your angel is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go; I cannot * tell. Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe [9] coſter-mongers' days, that true valour is turned bear-herd; pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings; all the other

[7] *A waſſel candle*, &c.] A *waſſel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feaſt. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which ſignifies *encreaſe* as well as the *matter of the honey-comb*.

[8] *You follow the young Prince up and down like his* evil *Angel.*] What a precious Collator has Mr. *Pope* approved himſelf in this Paſſage! Beſides, if this were the true Reading, *Falſtaff* could not have made the witty and humorous Evaſion he has done in his Reply. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the oldeſt *Quarto*. The Lord Chief Juſtice calls *Falſtaff* the Prince's *ill Angel* or Genius: which *Falſtaff* turns off by ſaying, an *ill Angel* (meaning the Coin call'd an *Angel*) is *light*; but, ſurely, it can't be ſaid that he wants *Weight*: *ergo*,—— the Inference is obvious. Now Money may be call'd *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never call'd *evil*, with Regard to its being under Weight. This Mr. *Pope* will facetiouſly call reſtoring *loſt Puns*: But if the Author wrote a *Pun*, and it happens to be *loſt* in an Editor's Indolence, I ſhall, in ſpite of his Grimace, venture at bringing it back to Light. THEOBALD.

* *I cannot tell*] I cannot be taken in a reckoning: I cannot paſs current.

[9] *In theſe coſter-mongers' days*,] In theſe times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanneſs that rates the merit of every thing by money.

gifts

gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſe-berry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterneſs of your Galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? [1]your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John.*

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have checkt him for it; and the young Lion repents: marry, not in aſhes and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n ſend the Prince a better Companion.

Fal. Heav'n ſend the companion a better Prince. I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince

[1] —— *your wit ſingle?*] We call a man *ſingle-witted* who attains but one ſpecies of knowledge. This ſenſe I know not how to apply to *Falſtaff*, and rather think that the *Chief Juſtice* hints at a calamity always incident to a gray-haired wit, whoſe misfortune is, that his merriment is unfaſhionable. His alluſions are to forgotten facts; his illuſtrations are drawn from notions obſcured by time; his *wit* is therefore *ſingle*, ſuch as none has any part in but himſelf.

Harry.

Harry. I hear, you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earl of *Northumberland.*

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it; but look you, pray, all you that kiſs my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever. —— But it was always yet the trick of our *Engliſh* Nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me Reſt: I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heav'n bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin *Weſtmoreland.* [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with [5]a three man beetle —— A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy, ——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to

[5] ... *a three-man beetle* --A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

the

the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, plays the rogue with my great toe; it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable. A good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbiſhop of York's *Palace.*

Enter Archbiſhop of York, Haſtings, Thomas Mowbray *(Earl Marſhal) and Lord* Bardolph.

York. THUS have you heard our cauſe, and know our means;
Now, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinion of our hopes.
And firſt, Lord Marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occaſion of our arms,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied
How in our means we ſhould advance our ſelves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puiſſance of the King?

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice;
And our Supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, lord *Haſtings*, ſtandeth thus;
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without *Northumberland?*

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My

My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far [3]
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theme ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe,
Of aids uncertain ſhould not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph*; for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-ſpur's* caſe at *Shrewſbury.*

Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air, on promiſe of Supply;
Flatt'ring himſelf with project of a Power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts;
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his Pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war [4],
Indeed the inſtant action; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early Spring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpair,

[3] ——*ſtep too far*] The four following lines were added in the ſecond edition.

[4] *Yes, if this preſent quality of war,*] Theſe firſt twenty lines were firſt inſerted in the folio of 1623.

The firſt clauſe of this paſſage is evidently corrupted. All the folio editions and Mr. *Rowe's* concur in the ſame reading, which Mr. *Pope* altered thus,

Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede *the inſtant* act.

This has been ſilently followed by Mr. *Theobald*, Sir *Tho. Hanmer*, and Dr. *Warburton*; but the corruption is certainly deeper, for in the preſent reading *Bardolph* makes the inconvenience of *hope* to be that it may cauſe delay, when indeed the whole tenour of his argument is to recommend delay to the reſt that are too forward. I know not what to propoſe, and am afraid that ſomething is omitted, and that the injury is irremediable. Yet perhaps, the alteration requiſite is no more than this,

Yes, in *this preſent quality of war,*
Indeed of *inſtant action.*

It never, ſays *Haſtings*, *did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope. Yes*, ſays *Bardolph*, it has done harm *in this preſent quality of war*, in a ſtate of things, ſuch as is now before us, *of war, indeed of inſtant action.* This is obſcure, but Mr. *Pope's* reading is ſtill leſs reaſonable.

That

ts will bite them. When we mean to build,
ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
n we ſee the figure of the houſe,
ſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
: we find out-weighs ability,
we then but draw a-new the model
offices? at leaſt, deſiſt
at all? much more, in this great Work,
almoſt to pluck a Kingdom down,
nother up, ſhould we ſurvey
of ſituation, and the model;
ıpon a ſure foundation,
ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
: ſuch a work to undergo,
againſt his oppoſite; or elſe,
'y in paper and in figures,
names of men inſtead of men,
that draws the model of a houſe
is pow'r to build it, who, half through,
r, and leaves his part-created coſt
ſubject to the weeping clouds,
e for churliſh winter's tyranny.
Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
: ſtill born, and that we now poſſeſt
)ſt man of expectation,
'e are a body ſtrong enough,
'e are, to equal with the King. [ſand?
What, is the King but five and twenty thou-
To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord
ardolph.
viſions, as the times do brawl,
:ee heads; one Pow'r againſt the *French,*
againſt *Glendower;* perforce, a third
: up us; ſo is the unfirm King
livided; and his coffers ſound
low poverty and emptineſs. [gether,
That he ſhould draw his ſev'ral ſtrengths to-
: againſt us in full puiſſance,

Need

Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo[5],
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear That.

Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter*, and *Weſtmorland*:
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth*:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

York. [6] Let us on;
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The Commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What Truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave;
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth, yield us that King again,

[5] *If he ſhould do ſo,*] This paſſage is read in the firſt editions thus: *If he ſhould do ſo,* French *and* Welſh *he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* Theſe lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not underſtood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to ſhow what errors may be ſuſpected to remain.

[6] *Let us on,* &c.] This excellent ſpeech of *York* was one of the paſſages added by *Shakeſpeare* after his firſt Edition. Pope

An

ıd take thou this. O thoughts of men accurſt!
ſt and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and ſet on?
Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street in LONDON.

nter Hoſteſs, with two Officers, Phang *and* Snare.

HOSTESS.

MR. *Phang*, have you enter'd the action?
Phang. It is enter'd.
Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? ll he ſtand to it?
Phang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*
Hoſt. O Lord, ay, good Mr. *Snare.*
Snare. Here, here,
Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*
Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.
Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives, for he will ſtab.
Hoſt. Alas-the-day! take heed of him; he ſtab'd in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he es not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. e will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, oman, nor child.
Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.
Hoſt. No, nor I neither.——I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but fiſt him once; [7] if he come but within my vice.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Phang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continually to *Pie corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle: and he is indited to dinner to the [8] *Lubbars-head* in *Lombard-ſtreet*, to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman*. I pray ye, ſince my exion is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. [9] A hundred mark is a long Lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant [1] malmſey-noſe knave *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Mr. *Phang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

[7] *If he comes but within my vice.*] *Vice* or *graſp*. A metaphor taken from a ſmith's vice: There is another reading in the old Edition, *view*, which I think not ſo good. POPE.

[8] —— *Lubbar's-head*] This is, I ſuppoſe, a colloquial corruption of the *Libbard's* head.

[9] *A hundred mark is a long* one,] A long *one?* A long What? It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, how familiar it is with our Poet to play the Chimes upon Words *ſimilar* in *Sound*, and *differing* in *Signification*: and therefore I make no Queſtion but he wrote,

A hundred Marks is a long Lone *for a poor* lone *Woman to bear*: *i. e.* 100 Marks is a good round Sum for a poor Widow to venture on Truſt. THEOBALD.

[1] *Malmſey-noſe.*] That is, *red noſe*, from the colour of malmſey wine.

Phang.

Phang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly.*

Fal. Away, varlets. Draw, *Bardolph*, cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou [2] hony-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou hony-ſeed rogue! thou art a hony-ſeed, a man queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph.*

Phang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; [3] thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. [4] Away, you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

SCENE II.

Enter Chief Juſtice attended.

Ch. Juſ. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſ. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs? You ſhould have been well on your way to *York.*

[2] *Hony-ſuckle villain — hony-ſeed rogue.*] The landlady's corruption of *homicidal* and *homicide.* THEOBALD.

[3] *Thou wo't, wo't thou?* &c.] The firſt folio reads, I think, leſs properly, *thou wilt not? thou will not?*

[4] Fal. *Away, you ſcullion.*] This ſpeech is given to the *page* in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for *Falſtaff*, but that the boy muſt not ſtand quite ſilent and uſeleſs on the ſtage.

—Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eaſt-cheap*, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſ. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his. —But I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſ. How comes this, Sir *John?* fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the mony too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſun-week*, when the Prince broke thy head [5] for likening his father to a ſinging-man of *Windſor*; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me goſſip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs,

[5] *For likening his father to a ſinging man.*] Such is the reading of the firſt edition, all the reſt have *for likening him to a ſinging man.* The original edition is right; the prince might allow familiarities with himſelf, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father.

deſire

e me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor
ple, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Ma-
? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch
thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath;
r it, if thou canſt.

al. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe
up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like
She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is,
erty hath diſtracted her. But for theſe fooliſh
cers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt
n.

b. Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted
your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe
. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of
ds that come with ſuch more than impudent faw-
ſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſide-
n. [6] I know you have practiſed upon the eaſy-
ling ſpirit of this woman.

oſt. Yes, in troth, my lord.

b. Juſt. Pry'thee, peace.—Pay her the debt you
her, and unpay the villainy you have done her;
ne you may do with ſterling mony, and the other
current repentance.

al. My lord, I will not undergo [7] this ſneap with-
eply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent
ineſs; if a man will court'ſie and ſay nothing, he
rtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remem-
l, I will not be your ſuitor; I ſay to you, I deſire
erance from theſe officers, being upon haſty em-
ment in the King's affairs.

b. Juſt. You ſpeak, as having power to do wrong;

[6] *know you have practiſed*] firſt quarto it is read thus. have, *as it appears to me*, ed upon the eaſy yielding of this woman, *and made ve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.* Without this the following exhortation of the Chief Juſtice is leſs proper. POPE.

[7] *This ſneap*] A *Yorkſhire* word for *rebuke.* POPE.

but [8] anſwer in the effect of your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ch. Juſt. Maſter *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales*
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman———

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman; —— come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the Prodigal, or the [9] *German* Hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of [1] theſe bed-hangings, and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; do'ſt not know me? Come, come, I know, thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

[8] *Anſwer in the effect of your reputation.*] That is, *anſwer in a manner ſuitable to your character.*

[9] German *Hunting* in water-work,] *i. e.* in water-colours. WARBURTON.

[1] *Theſe* BED-*hangings*,] We ſhould read DEAD-*hangings*, *i. e.* faded. WARBURTON.

I think the preſent reading may well ſtand. He recommends painted paper inſtead of tapeſtry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill———

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go with her, with her: hook on, hook on. [*To the officers.*

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſteſs and Serjeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At *Baſingſtoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe
Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland* and the Arch-biſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower.*

Fal. My lord,———

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, ſhall I intreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good lord here, I thank you, good Sir *John.*

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter *Gower?*

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was

a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Continues in LONDON.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* TRUST me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my Greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low Countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland [2].

Poins.

[2] The quarto of 1600 adds, *And God knows, whether thoſe, that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen, ſhall inherit his Kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.*] The 2 paſſage

ns. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd
d, you ſhould talk ſo idly? tell me, how many
oung Princes would do ſo, their fathers lying
as yours at this time is.
Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*
ns. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.
Henry. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher
ng than thine.
ns. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing,
ou'll tell.
Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I
be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit, I could
thee, as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a
, to call my friend, I could be ſad, and ſad in-
oo.
ns. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.
Henry. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in
evil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy
rſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell
ny heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo
ınd keeping ſuch vile company, as thou art,
ı reaſon taken from me [3] all oſtentation of ſor-

ns. The reaſon?
Henry. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I
weep.
ns. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.
Henry. It would be every man's thought; and
rt a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks.
a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way

Mr. *Pope* reſtored from
edition. I think it may
e omitted, and therefore
raded it to the margin.
tted in the firſt folio, and
ſequent editions before
's, and was perhaps ex-
by the authour. The edi-
villing to loſe any thing
of *Shakeſpeare's*, not only inſert
what he has added, but recal
what he has rejected.

[3] *All oſtentation of ſorrow.*] *Oſtentation* is here not *boaſtful ſhew*, but ſimply *ſhew*. *Merchant of* Venice.

—*One well ſtudied in a ſad* oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandame.

better

better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a [4] proper fellow of my hands; and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. *Henry.* And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me chriſtian, and, ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. *Henry.* And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph*.

Bard. [*to the Boy*] [5] Come, you virtuous aſs, and baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now; what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window; at laſt, I ſpy'd his eyes, and, methought

[4] *Proper fellow of my hands.*] A *tall* or *proper* man of his hands was a *ſtout fighting man*.

[5] Poins. *Come, you virtuous aſs*, &c.] Tho' all the Editions give this Speech to *Poins*, it ſeems evident by the Page's immediate Reply, that it muſt be placed to *Bardolph*. For *Bardolph* had call'd to the Boy from an Alehouſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk: and, the Boy being aſham'd of it, 'tis natural for *Bardolph*, a bold unbred Fellow, to banter him on his awkward Baſhfulneſs.

THEOBALD.

he

he had made two holes in the ale-wive's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. *Henry.* Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally *Althea's* dream, away!

P. *Henry.* Inſtruct us, boy. What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream [6].

P. *Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation. —There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is ſix pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry.* And how doth thy maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry.* Deliver'd with good reſpect;—and how doth the [7] *Martlemas*, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. *Henry.* I do allow [8] this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. John Falſtaff, knight,——Every man muſt know that, as often as he hath occaſion to name himſelf: even like thoſe that are kin to the King, for

[6] *Shakeſpeare* is here miſtaken in his Mythology, and has confounded *Althea's* firebrand with *Hecuba's*. The firebrand of *Althea* was real: but *Hecuba*, when ſhe was big with *Paris*, dreamed that ſhe was delivered of a firebrand that conſumed the kingdom.

[7] *The* Martlemas, *your Maſter,*] That is, the *autumn*, or rather the *latter ſpring*. The old fellow with juvenile paſſions.

[8] *This wen.*] The ſwoln excreſcence of a man.

they

they never prick their finger but they ſay, *there is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt. How comes that?* ſays he that takes upon him not to conceive[9]: the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be akin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet.* But, to the letter.

Poins. *Sir* John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the King, neareſt his father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *Greeting.* Why, this is a certificate.

[1] P. *Henry.* Peace.

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable* Romans *in brevity.* Sure, he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no; which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him.* Jack Falſtaff *with my familiars:* John *with my brothers and ſiſters: and* Sir John *with all* Europe.

Poins. My Lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry.* [2] That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! But I never ſaid ſo.

P. *Henry.* Well, thus we play the fools with the

[9] *The Anſwer is as ready as a* borrow'd *Cap.*] But how is a *borrow'd* Cap ſo ready? Read, a *Borrower's* Cap: and then there is ſome Humour in it. For a Man, that goes to borrow Mony, is of all Others the moſt complaiſant: His Cap is always at hand. WARBURTON.

[1] *Prince* Henry.] All the editors, except Sir *Thomas Hanmer,* have left this letter in confuſion making the *Prince* read part, and *Poins* part. I have followed his correction.

[2] *That's to make him eat* TWENTY *of his words.*] What juſt twenty, when the letter contain'd above eight times twenty? we ſhould read PLENTY; and in this word the joke, as ſlender as it is, conſiſts. WARBURTON.

time,

time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us. Is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Where ſups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old frank *?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* What company?

Page. [3] *Epheſians*, my lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry.* Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Doll Tear-ſheet.*

P. *Henry.* What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry.* Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned*, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry.* Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-ſheet* ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London.*

P. *Henry.* How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. [4] Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

* *Frank* is *ſty.* POPE.

[3] *Epheſians*, &c.] *Epheſian* was a term in the cant of theſe times of which I know not the preciſe notion: it was, perhaps, a *toper.* So the *Hoſt* in *the Merry Wives of* Windſor:

It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian *calls.*

[4] *Put on two leather jerkins.*] This was a plot very unlikely to ſucceed where the *Prince* and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our authour found more uſeful than probability.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* From a God to a Bull? [5] a heavy deſcenſion. It was *Jove's* caſe. From a Prince to a prentice? a low transformation; that ſhall be mine. For in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troubleſome.

L. *North.* I have given over, I will ſpeak no more;
Do what you will; your wiſdom be your guide,

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my Honour is at pawn,
And, but my Going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy.* Oh, yet, for heav'ns ſake, go not to theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father

[5] *a heavy* deſcenſion.] Other readings have it *declenſion*. Mr. *Pope* choſe the firſt. On which Mr *Theobald* ſays, *But why not declenſion? are not the terms properly ſynonymous?* If ſo, might not Mr. *Pope* ſay in his turn, then why not *deſcenſion?* But it is not ſo. And *deſcenſion* was preferred with judgment. For *deſcenſion* ſignifies a *voluntary* going down; *declenſion*, a *natural* and neceſſary. Thus when we ſpeak of the Sun, poetically, as a charioteer, we ſhould ſay his *deſcenſion:* if phyſically, as a mere globe of light, his *declenſion.* WARBURTON.

Deſcenſion is the reading of the firſt edition.

Mr. *Upton* propoſes that we ſhould read thus by tranſpoſition. *From a God to a Bull, a low transformation;---from a Prince to a Prentice, a heavy declenſion.* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right.

Bring

Bring up his Pow'rs; but he did long in vain!
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honours loſt; yours and your ſon's.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtuck upon him as the Sun
In the grey vault of heav'n; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glaſs,
Wherein the noble Youth did dreſs themſelves.
[6]He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait;
And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For thoſe, that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him: So that in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
Second to None, unſeconded by You,
To look upon the hideous God of War
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hot-ſpur's* Name
Did ſeem defenſible. So you left Him.
Never, O, never do his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Archbiſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To day might I, (hanging on *Hot-ſpur's* neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-ſights.

[6] *He had no legs*, &c.] The twenty-two following lines are of thoſe added by *Shakeſpeare* after his firſt edition. POPE.

But

But I muſt go and meet with danger there,
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of Life enough,
[7] To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland;* there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *To rain upon remembrance*—] Alluding to the plant, roſemary, ſo called, and uſed in funerals.—Thus in *The Winter's Tale*,

For you there's roſemary *and* rue, *theſe keep*
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long,
Grace *and* remembrance *be unto you both*, &c.

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being uſed in exorciſms: ſo roſemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalic. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

inges to the Boar's-head Tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

w. WHAT the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns?* thou know'ſt, Sir *John* ot endure an apple-*John*.

Draw. Maſs! thou ſayeſt true. The prince once diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him were five more Sir *Johns*, and, putting off his ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, l, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the ; but he hath forgot That.

Draw. Why then, cover, and ſet them down; and thou can'ſt find out [s] *Sneak's* Noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-*would fain hear ſome muſick. [p] Diſpatch!—The where they ſup is too hot, they'll come in ht.

Draw. Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins prons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bar-*hath brought word.

Draw. Then [r] here will be old *Utis:* it will be an ent ſtratagem.

Draw. I'll ſee, if I can find out *Sneak.* [*Exeunt.*

[s] — Sneak's *Noiſe*;] *Sneak* ſtreet minſtrel, and there- e drawer goes out to liſten an hear him in the neigh- ood.

[p] *iſpatch*, &c.] This period the firſt edition. POPE.

[r] — *here will be old* Utis:] *Utis*, an old word yet in uſe in ſome countries, ſignifying a *merry feſtival*, from the *French*, *Huit*, *octo*, ab *A. S.* Eahta. *Octavæ Feſti alicujus.* Skinner. POPE.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet-heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality, your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe; but, i'faith, you have drank too much canaries, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay *what's this.* How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid. A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in Court*—empty the jourden —*and was a worthy King:* how now, Mrs. *Dol.*

Hoſt. Sick of a calm; yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect [2]; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. [3] You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol.*

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the Diſeaſes, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant That, my poor Vertue, grant That.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

[2] *So is all her ſect*;——] I know not why *ſect* is printed in all the copies, I believe *ſex* is meant.

[3] *You make fat raſcals,*] *Falſtaff* alludes to a phraſe of the foreſt; *lean* deer are called *raſcal* deer. He tells her ſhe calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *raſcal.*

Fal. [4] Your brooches, pearls and owches.—For to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely——

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy Conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as [5] rheumatick as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you; you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

[*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack.*—Thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

SCENE IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, [6] ancient *Piſtol* is below and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come

[4] *Your* brooches, *pearls and* owches:] *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were boſſes of gold ſet with diamonds. POPE.

I believe *Falſtaff* gives theſe ſplendid names as we give that of *carbuncle* to ſomething very different from gems and ornaments, but the paſſage deſerves not a laborious reſearch.

[5] *Rheumatick.*] She would ſay *ſplenetick.* HANMER.

As two dry toaſts, which cannot meet but they grate one another.

[6] *Ancient* Piſtol is the ſame as *enſign Piſtol. Falſtaff* was captain, *Peto* lieutenant, and *Piſtol* enſign, or *ancient.*

hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in *England*.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here. No; by my faith, I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very beſt. Shut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here, I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hoſteſs? ———

Hoſt. Pray you pacify yourſelf, Sir *John?* there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear—it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me; your Ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and, as he ſaid to me—it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt—neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter *Dumb* our miniſter was by then—neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for, ſaith he, you are in an ill name (now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon); for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed, what gueſts you receive. Receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions.—There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, Hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppey-greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? [7] I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love

[7] *I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no* cheater;] The humour of this conſiſts in the woman's miſtaking the title of *Cheater* (which our anceſtors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *Gameſter*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *Eſcheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or ſatirically, a *Cheater*.
WARBURTON.

ſwagger-

ſwaggering, by my troth; I am the worſe, when one ſays ſwagger. Feel, maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aſpen leaf. I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

SCENE X.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Piſt. Save you, Sir *John.*

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Piſtol.* Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a cup of ſack, do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is Piſtol-proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure. I———

Piſt. Then to you, Mrs. *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linnen mate. Away, you mouldy rogue, away, I'm meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy.*

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal, you filthy bung, away. By this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the ſawcy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal, you baſket-hilt ſtale jugler. You.—Since when, I pray you, Sir?—what, with two * points on your ſhoulder? much [a]!

Piſt,

* As a mark of his commiſſion.

[a] *what, with two points on your ſhoulder? much!] Much* was a common expreſſion of diſdain at that time, of the ſame ſenſe with that more modern one, *Marry*

Piſt. I will murther your ruff for this.

Fal. [9] No more, *Piſtol*; I wou'd not have you go off here. Diſcharge yourſelf of our company, *Piſtol.*

Hoſt. No, good captain *Piſtol*; not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd captain? if Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe?—he a captain! hang him, rogue, [1] he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was ill ſorted; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Antient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*,—I could tear her. I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I; down! down, dogs; down, fates; have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſel*, be quiet, it is very late; I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed. Shall packhorſes

Marry come up. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to *march.* WARBURT.

I cannot but think the emendation right. This uſe of *much* I do not remember, nor is it here proved by any example.

[9] *No more,* Piſtol, *&c.*] This is from the old edition of 1600. POPE.

[1] —*he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes.*] That is, he lives at other mens coſt, but is not admitted to their tables, and gets only what is too ſtale to be eaten in the houſe.

And

llow-pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
annot go but thirty miles a day,
with *Cæſars*, and with * *Cannibals*,
en Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
herus, and let the welkin roar.
fall foul for toys?
By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter

Begone, good Ancient. This will grow to a
on.
Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;
: not *Hiren* here?
)' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here.
e good-jer? do you think, I would deny her?
e quiet.
Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come,
ſome ſack. † *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſpero*
ta.

ow pamper'd jades of
&c.] Theſe lines are
notation out of an old
an play intitled, *Tam-*
nqueſts, or the Scy-
rd. THEOBALD.
l is uſed by a blunder
al. This was after-
d by *Congreve's Bluff*
Bluff is a character
taken from this of
ol.
e not Hiren *here?*
my Word, Captain,
uch here.] i. e. Shall
have this truſty and
Sword by my Side?
ng *Arthur's* Swords
Caliburne and *Ron*;
the Confeſſor's, *Cur-*
harlemagne's, *Joyeuſe*;
Durindana; *Rinaldo's*,
and *Rogero's*, *Baliſar-*
ſtol, in Imitation of
theſe Heroes, calls his Sword *Hiren*. I have been told, *Amadis de Gaul* had a Sword of this Name. *Hirir* is to ſtrike: From hence it ſeems probable that *Hiren* may be deriv'd; and ſo ſignify a *ſwaſhing, cutting* Sword ——But what wonderful Humour is there in the good Hoſteſs ſo innocently miſtaking *Piſtol's* Drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a Whore in the Houſe, and therefore telling him, *On my Word, Captain, there's none ſuch here; what the good-jer! do you think, I would deny her?* THEOBALD.

† Sir *Tho. Hanmer* reads, *Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta*, which is undoubtedly the true reading, but perhaps it was intended that *Piſtol* ſhould corrupt it.

Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack; and, ſweet-heart, lye thou there.
[*Laying down his ſword.*

[5] Come we to full points here; and are *&c. cætera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. [6] Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif. What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not [7] galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling. Nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What, ſhall we have inciſion! ſhall we imbrew? then Death
Rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days:
Why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds
Untwine the ſiſters three. Come, *Atropos*, I ſay.
[*Snatching up his ſword.*

Hoſt. Hoere's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.
[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[5] *Come we to full points,* &c.] That is, ſhall we ſtop here, ſhall we have no further entertainment.

[6] *Sweet Knight, I kiſs thy* Neif.] *i. e.* I kiſs thy Fiſt. Mr. *Pope* will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a Woman-Slave that is born in one's houſe; and that *Piſtol* would kiſs *Falſtaff's* domeſtic Miſtreſs *Doll Tear-ſheet.* THEOBALD.

[7] *Galloway nags.*] That is, *common hackneys.*

I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone. ou whorſon, little valiant villain, you!

. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought, de a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Have you turn'd him out of doors?

d. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk. You have hurt ir, in the ſhoulder.

A raſcal, to brave me!———

Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you. Alas, poor ow thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy face— n, you whorſon chops—ah, rogue! I love thee, ı art as valourous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five *amemnon*; and ten times better than the nine ies. A villain!

A raſcally ſlave; I will toſs the rogue in a t.

Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou do'ſt, ıvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

e. The muſick is come, Sir.

Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from : quick-ſilver.

I'faith, and thou follow'd'ſt him like a church, vhorſon little [s] tydie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when ou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, gin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

[s] *tydy* Bartholomew *Boar-tidy* Sir *T. Hanmer* reads : they are both words of ent, and equally proper.

Bartholomew Boar-pig is a little pig made of paſte, ſold at *Bartholomew* fair, and given to children for a fairing.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not ſpeak like a death's head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow; he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, *Poins* has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as *Tewkſbury* muſtard, there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs, and he plays at quoits well, and [9] eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth like unto the ſign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of [1] diſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him, for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another, the weight of an hair will turn the ſcales between their *Averdupois*.

P. *Henry.* Would not this * Nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry.* Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

[9] *Eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends.* Theſe qualifications I do not underſtand.

[1] diſcreet *ſtories*;] We ſhould read *indiſcreet*. WARB.

* *Nave of a wheel.*] *Nave* and *knave* are eaſily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel?* I ſuppoſe for his roundneſs. He was called *round man* in contempt before.

Fal.

Fal. Kiſs me, *Dol.*

P. *Henry.* [2] *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in con-ıction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon*, his man, not [3] liſping to his maſter's old Tables, his note-ok, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant art.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy ung boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall ceive money on *Thurſday*. Thou ſhalt have a cap to-rrow. A merry ſong, come—it grows late, we ll to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt ſet me a weeping if ou ſay'ſt ſo. Prove, that ever I dreſs myſelf hand-n till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, *Francis*.

P. *Henry. Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. [4] Ha! a baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not ou *Poins* his brother?

P. *Henry.* Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, at a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou t a drawer.

P. *Henry.* Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you it by the ears.

[2] Saturn *and* Venus *this year conjunction.*] This was indeed rodigy. The Aſtrologers, ſays inus, remark, that *Saturn* and us are never conjoined.

[3] LISPING TO *his maſter's old bles*, &c.] We ſhould read ASPING TOO *his maſter's old bles*, &c.] *i. e.* embracing his ſter's caſt-off whore, and now his bawd. [*his note book, his counſel-keeper.*] We have the ſame phraſe again in *Cymbaline*,

You claſp *young Cupid's* Tables.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is very ſpecious. I think it right.

[4] *Ha! a Baſtard*, &c.] The improbability of this ſcene is ſcarcely ballanced by the humour,

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London.*—Now heav'n bleſs that ſweet face of thine. What, are you come from *Wales?*

Fal. Thou whorſon-mad compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry.* You whorſon [5] candle-mine, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*; you knew, I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal,* on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal.*

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned,* in the world; honeſt *Ned,* none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject.—And thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal,* none, *Ned,* none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous

[5] *Candle-mine.*] Thou inexhauſtible magazine of tallow.

gentle-

entlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? thine Hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of he wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in is noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer's* privy-kitchen, where he oth nothing but roaſt malt-worms. For the boy, here is a good angel about him, but the devil out bids im too.

P. *Henry.* For the women,——

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, [6] and urns, poor ſoul! for the other, I owe her money; nd whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not; I think thou art uit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upn thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, ontrary to the law, for the which, I think, thou wilt owl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo. What is a joint of mutn or two in a whole *Lent?*

P. *Henry.* You, gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays that, which his fleſh rebels gainſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? Look to the oor there, *Francis.*

[6] *And burns, poor ſoul.*] This is Sir T. *Hanmer's* reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions read, *ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor ſouls.* The venereal diſeaſe was called in theſe times the *brennynge* or *burning.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Peto.

P. *Henry. Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Weſtminſter*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts
Come from the North; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* By heavens, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the South
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak. *Falſtaff*, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door?—how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently; a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, Sirrah. Farewel, Hoſteſs; farewel, *Dol.* You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt——well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee theſe twenty-nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer hearted man—well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-ſheet*.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. What's the matter?
Bard. Bid Miſtreſs *Tear-Sheet* come to my maſter.
Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*Exeunt.*

[7]ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace in LONDON.

Enter King Henry *in his Night-Gown, with a Page.*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them. Make good ſpeed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft Nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
[8]A watch-caſe, or a common larum bell?

Wilt

[7] The firſt ſcene is not in my copy of the firſt edition.

[8] *A watch-caſe*, &c.] This alludes to the watchmen ſet in garriſon towns upon ſome eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in caſe of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a caſe or box to ſhelter him from the weather, but

Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious Surge;
And in the Viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlip'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurley, death itſelf awakes?
Can'ſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? [9] then, happy lowly clown,
Uneaſy lyes the head, that wears a Crown.

SCENE II.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your Majeſty!
K. *Henry.* Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.
K. *Henry.* [1] Why, then, good morrow to you. Well, my lords,

Have

but at his utmoſt peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon duty. Theſe alarum bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places of *Shakeſpeare*. HANMER.

[9] —— *then, happy* LOW! LYE DOWN;] Evidently corrupted from *happy* LOWLY CLOWN. Theſe two lines making the juſt concluſion from what preceded. *If ſleep will fly a king and conſort itſelf with beggars, then happy the* lowly clown, *and uneaſy the crown'd head.* WARBURTON.

Dr. *Warburton* has not admitted this emendation into his text: I am glad to do it the juſtice which its authour has neglected.

[1] In the old Edition:
Why then good morrow to you all, my Lords:
Have you read o'er, &c.] The King ſends Letters to *Surrey* and *Warwick*, with Charge that they ſhould read them and attend him. Accordingly here *Surrey* and *Warwick* come, and no body elſe. The King would hardly have ſaid *Good morrow* to You *all*,

read o'er the letters I ſent you?
Ve have, my Liege.
. Then you perceive the body of our Kingdom,
it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
what danger, near the heart of it.
t is but as a body yet diſtemper'd,
its former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
l advice and little medicine;
Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.
y. Oh heav'n, that one might read the book
fate,
ıe revolution of the times
ıntains level, and the Continent,
ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
:a; and, other times, to ſee
y girdle of the Ocean
'or *Neptune's* hips; how Chances mock.
ges fill the cup of alteration
's liquors! [4] O, if this were ſeen,
eſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
ls paſt, what croſſes to enſue,

ers. THEOBALD. *mer* and Dr. *War-* eceived this emen- ıd *well* for *all*. The way is of no im-

as a body YET *diſ-*] What would he Ve ſhould read, *a body* SLIGHT *diſ-* WARBURTON. ıt reading is right. t is, according to ck, a diſproportio- ɔf humours, or in- nate heat and radi- ', is leſs than actu- ng only the ſtate s or produces diſ- difference between *liſeaſe*, ſeems to be much the ſame as between *diſpoſition* and *habit*.

[3] *My lord* Northumberland *will ſoon be* COOL'D.] I believe *Shakeſpeare* wrote SCHOOL'D; tutor'd, and brought to ſubmiſſion. WARBURTON.

Cool'd is certainly right.

[4] ——*O, if this were ſeen*, &c.] Theſe four lines are ſupplied from the Edition of 1600. WARB.

My copy wants the whole ſcene, and therefore theſe lines.

There is ſome difficulty in the line,

What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,

becauſe it ſeems to make *paſt perils* equally terrible with *enſuing croſſes*.

Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten Years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
(You, couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember) [*To War.*
When *Richard*, with his eye brim-full of tears [5],
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'Northumberland, *thou ladder by the which*
'*My couſin* Bolingbroke *aſcends my Throne:*'
Though then, Heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that Neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:
'*The time will come*, thus did he follow it,
'*The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,*
'*Shall break into corruption:*' ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all
Figuring the Nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of this [6],
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,

[5] He refers to King *Richard*, act 5. ſcene 2. But whether the King's or the authour's memory fails him, ſo it was, that *Warwick* was not preſent at that converſation.

[6] *And by the neceſſary form of this,*] I think we might better read,
The neceſſary form of things.
The word *this* has no very evident antecedent.

Northumberland, then falſe to him,
hat ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
uld not find a ground to root upon,
ou.
. Are theſe things then neceſſities *?
s meet them like neceſſities;
ime word even now cries out on us.
he Biſhop and *Northumberland*
ouſand ſtrong.
annot be:
h double, like the voice and echo,
rs of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your Grace
d. Upon my life, my lord,
, that you already have ſent forth,
this prize in very eaſily.
you the more, I have receiv'd
ſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
ty hath been this fortnight ill,
nſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
ickneſs.
I will take your counſel;
eſe inward wars once out of hand,
ear lords, unto the Holy Land†. [*Exeunt.*

* *things then neceſ-*
et them like neceſ-
am inclined to
et them like neceſ-
he reſiſtleſs vio-
ty; then comes
ollowing line:
e word even now
us.
d *neceſſity.*
† *the Holy Land.*]
the former, pro-
nbroken tenour

through the firſt edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the diviſion of the acts was made by the authour. Since then every editor has the ſame right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the preſent diſtribution, I ſhould propoſe that this ſcene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from *London* to *Glouceſterſhire* be made in the intermediate time, but that it would ſhorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the reſt.

SCENE III.

Charges to Juſtice Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *Juſtices*; *with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, [a] by the rood.

And how doth my good couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. By yea, and nay, Sir, I dare ſay, my couſin *William* is become a good ſcholar. He is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the Inns of Court ſhortly. I was once of *Clement's* Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cotſwold* man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again; and I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, now Sir *John*, a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk.*

[a] —— *by the rood.*] *i. e.* the croſs. POPE.

Sil.

Sil. This Sir *John*, couſin, that comes hither anon bout Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame. I ſaw him reak *Schoggan's* head at the Court-gate, when he was crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day I did ght with one *Sampſon Stockfiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *ray's-Inn.* O the mad days that I have ſpent! and to e how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure. eath (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall ie. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* Fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town ving yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead!—ſee, ſee—he drew a good bow. And ead?—he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him ell, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he ould have [9] clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and rried you a fore hand ſhaft a [1] fourteen and fourteen nd a half, that it would have done a man's heart good ſee.———How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be. A ſcore of good ewes ay be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

SCENE IV.

Enter Bardolph, *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff's* men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

[9] —— *clapt in the clowt*] *i. e.* hit the white mark. WARBURT.

[1] —*fourteen and fourteen and a half,*] That is, fourteen ſcore of yards.

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this Country, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace. What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you, my captain Sir *John Falſtaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good Knight? may I aſk, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid indeed too, *better accommodated*——it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. *Accommodated*——it comes of *accommodo*; [2] very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? By this day, I know not the phraſe, but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. *Accommodated*, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

[2] —*very good, a good phraſe*] *Accommodate* was a modiſh term of that time, as *Ben Johnſon* informs us: *You are not to caſt or wring for the perfuming terms of the time, as* accommodation, complement, ſpirit, *&c. but uſe them properly in their places as others.* Diſcoveries. Hence *Bardolph* calls it a word of *exceeding good command.* His definition of it is admirable, and highly ſatirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate ſpeakers or writers, when they ſhould define, to put their hearers off with a ſynonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the ſame term differently *accommodated*; as in the inſtance before us. WARBURT.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff.

al. It is very juſt.—Look, here comes good Sir
Give me your good hand: give me your Wor-
good hand. Truſt me, you look well, and bear
years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John.*
l. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert*
ow.—Maſter *Sure-card,* as I think,———
al. No, Sir *John,* it is my couſin *Silence;* in Com-
n with me.
l. Good maſter *Silence,* it well befits, you ſhould
the peace.
Your good Worſhip is welcome. [*Embraces him.*
l. Fie, this is hot weather—Gentlemen; have you
led me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?
al. Marry, have we, Sir. Will you ſit?
l. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.
al. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's
ll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee. So, ſo,
Yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy:*—let them
r as I call. Let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let
e, where is *Mouldy?*
ul. Here, if it pleaſe you.
l. What think you, Sir *John?* a good-limb'd
: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.
. Is thy name *Mouldy?*
ul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.
. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.
l. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things,
e mouldy, lack uſe. Very ſingular good. Well
ir *John,* very well ſaid.
. Prick him.
l. I was prickt well enough before, if you could
et me alone. My old dame will be undone now
e to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery; you

need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace. Stand aſide. Know you where you are? For the other, Sir *John*.—Let me ſee—*Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under: he'ſ like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow; ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male; it is often ſo, indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John?*

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book [3].

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John?*

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha.—You can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

[3] *we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book.*] That is, we have in the muſter-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men.

Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble?*

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous *Feeble.* Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter *Shallow*, deep, maſter *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would, *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble.* Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee *Bull-calf.*

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow, Come, prick me *Bull-calf*, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my lord captain,———

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon Cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his Coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown:

we

we will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good truth, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George's* fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never. She would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a [4] *Bona-roba.* Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's* Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeen That, that this knight and I have ſeen!—— hah, Sir *John*, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have. Our watch-word was, hem, boys.—Come, let's to dinner.—Oh, the days that we have ſeen! come, come.

4 *Bona-Roba.*] A fine ſhowy wanton.

Bul.

Bul. [*aſide to* Bardolph] Good maſter corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten ſhillings in *French* Crowns for you; in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and for my own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old Dame's ſake ſtand my friend; ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe's old and cannot help her ſelf; you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble, I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a baſe mind; if it be my deſtiny, ſo; if it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—[5] I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bull-calf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Shallow*.

Fal. *Mouldy*, and *Bull-calf*——For you, *Mouldy*, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice; and for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

[5] —— *I have three pound.*] Here ſeems to be a wrong computation. He had forty ſhillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit.

Shal.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not yourſelf wrong; they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*; you ſee what a ragged appearance it is, he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, [6] ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife. And, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver [7] into *Wart's* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot [8]. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab. Hold, there is a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End Green*, when I lay at *Clement's* Inn, [9] I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur's* Show,

[6] ——— *ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam croſſing his ſhoulders.

[7] *Caliver*, a hand-gun.

[8] — *bald ſhot.*] Shot is uſ'd for *ſhooter*, one who is to fight by ſhooting.

[9] — *I was then Sir* Dagonet *in* Arthur's *Show*;] The only Intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy Wight, Sir *Dagonet*, is from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *burning Peſtle*.

Boy. *Beſides, it will ſhew to favouredly to have a* Grocer Prentice *to court a King's Daughter.*

Cit. *Will it ſo, Sir? You are well read in Hiſtories! I pray you what was Sir* Dagonet? *Was not he* Prentice *to a* Grocer *in* London? *Read the Play of The* Four Prentices *of* London, *where they toſs their Pikes ſo:* &c.

THEOBALD

The ſtory of Sir *Dagonet* is to be

Show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; rah, tah, tah, would he ſay; bounce, would he ſay, and away again would he go, and again would he come. I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well. Maſter *Shallow*, God keep you; farewel, maſter *Silence*. I will not uſe many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace. As you return, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to; I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Shal. *and* Sil.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off theſe Juſtices. I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice *Shallow*. How ſubject we old men are to this Vice of lying! this ſame ſtarv'd Juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnball-ſtreet*; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk's* tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's* Inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carv'd upon

be found in *La Mort d'Arthure*, an old romance much celebrated in our authour's time, or a little before it. *When papiſtry*, ſays *Aſcham* in his *Schoolmaſter*, *as a ſtanding pool overflowed all* England, *few books were read in our tongue ſaving certain books of chivalry, as they ſaid, for paſtime and pleaſure; which books, as ſome ſay, were made in monaſteries by idle monks. As one, for example,* La Mort d'Arthure. In this romance Sir *Dagonet* is King *Arthur's* fool. *Shakeſpeare* would not have ſhown his *juſtice* capable of repreſenting any higher character.

it

it with a knife. He was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet leacherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake. He came ever in the rere-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the [1] over-ſcutcht huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. [2] And now is this Vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn brother to him, and I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he [3] beat his own name; for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-ſkin; the caſe of a treble hoboy was a Manſion for him – a Court—and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a [4] philoſopher's two ſtones to me. [5] If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike; I ſee

[1] *Over ſcutcht*] *i. e.* whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty*, or *grimed*, the word *huſwives* agrees better with this ſenſe. *Shallow* crept into mean houſes, and boaſted his accompliſhments to the *dirty* women.

[2] *And now is this* Vice's *Dagger.*] By *Vice* here the Poet means that *droll* Character in the old Plays (which I have ſeveral times mentioned in the courſe of theſe Notes) equipped with Aſſes Ears and a Wooden Dagger. It is very ſatirical in *Falſtaff* to compare *Shallow's* Activity and Impertinence to ſuch a Machine as a *wooden Dagger* in the Hands and Management of a *Buffoon.* THEOBALD.

[3] —— *beat his own name*;] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow ſo ſlender that his name might have been *gaunt*.

[4] — *philoſopher's two ſtones*] One of which was an univerſal medicine, and the other a tranſmuter of baſer metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this paſſage too much. *A philoſopher's two ſtones*, is only *more than the philoſopher's ſtone.* The *univerſal medicine* was never, ſo far as I know, conceived to be a ſtone, before the time of *Butler's* ſtone.

[5] *If the young Dace*] That is, *If*

ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to a Foreſt in Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *and* Colevile.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis *Gaultree* foreſt.

York. Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from *Northumberland*,
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus.—
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

If the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the ſtronger may ſeize upon the weaker, Falſtaff *may with great propriety devour* Shallow.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?

Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy,
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on [6], and face them in the field.

SCENE II.

Enter Weſtmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Weſt. Health and fair Greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter.*

York. Say on, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

Weſt. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that Rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
[7] Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appear'd
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend Father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form

[6] *Let us* ſway *on,*——] We ſhould read *way* on, *i. e.* march on. WARBURTON.

I know not that I have ever ſeen *away* in this ſenſe, but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to expreſs the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a ſenſe of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where ſpeaking of a weighty ſword, he ſays, *It deſcends with huge two-handed* ſway.

[7] *Led on by* bloody *youth,*—] I believe *Shakeſpeare* wrote, *heady youth.* WARBURTON.

I think *bloody* can hardly be right, perhaps it was *moody*, that is, *furious.* So in Scene 8 of this Act.

Being moody *give him line and ſcope*
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working.

Of

baſe and bloody inſurrection
th your fair honours. You, my lord Arch-biſhop,
ioſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd,
ioſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd,
ioſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
ioſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
e dove and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace;
erefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelf,
t of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
rning your books to * graves, your ink to blood,
ur pens to launces, and your tongue divine
a loud trumpet and a point of war?
ork. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
:fly, to this end. We are all diſeas'd,
l with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
ve brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
l we muſt bleed for it; of which diſeaſe
late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
, my moſt noble lord of *Weſtmorland*,
ke it not on me here as a phyſician;
do I, as an enemy to peace,
op in the throngs of military men;
rather ſhew a while like fearful war,
diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs,
l purge th' obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
ve in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
at wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
l find our griefs heavier than our offences.
ſee, which way the ſtream of time doth run,

For *graves* Dr. *Warburton* plauſibly reads *glaves*, and lowed by Sir *Thomas Han-*

In this ſpeech, after the firſt lines, the next twenty-five either omitted in the firſt on, or added in the ſecond. The anſwer, in which both the editions agree, apparently refers to ſome of theſe lines, which therefore may be probably ſuppoſed rather to have been dropped by a player deſirous to ſhorten his ſpeech, than added by the ſecond labour of the authour.

And are inforc'd from our moſt Quiet ſphere[9],
By the rough torrent of occaſion;
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon,
Ev'n by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the Examples
Of every minute's inſtance, preſent now,
Have put us in theſe ill beſeeming arms,
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine,
* And conſecrate Commotion's Civil edge[1]?

Yo

[9] In former Editions:
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet THERE,] This is ſaid in anſwer to *Weſtmorland's* upbraiding the Archbiſhop for engaging in a courſe which ſo ill became his profeſſion,
——*You my lord Archbiſhop,*
Whoſe See *is by a civil* peace *maintain'd*, &c.
So that the reply muſt be this,
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet SPHERE. WARB.

* *And conſecrate*, &c.] In one of my old *Quarto's* of 1600 (for I have Two of the ſelf-ſame Edition; one of which, 'tis evident, was corrected in ſome Paſſages during the working off the whole Impreſſion) I found this Ve I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *l* for *Edge*, with regard to the I formity of Metaphor. T the Sword of Rebellion, d by a Biſhop, may in ſome be ſaid to be conſecrated his Reverence. THEOB

[1] *And conſecrate Comm Civil* Edge[2]] So the books read. But Mr. *Th* changes *edge* to *page*, out o gard to the *uniformity* (as he it) *of the metaphor*. But h not underſtand what was m by edge. It was an old cu continued from the time c firſt croiſades, for the poi

York. [2]My brother General, the Common-wealth,
To Brother born an houſehold Cruelty,
make my quarrel in particular.
Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,

onſecrate the general's ſword, which was employ'd in the ſervice of the church. To this ſtom the line in queſtion alides. As to the cant of *uniformity of metaphor* in writing, this to be obſerved, that changing e alluſion in the ſame ſentence indeed vicious, and what *Quinlian* condemns, *Multi quum inium à tempeſtate ſumpſerint, indio aut ruinâ finiunt.* But when e compariſon or alluſion is irly ſeparated from another, by linct ſentences, the caſe is different. So it is here; in one ntence we ſee *the book of relion ſtamps with a ſeal divine*; the other, *the ſword of civil ord conſecrated.* But this change the metaphor is not only alnable, but fit. For the dwell- overlong upon *one* occaſions diſcourſe to degenerate into ull kind of allegoriſm.

WARBURTON.

What Mr. *Theobald* ſays of editions ſeems to be true, my copy reads, *commotion's er edge*, but *civil* is undoubtright, and one would wonhow *bitter* could intrude if had been written firſt; perthe authour himſelf made change.

[2] *My brother general*, &c. — *I make my quarrel in particular.*] The ſenſe is this, *My brother general, the Common-wealth, which ought to diſtribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to thoſe of his own houſe, to* brothers-born, *by giving ſome all, and others none; and this* (ſays he) *I make my quarrel or grievance, that honours are unequally diſtributed*; the conſtant birth of male-contents, and ſource of civil commotions.

WARBURTON.

In the firſt folio the ſecond line is omitted; yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir *T. Hanmer*. How difficultly ſenſe can be drawn from the beſt reading the explication of Dr. *Warburton* may ſhow. I believe there is an errour in the firſt line, which perhaps may be rectified thus,

My quarrel *general, the commonwealth,*
To Brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, my *general* cauſe of diſcontent is publick miſmanagement, my *particular* cauſe a domeſtick injury done to my *natural brother*, who had been beheaded by the King's order.

* Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
† Or from the King, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* Seigniories,
Your noble and right-well remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was, force per force, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the ſpur.
‡ Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſta
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke*,
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*. [not wh

Weſt. You ſpeak, Lord *Mowbray*, now, you kn
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'
But if your father had been victor there,

* *Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities*] That is, *judge of what is done in theſe times according to the exigences that overrule us.*

† *Or from the King*, &c.] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that have, for your part, been inju either by the *king* or the *time*

‡ *Their armed ſtaves in cha* An *armed ſtaff* is a *lance*. T *in charge*, is *to be fixed for th counter.*

He ne'er had borne it out of *Coventry*;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doated on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King.[3]
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe. —
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs, to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience, and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it ſo;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For lo! within a ken, our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well; by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence,
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

Weſt. That is intended in the General's name[4]:

[3] *And bleſs'd and grac'd* more than the King himſelf.] The Two oldeſt Folio's (which firſt gave us this Speech of *Weſtmerland*) read this Line thus;

And bleſs'd and grac'd and did *more than the King.*

Dr. *Thirlby* reform'd the Text very near to the Traces of the corrupted Reading. THEOBALD.

[4] *This is intended in the General's name:*] That is, *this power is included in the name* or office *of a general. We wonder that you can aſk a queſtion ſo trifling.*

I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

York. Then take, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, this
For this contains our general grievances, [ſchedule,
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd;
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true * ſubſtantial form;
And preſent executions of our wills
[5] To us, and to our purpoſes, confin'd;
[6] We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace. [lords,

Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you,
[7] In ſight of both our battles, we may meet;
And either end in peace, which heav'n ſo frame!
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it.

York. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* Weſt.

* *Subſtantial form*] That is, *by a perſon of due form and legal validity.*

5 *To us, and to our* PURPOSES, *confin'd*;] This ſchedule we ſee conſiſts of three parts, 1. A redreſs of general grievances. 2. A pardon for thoſe in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very ſtrangely expreſſed.

And preſent execution of our wills
To us and to our PURPOSES *confin'd.*

The firſt line ſhews they had ſomething to demand, and the ſecond expreſſes the modeſty of that demand. The demand, ſays the ſpeaker, *is confined to us and to our purpoſes.* A very modeſt kind of reſtriction truly! only as extenſive as their appetites and paſſions. Without queſtion *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

To us *and to our* PROPERTIES *confin'd*;

i. e. we deſire no more than ſecurity for our *liberties* and *properties:* and this was no unreaſonable demand. WARBURTON.

This paſſage is ſo obſcure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me, than to read *confign'd*, for *confin'd*. That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands according to our declared purpoſes.

6 *We come within our* AWFUL *banks again,*]

We ſhould read LAWFUL. WARB. *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence.

7 The old copies: *We may meet*
At *either end in peace; which*
Heav'n ſo frame!]

That eaſy, but certain, Change in the Text, I owe to Dr. *Thirlby.* THEOBALD.

SCENE

SCENE III.

owb. There is a thing within my boſom tells me,
no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
ſt. Fear you not that; if we can make our peace
ı ſuch large terms and ſo abſolute,
ır conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.
owb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
ev'ry ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reaſon,
to the King taſte of this action.
ıt, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
hall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
ev'n our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
good from bad find no partition.
rk. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
ıe hath found, to end one doubt by death,
ves two greater in the heirs of life.
therefore will he [9] wipe his tables clean,
keep no tell-tale to his memory,
may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
ıew remembrance. For full well he knows,
annot ſo preciſely weed this land,
is miſdoubts preſent occaſion;
ſoes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
, plucking to unfix an enemy,
loth unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
ıat this Land, like an offenſive wife,

ı former Editions:
t, were our royal *faiths*
artyrs in love.] If *royal*
can mean *faith to a king*,
cannot mean it without
violence done to the lan-
. I therefore read, with
Hanmer, loyal faiths, which
per, natural, and ſuitable
intention of the ſpeaker.

* *Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances.*] I cannot but think that this line is corrupted, and that we ſhould read,
Of picking out ſuch dainty grievances.

[9] ——— *wipe his tables clean,*] Alluding to a table-book of ſlate, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement;
So that his pow'r, like to a fangleſs Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord Marſhal,
If we do make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand, pleaſeth your lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace.—My lord, we come.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my couſin *Mowbray*;
Good day to you, my gentle lord Arch-biſhop;
And ſo to you, lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text,
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man, that ſits within a monarch's heart,

And

And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſs? With you, lord Biſhop,
It is ev'n ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament,
To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it ſelf,
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, [1] the ſanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've * taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The Subjects of his Subſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heav'n and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your father's peace,
But, as I told my lord of *Weſtmorland*,
The time miſ-order'd doth [2] in common ſenſe
Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the Court;
Whereon this *Hydra*-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With Grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire,
And true Obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,

[1] *The ſanctities of Heav'n.*] This expreſſion *Milton* has copied.

Around him all the Sanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as ſtars.

* *To take up*, is to *levy*, to *raiſe in arms.*

[2] *In common* SENSE] I believe, *Shakeſpeare* wrote *common* FENCE, *i.e.* drove by ſelf-defence. WARB.

Common ſenſe is the *general ſenſe* of general danger.

Stoop

Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to ſecond our attempt;
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
[3] And ſo Succeſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold his quarrel up,
While *England* ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, *Haſtings*, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And Some about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt;
Upon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Pow'rs unto their ſeveral Counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for theſe Redreſſes.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Haſt. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will well pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevile.

York. To you, my noble lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Weſt. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have beſtow'd, to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye

[3] *And ſo* Succeſs *of miſchief*—] *Succeſs*, for ſucceſſion. WARB.

Sha

Shall ſhew itſelf more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord, and gentle couſin *Mowbray.*

Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.

York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.

Weſt. [4] Therefore be merry, Coz, ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus; ſome good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they ſhout.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.

Lan. Go, my lord.
And let our army be diſcharged too, [*Exit* Weſt.
—And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, [5] let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord *Haſtings:*
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* Haſtings.

Lan. I truſt, lords, we ſhall lie to-night together.

[4] *Therefore, be merry, Coz.*] That is: *therefore*, notwithſtanding this ſudden impulſe to heavineſs, *be merry, for ſuch ſudden dejections forebode good.*

[5] *Let our trains*, &c.] That is, our army on each part, that we may both ſee thoſe that were to have oppoſed us.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Re-enter Weſtmorland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?
Weſt. The Leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off untill they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already;
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.
Weſt. Good tidings, my lord *Haſtings*; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon;
And you, lord Arch-biſhop; and you, lord *Mowbray*;
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd you none;
I promis'd you Redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, Rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n, and not we, have ſafely fought to-day.

Some

guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
on's true bed and yielder up of breath [6]. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Colevile.

l. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are
and of what place, I pray?
le. I am a Knight, Sir; and my name is *Colevile*
e dale.
l. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is
degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* ſhall
e your name, a traitor your degree, and the dun-
your place, a place deep enough. So ſhall you
be *Colevile* of the dale.
le. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff?*
l. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am. Do
ield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat,
are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy
; therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do
vance to my mercy.
le. I think, you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that
ght yield me.
l. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly
ine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any
r word but my name. An I had but a belly of any
ference, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in
pe; my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes
Here comes our General.

It cannot but raiſe ſome in-
ation to find this horrible
tion of faith paſſed over thus ſlightly by the poet, with-
out any note of cenſure or deteſ-
tation.

Enter

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. [7] The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the Pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.*
[*Exit* Weſt.
Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome Gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus. I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility; I have founder'd nine-ſcore and odd poſts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome* there, *Cæſar*, —— I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kiſſing my foot; to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pin's heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have Right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

[7] *The heat is paſt.*] That is, the violence of reſentment, the eagerneſs of revenge.

Fal.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile.*

Fal. And a famous true Subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thy ſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

SCENE VII.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Now, have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his Confederates
To *York*, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we tow'rd the Court, my lords;
I hear, the King, my father, is ſore ſick;
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him,
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'ſterſhire*; and when you come to Court, 'pray, * ſtand my good Lord in your good report.

* *Stand my good Lord in your good report.*] We muſt either read, *pray* let me *ſtand*, or by a conſtruction ſomewhat harſh, underſtand it thus. *Give me leave to go—and—ſtand. To ſtand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is *to perſiſt*, and *Falſtaff* did not aſk the prince to perſiſt in his preſent opinion.

Lan.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; [8] I, in my condition, ſhall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, [9] this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, [1] forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardiſe; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commmoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of

[8] —— *I, in my condition, Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve,*] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the ſame with *temper of mind:* I ſhall, *in my good nature*, ſpeak better of you than you merit.

[9] *This ſame ſober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh.*] *Falſtaff* ſpeaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he deſpaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleaſures. He who cannot be ſoftened into gayety cannot eaſily be melted into kindneſs.

[1] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative.

courage

courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph.*

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glouceſterſhire*, and there will I viſit maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire; [a] I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Palace at Weſtminſter.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* NOW, lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Navy is addreſs'd, our Pow'r collected,
Our Subſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lyes level to our wiſh;

[a] *I have him already tempering &c.*] A very pleaſant alluſion to the old uſe of ſealing with ſoft wax. WARBURTON.

Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength,
And pauſe us, till theſe Rebels, now a foot,
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry.* *Humphrey*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windſor*.

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. *Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*,
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers; cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd,
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as Day, for melting charity,
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As [3] humourous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws [4] congealed in the ſpring of day.

His

3 *Humourous as winter,*] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. *Dryden* ſays of *Almanzor*, that he is *humorous as wind.*

4 ——*congealed in the ſpring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of ſome philoſophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is moſt intenſe

His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
'Till that his paſſions, like a Whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force-per force, the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it doth work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or [5] raſh gun-powder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. *Henry*. Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, *Thomas?*

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in *London*.

K. *Henry*. And how accompanied? canſt thou tell that?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. *Henry*. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches it ſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his councellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,

intenſe towards the morning) and being afterwards ratified and let looſe by the warmth of the ſun, occaſion thoſe ſudden and impetuous guſts of wind which are called *Flaws*. HANMER.

5 *Raſh gun powder*] *Raſh* is *quick, violent, ſudden*. This repreſentation of the prince, is a natural picture of a young man whoſe paſſions are yet too ſtrong for his virtues.

Oh, with what wings ſhall his * affection fly
To'ward fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite;
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue, wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry.* 6 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? *Weſtmorland!*

SCENE IX.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my Sovereign, and new happineſs
Added to that, which I am to deliver!
Prince *John*, your ſon, doth kiſs your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your Law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure, may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, 7 in his particular.

K. *Henry.*

* —*his affection*] His paſſions; his inordinate deſires.

6 *'Tis ſeldom when the bee*, &c.] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcaſe, ſtays by her honey, ſo he that has once taken pleaſure in bad company, will continue to aſſociate with thoſe that have the art of pleaſing him.

7 *In his particular.*] We ſhould read, I think, in *this* particular: that

K. *Henry.* O *Weſtmorland*, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majeſty:
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolph*,
With a great Pow'r of *Engliſh* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkſhire* overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. *Henry.* And wherefore ſhould theſe good news
make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in foulеſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I ſhould rejoice now at theſe happy news,
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majeſty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

Weſt. My ſovereign lord, chear up your ſelf, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll ſtraight be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
Th' inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,

it is, in this *detail*, in this account which is minute and diſtinct.

8 *Hath wrought the* mure,—] *i. e.* the wall. POPE.

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. 9 The people fear me; for they do obſerve
1 Unfather'd heirs and loathly birds of Nature.
2 The Seaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great Granſire *Edward* ſick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. *Henry.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber. Softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
3 Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit.

War. Call for the muſick in the other room.

K. *Henry.* Set me the crown upon the pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

9 *The people* fear *me*; ——] *i. e.* make me afraid; which ſenſe the *Oxford Editor* not taking, alters it to *fear it*. WARB.

1 *Unfather'd heirs.*] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the ſtated laws of generation.

2 *The ſeaſons change their* manners, ——] This is finely expreſſed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harſh*, and *mild* and *ſoft*, applied to weather. WARB.

3 *Unleſs ſome* DULL AND *favourable hand.*] Thus the old editions read it Evidently corrupt. *Shakeſpear* ſeems to have wrote,

Unleſs ſome DOLEING *favourable hand.*

Doleing, i. e. a hand uſing ſoft melancholy airs. WARBURTON.

I rather think that *dull* ſignifies, *melancholy*, *gentle*, *ſoothing*. *Dolcing* cannot be received without ſome example of its uſe, which the commentator has not given, and my memory will not ſupply.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who ſaw the Duke of *Clarence?*
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.
P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. *Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. *Henry.* If he be ſick with joy,
He'll recover without phyſick.
War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords. Sweet Prince, ſpeak low;
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?
P. *Henry.* No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King. [*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.
Why doth the Crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night. Sleep with it now.—
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not;
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs Down
Perforce muſt move.—My gracious lord! my father!
—This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,

That from this golden Rigol hath divorc'd
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy Due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O my dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial Crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heav'n ſhall guard; and put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal Honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry. Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!*

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?

K. *Henry.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege, Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. *Henry.* The Prince of *Wales?* where is he? let me ſee him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

K. *Henry.* Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. *Henry.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go ſeek him out.

Is

e ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
ſleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick*,
l chide him hither ſtraight; this part of his
joins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
s to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
ve broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with
care,
ir bones with induſtry; for this, engroſſed
canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold;
this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
ir ſons with arts and martial exerciſes,
en, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r,
thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with
honey,
bring it to the hive; and, like the Bees,
murder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte
eld his engroſſments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

r, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
l his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?
ar. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
hing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
h ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
t Tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
ıld by beholding him have waſh'd his knife
h gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
. *Henry.* But wherefore did he take away the
Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

where he comes. Come hither to me *Harry*—
epart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

4 *Yield his engroſſments.*] His accumulations.
P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.
K. *Henry.* Thy wiſh was father, *Harry*, to that thought;
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my Honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſs, that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtoln that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation; *.
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
—Let all the tears, that ſhould bedew my herſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.—
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd. Up, Vanity!
Down, royal State! All you ſage Counſellors, hence;
And to the *Engliſh* Court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of Idleneſs;
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?

* —*ſeal'd up my expectation*;] Thou haſt *confirmed* my opinion.

by, he will trouble you no more;
nd ſhall double gild his treble Guilt,
l ſhall give him office, honour, might;
: Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
uzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
eſh his tooth on every innocent.
poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows,
:hat my care could not withold thy riots,
vilt thou do when riot is thy care?
ı wilt be a wilderneſs again,
l with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

:nry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
oiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,
ore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
ı with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
urſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown;
that wears the crown immortally,
uard it yours! If I affect it more,
s your Honour, and as your Renown,
ıe no more from this obedience riſe,

and *ſhall double gild his :ilt*;] Evidently the of ſome fooliſh Player: nuſt make a difference what *Shakeſpear* might 'd to have written off what he had corrected. enes are of the latter :refore ſuch lines by no be eſteemed his. But r. *Pope*, (who judicious- out this line) not one *ear*'s Editors ſeem ever ıd ſo reaſonable and ne- rule in their heads, :y ſet upon correcting r. WARBURTON.

not why this commen- ıld ſpeak with ſo much : what he cannot know, ine ſo poſitively what ſo capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is indeed ſuch as diſgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it ſuits well enough with the *daggers hid in thought, and whetted on the ſtiny hearts*; and the anſwer which the prince makes, and which is applauded for wiſdom, is not of a ſtrain much higher than this ejected line.

* This is obſcure in the conſtruction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my dutcous ſpirit*; or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly dutcous ſpirit.* I know not which is right.

Which

Which my moſt * true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life 6 in med'cine potable,
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renowned,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the Might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. *Henry.* O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,

* *True* is *loyal.*

6 *In med'cine potable.*] There has long prevailed an opinion that a ſolution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold among other frauds practiſed on credulity.

That

ou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
; ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
ither, *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed;
ır, I think, the very lateſt counſel,
er I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
iis crown; and I myſelf know well,
ubleſome it ſate upon my head.
it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
pinion, better confirmation;
he 7 ſoil of the atchievement goes
e into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
ın honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
ad many living to upbraid
ı of it by their aſſiſtances;
laily grew to quarrel and to blood-ſhed,
ding ſuppoſed peace. 9 All theſe bold fears
eſt, with peril I have anſwered,
my reign hath been but as a Scene,
that Argument; and now my death
es the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
on thee in a much fairer ſort;
the garland wear'ſt 2 ſucceſſively.

is *ſpot, dirt, turpitude,*

ding ſuppoſed *peace.*—] or undermined. WARBURTON.

counterfeited, imagined,

'll THESE *bold* FEARS.] I certainly read,
'll THEIR *bold* FEATS, , commotions of con- WARBURTON.

is no need of alteration. ere uſed in the active that which cauſes *fear.*

ges the mode;] *Mode,* es not ſignify faſhion, but *time* and *meaſure* in ſinging, or the *pitch* in ſpeaking: *Modus,* a word peculiar to the ancient Drama: For the metaphor is continued from the words immediately preceding,

——— *as a Scene,*
Acting that Argument———
WARBURTON.

Mode is here in its uſual ſenſe, the *form* or *ſtate of things.* Nothing is more eaſy than to make obſcurities and clear them.

2 *Succeſſively.*] To order of ſucceſſion. Every uſurper ſnatches a claim of hereditary right as ſoon as he can.

Yet

Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green,
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whoſe fell-working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd; which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
3 To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt Reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign Quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
4 How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry*. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my Poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world, will rightfully maintain.

3 *To lead* OUT *many to the Holy Land*;] As plauſible as this reading is, it is corrupt. *Shakeſpear*, I think, wrote,

To lead OUR *many*——*our many*
or *meiny*, *i. e.* our people.
WARBURTON.

As plauſible as this emendation is, I think it wrong. The ſenſe is: *Of thoſe who aſſiſted my uſurpation*, ſome *I have cut off*, *and* many *I intended to lead abroad*. This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion, and policy. He durſt not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but is the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedneſs ſucceſsful.

4 *How I came*, &c.] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the proſperity of guilt while he deprecates its puniſhment.

Enter

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry.* Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter.*

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry.* Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
ıt health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
om this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy ſight
y worldly buſineſs makes a period.
here is my lord of *Warwick?*

P. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick.*——

K. *Henry.* Doth any name particular belong
nto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble lord.

K. *Henry.* Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem*,
hich vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy Land.
ut bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:
ı that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's *Seat in* Glo'ſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and Page.*

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to night. What! *Davy*, I ſay——

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow.*

Shal. [5] I will not excuſe you; you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy!*——

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee, *Davy,* let me ſee;—yea, marry, *William* Cook, bid him come hither.—Sir *John,* you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus. [6] Thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy.* But, for *William* Cook.——Are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir——Here is now the Smith's note for ſhoeing, and plow-irons.

5 *I will not excuſe you,* &c.] The ſterility of Juſtice *Shallow*'s wit is admirably deſcribed, in thus making him, by one of the fineſt ſtrokes of nature, ſo often vary his phraſe, to expreſs one and the ſame thing, and that the commoneſt. WARBURTON.

6 *Thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd.*] *Precept* is a juſtice's warrant. To the offices which *Falſtaff* gives *Davy* in the following ſcene, may be added that of juſtice's clerk. *Davy* has almoſt as many employments as *Scrub* in the *Stratagem.*

Shal.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid——Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd. [*Goes to the other ſide of the ſtage.*

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William*'s wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at *Hinckly* Fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some Pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws. Tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' Court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are errant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance *William Viſor* of *Wancot* againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*; that *Viſor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worſhip, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your Worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, therefore, I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to, I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong. Look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John*? Come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter *Bardolph*. And welcome my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter *Robert Shallow*. [*Exeunt* Shallow, Silence, *&c.*] *Bardolph*, look to our horſes.——If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch [7] bearded hermites-ſtaves as maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens' ſpirits and his; they, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſervingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many wild Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter; if to his men, I would curry with maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe Bearing or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another, therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or [8] two actions, and he ſhall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a [9] fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders. O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within.*] Sir *John*.——

[7] *Bearded-hermites ſtaves.*] He had before called him *the ſtarved Juſtice*. His want of fleſh is a ſtanding jeſt.

[8] *Two actions.*] There is ſomething humorous in making a ſpendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt.

[9] *Fellow that never had the ache.*] That is, a *young fellow* one whoſe diſpoſition to merriment, time and pain have not yet impaired.

Fal.

Fal. I come, maſter *Shallow*; I come, maſter *Shallow*. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court, in LONDON.

ter the Earl of Warwick, *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

ar. HOW now, my lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;
id to our purpoſes he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would his Majeſty had call'd me with him:
ie ſervice, that I truly did his life,
ith left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm myſelf
) welcome the condition of the time,
hich cannot look more hideouſly on me,
ian I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

ter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry*.
that the living *Harry* had the temper
him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen,
)w many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
iat muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, couſin *Warwick*.

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much Talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you've loſt a friend, indeed;
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in Honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
[1] A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty!

K. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty!

[1] *A* RAGGED *and foreſtall'd remiſſion.*] *Ragged* has no ſenſe here. We ſhould read,

A rated *and foreſtall'd remiſſion. i. e.* a remiſſion that muſt be ſought for, and bought with ſupplication. WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *foreſtall'd* than with *ragged*, for *ragged*, in our authour's licentious diction, may eaſily ſignify *beggarly*, *mean*, *baſe*, *ignominious*; but *foreſtalled* I know not how to apply to *remiſſion* in any ſenſe primitive or figurative. I ſhould be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *foreſtall'd* remiſſion, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confeſſion of offence, and *anticipation* of the charge.

Sir

ts not ſo eaſy on me, as you think.
rothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear;
his is the *Engliſh*, [1] not the *Turkiſh* Court;
ot *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
at *Harry*, *Harry*. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
or, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
rrow ſo royally in you appears,
hat I will deeply put the faſhion on,
nd wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad;
t entertain no more of it, good brothers,
han a joint burthen laid upon us all.
or me, by heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
l be your father and your brother too,
et me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
et weep that *Harry*'s dead? and ſo will I;
t *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
number into hours of happineſs.
Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.
K. *Henry*. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt; [*To the Ch. Juſt.*
ou are, I think, aſſur'd, I love you not.
Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
our Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.
K. *Henry*. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
great indignities you laid upon me?
hat! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
h' immediate heir of *England*? [3] was this eaſy?
lay this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father,
he image of his Power lay then in me;
nd in th' adminiſtration of his Law,

[1] *Not the* Turkiſh *court.*] Not court where the prince that ants the throne puts his bro- rs to death.

[3] *Was this eaſy?*] That is, *was this not grievous? Shake-ſpeare* has *eaſy* in this ſenſe elſe-where.

While I was buſie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my Place,
The Majeſty and Pow'r of Law and Juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very Seat of Judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught,
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench,
[4] To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon,
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
[5] And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe your
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon,
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd,
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted,
Behold your ſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak [6] in your State,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

K. *Henry.* You are right Juſtice, and you w
this well,
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword;
And I do wiſh, your Honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

4 *To trip the courſe of Law.*] To defeat the proceſs of juſtice, a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner.

5 *To mock your working in a ſecond body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a repreſentative.

6 *In your ſtate.*] In yo gal character and office, no the paſſion of a man inte but with the impartiality Legiſlator.

ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his Greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of juſtice.'—You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtain'd ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this * remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his Grave,
For in his tomb lye my affections;
And with his ſpirit § ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with ‖ the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.

* *Remembrance.*] That is, *admonition.*

† *My father is gone wild.*] Mr. Pope, by ſubſtituting *wail'd* for *wild*, without ſufficient conſideration, afforded Mr. *Theobald* much matter of oſtentatious triumph.

§ *Sadly I ſurvive.*] *Sadly* is the ſame as *ſoberly, ſeriouſly, gravely. Sad* is oppoſed to *wild.*

‖ ——— *the* ſtate *of floods,*] i. e. the *aſſembly*, or general meeting of the floods. For all rivers, running to the ſea, are there repreſented as holding their *ſeſſions.* This thought naturally introduced the following,

Now call we our high Court of Parliament.

But the *Oxford Editor*, much a ſtranger to the phraſeology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loſs for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of ſtate.* WARBURTON.

Now call we our high Court of Parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To the Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
As I before remember'd, all our State,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. NAY, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with * a diſh of carrawayes, and ſo forth.—Come, couſin *Silence.*—And then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren. Beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John.* Marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, ſpread, *Davy*; well laid, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your huſbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John.* — By th' Maſs, I have drank too much

* *a diſh of carrawayes.*] A comfit or confection ſo called in our author's time. A paſſage in *Le Vignеul Marville*'s *Meſanges d'Hiſtorie et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat. *Dans le dernier ſiecle ou l'on avoit le goût delicat, on ne croioit pas pouvoir vivre ſans* Dragées. *Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut ſont* Dragier; *et il eſt raporté dans l'hiſtoire du duc de* Guiſe, *que quand il fut tué à* Blois *il avoit ſon* Dragier *à la main.* WARB.

much Sack at ſupper.———A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a,

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [Singing.
And praiſe heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart. Good maſter *Silence*, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* ſome wine, *Davy.*

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, ſit; good maſter Page, ſit; * proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; [1] the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter *Bardolph*; and, my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [ſinging.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*
For women are Shrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think, maſter *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy,——

Davy. Your Worſhip—I'll be with you ſtreight—A cup of wine, Sir?

* *Proface.*] *Italian* from *profaccia*; that is, *much good may it do you.* HANMER.

I rather think *proface* is uttered by miſtake for *perforce*. *Davy* impertinently aſks *Bardolph* and the Page, who, according to their place, were ſtanding, to ſit down. *Bardolph* complies; the Page, knowing his duty, declines the ſeat, and *Davy* cries *proface*, and ſets him down by force.

[1] *The heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour conſiſts in making *Davy* act as maſter of the houſe.

Sil. [Singing] *A cup of wine,*
That's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too. I'll drink to maſter *Bardolph*, and to all the [2] cavaleroes about *London.*

Davy. I hope to ſee *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy*,——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha—will you not, maſter *Bardolph?*

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King. Lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at the door there, ho.—Who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* [3] Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

[2] *Cavaleroes.*] This was the term by which an airy ſplendid irregular fellow was diſtinguiſhed. The ſoldiers of King *Charles* were called *Cavaliers* from the gayety which they affected in oppoſition to the four faction of the parliament.

[3] Samingo] He means to ſay, *San Domingo.* HANMER.

Of *Samingo*, or *San Domingo*, I ſee not the uſe in this place.

Sil.

Is't ſo? why, then ſay, [4] an old man can do what.

y. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one *Piſtol* from the Court with news.

l. From the Court? let him come in.

SCENE V.

Enter Piſtol.

now, *Piſtol?*

l. Sir *John*, 'ſave you, Sir.

l. What wind blew you hither, *Piſtol?*

l. Not the ill wind which blows no man good. : Knight; thou art now one of the greateſt men Realm.

Indeed, I think he be, but goodman *Puff of* ı.

l. *Puff?*

n thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe, *John*, I am thy *Piſtol* and thy friend; ıelter ſkelter have I rode to thee; idings do I bring, and lucky joys, golden times, and happy news of price.

. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

l. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe! k of *Africa* and golden joys.

. O baſe *Aſſyrian* Knight, what is thy news? King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

old man can do ſomewhat.] be obſerved that *Shake-* in the *Merry Wives of* r, which he wrote after y, for the greater com- ſneſs of his plot, changed of *Silence.*' He is here dvanced in years, with a the univerſity: he there goes a courting to a young girl. *Shallow* is an old man in both plays.

5 *Let King* Cophetua, *&c.*] Lines taken from an old bombaſt play of *King Cophetua:* of whom, as we learn from *Shakeſpear*, there were ballads too. WARB. See *Love's labour loſt.*

Sil.

Sil. *And* Robin-hood, Scarlet, *and* John. [*Sings.*

Piſt. Shall dunghill curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in Fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which King? [6] *Bezonian*, ſpeak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!
Sir *John*, thy tender Lambkin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When *Piſtol* lies, do this, and * fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door. The things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph*, ſaddle my horſe. Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chuſe what office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee with Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day; I would not take a Knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry maſter *Silence* to bed. Maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt; I am fortune's

[6] —— Bezonian, *ſpeak or die.*] So again *Suffolk* ſays in 2d *Henry* VI.

Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.

It is a term of Reproach, frequent in the Writers contemporary with our Poet. *Biſognoſo*, a *needy* Perſon; thence metaphorically, a baſe Scoundrel. THEOBALD.

* —— *Fig me like*
The bragging Spaniard.] To *fig*, in *Spaniſh*, *Higar dar*, is to inſult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this *Spaniſh* cuſtom we yet ſay in contempt, *a fig for you.* Steward.

Steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet *Piſtol!*—Away *Bardolph*—Come, *Piſtol*, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter *Shallow*. I know, the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes; the Laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
[7] Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a Street in LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, *and Beadles.*

Hoſt. NO, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. [8] Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lye. Come on. I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal, if the child, I go with, do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

7 *Where is the life that late I led.*——] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

8 It hath been already obſerv'd on the *Merry Wives of* Windſor, that *Nut-hook* ſeems to have been in thoſe times a name of reproach for a catch-poll.

Dol.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin [9] man in a Cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwing'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! [1]—You filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwing'd, I'll forſwear half-kirtles. [2]

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that Right ſhould thus o'ercome Might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come. Bring me to a Juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!——

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou?

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A publick Place near Weſtminſter-*Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* MORE ruſhes, * more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the Coronation: deſpatch, deſpatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, *and the boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter *Robert Shallow*, I

9 —thou *thin man in a Cenſer!*] Theſe old Cenſers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of ſome ſaint raiſed up with the hammer, in a barbarous kind of imboſſed or chaſed work. The hunger-ſtarved Beadle is compared, in ſubſtance, to one of theſe thin raiſed figures, by the ſame kind of humour that *Piſtol*, in the *Merry Wives*, calls *Slender*, a *latten bilbo*. WARB.

1 *blue bottle rogue!*] A name I ſuppoſe given to the beadle from the colour of his livery.

2 *half-kirtles.*] Probably the dreſs of the proſtitutes of that time.

* It has been already obſerved, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the cuſtom to ſtrew the floor with ruſhes. *Cains de Ephemera.*

I will

will make the King do you grace. I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Piſtol*; ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To* Shallow.] But it is no matter, this poor Show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth. [3]

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affairs elſe in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in every part. [4]

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;

[3] The two little anſwers here given to *Piſtol*, are transferred by Sir *T. Hanmer* to *Shallow*, the repetition of *it doth* ſuits *Shallow* beſt.

[4] *'Tis all in every part,*] The ſentence alluded to is,

'Tis all in all, and all in every part.

And ſo doubtleſs it ſhould be read. 'Tis a common way of expreſſing one's approbation of a right meaſure, to ſay, *'tis all in all.* To which this phantaſtic character adds, with ſome humour, *and all in every part:* which, both together, make up the philoſophic ſentence, and compleat the abſurdity of *Piſtol*'s phraſeology. WARBURTON.

Haul'd

Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.
Rouze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto's* ſnake,
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet-clangour ſounds.

SCENE VIII.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal!*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you, what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo * profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. Know, the Grave doth gape [5]
For

* *Profane*, in our authour, often ſignifies *love of talk* without the particular idea now given it. So in *Othello*, *Is 'he not a* profane *and very liberal counſellor.*

5 —— *Know, the Grave doth gape*
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;] Nature is highly touched in this paſſage. The king having ſhaken off his vanities, ſchools his old companion for his follies with great ſeverity: he aſſumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his *prayers*, ſeek *grace*, and leave *gormandizing*. But that word unluckily preſenting him with a pleaſant idea, he cannot forbear purſuing it. *Know, the Grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is juſt falling back into *Hal*, by an humourous alluſion to *Falſtaff's* bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing

, thrice wider than for other men.
ɔt to me with a fool-born jeſt,
not, that I am the thing I was,
'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
ave turn'd away my former ſelf,
thoſe that kept me company.
ou doſt hear I am as I have been,
h me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
r and the feeder of my riots;
I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
e done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
ɔme near our perſon by ten miles. [6]
ɔetence of life, I will allow you,
t of means enforce you not to Evil;
we hear you do reform yourſelves,
ıccording to your ſtrengths and qualities
advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
:rform'd the tenour of our word.

[*Exit King*, &c.

John ſhould take the
f it, checks both him-
knight, with
to me with a fool-born

ıes the thread of his
ınd goes moralizing
end of the chapter.
ıet copies nature with
and ſhews us how
e to fall back into
oms, when the change
le by degrees, and
ɔ a habit, but deter-
once on the motives
ntereſt or reaſon.

WARBURTON.

Rowe obſerves, that
rs lament to ſee *Fal-*
ılly uſed by his old
if it be conſidered
t knight has never
ſentiment of gene-
with all his power

of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be eſteemed, no great pain will be ſuffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honeſtly, and maintained by the king, with a promiſe of advancement when he ſhall deſerve it.

I think the poet more blameable for *Poins*, who is always repreſented as joining ſome virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent diſtinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action, and though after the buſtle is over he is again a favourite, at laſt vaniſhes without notice. *Shakeſpeare* certainly loſt him by heedleſſneſs, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerneſs to end the play.

SCENE IX.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him. Look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours. Go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant *Piſtol*; come, *Bardolph*. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*.* Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord,——

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak. I will hear you ſoon.—Take them away.

Piſt. *Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.*

[*Exeunt.*

* I do not ſee why *Falſtaff* is carried to the Fleet. We have never loſt ſight of him ſince his diſmiſſion from the king; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no puniſhment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and ſurpriſe in him and his company, made a good ſcene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the ſtage, was glad to find this method of ſweeping them away.

Manent Lancaſter, *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? * [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

* I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with *Deſdemona, O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!* As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the authour, I could be content to conclude it with the death of *Henry* the fourth.

In that Jeruſalem *ſhall* Harry *dye.* Theſe ſcenes which now make the fifth act of *Henry* the fourth, might then be the firſt of *Henry* the fifth; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiouſly to either play. When theſe plays were repreſented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but *Shakeſpeare* ſeems to have deſigned that the whole ſeries of action from the beginning of *Richard* the ſecond, to the end of *Henry* the fifth, ſhould be conſidered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the neceſſity of exhibition.

None of *Shakeſpeare*'s plays are more read than the firſt and ſecond parts of *Henry* the fourth. Perhaps no authour has ever in two plays afforded ſo much delight. The great events are intereſting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the ſlighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, ſufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diverſified with the utmoſt nicety of diſcernment, and the profoundeſt ſkill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent paſſions, whoſe ſentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whoſe virtues are obſcured by negligence, and whoſe underſtanding is diſſipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather looſe than wicked, and when the occaſion forces out his latent qualities, he is great with-

out effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, cholerick, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But *Falstaff* unimitated, unimitable *Falstaff*, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired but not esteemed, of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. *Falstaff* is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief, and a glutton, a coward, and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirises in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of *Lancaster*. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and sallies of levity, which make sport but raise no envy. It must be observed that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion when they see *Henry* seduced by *Falstaff*.

EPI-

PILOGUE.*

Spoken by a DANCER.

ST my fear; then, my court'ſy; laſt, my ſpeech.
y fear is your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty;
ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a
ech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay
ine own making, and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay,
doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the
and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you, (as
ry well) I was lately here in the end of a diſ-
Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe
etter. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this;
if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I
and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I pro-
ou, I would be, and here I commit my body to your
: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and,
debtors do, promiſe you infini.ely.
y tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you
d me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light
, to dance out of your debt. But a good conſcience
ke any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. † All
tlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentle-
ill not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the
omen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an

word more, I beſeech you; if you be not too much
with fat meat, our humble author will continue
y with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with*

s epilogue was merely
al, and alludes to ſome
l tranſaction.
is trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it.*

EPILOGUE.

fair Catharine *of* France; *where, for any thing I k*
Falſtaff *ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſs already he be*
with your hard opinions; [1] *for* Oldcaſtle *died a ma*
and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: whe
legs are too, I will bid you good night, and ſo kneel
before you: but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

[1] *for* Oldcaſtle *died a martyr,*] Sir *John Oldcaſtle* was pu
This alludes to a play in which *Falſtaff.*]

TH

THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter, *Duke of* Bedford, *Duke of* Clarence, } *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York, *Duke of* Exeter, } *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Saliſbury.

Earl of Weſtmorland.

Earl of Warwick.

Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, *Lord* Scroop, *Sir* Thomas Grey, } *Conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, *Boy, formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates, Court, Williams, *Soldiers.*

Charles, *King of* France.

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgundy.

Conſtable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandpree, French *Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

Mountjoy, *a Herald.*

Ambaſſadors to the King of England.

Iſabel, *Queen of* France.

Catharine, *Daughter to the King of* France.

Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catharine.

Quickly, Piſtol's *Wife, an Hoſteſs.*

CHORUS.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The Scene, *at the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France.

Of this play the editions are,

I. 1600, *Tho. Creede* for *Tho. Milleyon,* 4to.

II. 1608, for *J. P.* 4to.

III. 1623, *&c.* Folio.

I have the ſecond quarto and folio. The folio edition is much enlarged.

ROLOGUE.

) *For a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend*
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
ngdom for a ſtage, [2] *Princes to act,*
Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
ſhould the warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
ne the port of Mars; *and, at his heels,*
ht in, like hounds, ſhould famine, ſword and fire
:h for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
his unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
reat an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
aſty field of France? *or may we cram,*
thin this wooden O, [4] *the very caſkes*
did affright the air, at Agincourt?
ardon; ſince a crooked figure may
t in little place a million;
let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
your imaginary forces work.
ſe, within the girdle of theſe walls

) *for a Muſe of fire,* &c.] goes upon the notion of the ıtetic Syſtem, which ima- ſeveral Heavens one above er; the laſt and higheſt of was one of fire.

WARBURTON.

lludes likewiſe to the aſ- nature of fire, which, by ity, at the ſeparation of the took the higheſt ſeat of all ements.

——*Princes to act,*
monarchs to behold.] *peare* does not ſeem to ſet ce enough between the per- rs and ſpectators.

3 *Within this wooden O.*] Nothing ſhews more evidently the power of cuſtom over language, than that the frequent uſe of calling a circle an *O* could ſo much hide the meanneſs of the metaphor from *Shakeſpeare*, that he has uſed it many times where he makes his moſt eager attempts at dignity of ſtile.

4 *The very caſkes.*] The helmets.

5 *Imaginary forces.*] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and paſſive words are by this author frequently confounded.

Are

PROLOGUE.

Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
[6] *Whoſe high-up-reared and abutting fronts*
The perillous narrow ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
[7] *And make imaginary puiſſance.*
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
[8] *For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,*
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs; for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this hiſtory;*
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

6 *Whoſe high up-reared, and abutting fronts,*

THE PERILLOUS *narrow ocean parts aſunder.*] Without doubt the author wrote,

Whoſe high-up-reared, and abutting fronts

PERILLOUS, THE *narrow ocean parts aſunder*;]

for his purpoſe is to ſhew, that the higheſt danger ariſes from the ſhock of their meeting; and that it is but a little thing which keeps them aſunder. This ſenſe my emendation gives us, as the common reading gives us a contrary; for thoſe whom a *perillous ocean parts aſunder*, are in no danger of meeting. WARB.

7 *And make imaginary puiſſance.*] This paſſage ſhews that *Shakeſpeare* was fully ſenſible of the abſurdity of ſhewing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be repreſented to the eye but by ſomething like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited.

8 *For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,*
Carry them here and there]

We ſhould read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this ſingle play. The miſtake was made by referring *them* to *kings* which belongs to *thoughts*. The ſenſe is, *your thoughts muſt give the king his proper greatneſs, carry thereſore* your thoughts *here and there*.

The

[1] The LIFE of King *HENRY* V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antechamber *in the* Engliſh *Court, at* Kenilworth.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and* Biſhop *of* Ely.

[2] *Archbiſhop of* CANTERBURY.

MY lord, I'll tell you—That ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o' th' laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had, indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

[1] *The Life of* Henry V.] This play was writ (as appears from a paſſage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the Earl *of Eſſex*'s commanding the forces in *Ireland* in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and not till after *Henry* the VIth had been played, as may be ſeen by the concluſion of this play. POPE.

The Life *of K.* Henry.] The Tranſactions compriz'd in this Hiſtorical Play, commence about the latter end of the firſt, and terminate in the 8th Year of this King's reign; when he married *Catharine* Princeſs of *France*, and cloſed up the Differences betwixt *England* and that Crown. THEO.

[2] *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.] This firſt ſcene was added ſince the edition of 1608, which is much ſhort of the preſent editions, wherein the ſpeeches are generally enlarged and raiſed: Several whole ſcenes beſides, and all the chorus's alſo, were ſince added by *Shakeſpeare*. POPE.

Ely.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on; if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires;
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alm-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th' yeat. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
* Conſideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradiſe,
T' invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made,
Never came reformation in a flood [3]
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults;
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulneſs

* *Conſideration, like an angel,* &c.] As paradiſe when ſin and *Adam* were driven out by the angel became the habitation of celeſtial ſpirits, ſo the king's heart, ſince *conſideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wiſdom and of virtue.

3 *Never came reformation like a flood*] Alluding to the method by which *Hercules* cleanſed the famous ſtables when he turned a river through them. *Hercules* ſtill is in our authour's head when he mentions the *Hydra*.

So

So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity, [4]
And, all admiring with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You'd ſay it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſick.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill; [5]
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and hony'd ſentences.

4 *Hear him but reaſon in divinity*, &c.] This ſpeech ſeems to have been copied from King *James*'s prelates, ſpeaking of their *Solomon*; when Archbiſhop *Whitgift*, who, as an eminent writer ſays, *died ſoon afterwards, and probably dozed then*, at the *Hampton-Court* conference, declared himſelf *verily perſuaded, that his* ſacred *Majeſty ſpake by the Spirit of God.* And, in effect, this ſcene was added after King *James*'s acceſſion to the crown: So that we have no way of avoiding its being eſteemed a compliment to *him*, but by ſuppoſing it was a ſatire on *his biſhops*. WARBURTON.

Why theſe lines ſhould be divided from the reſt of the ſpeech and applied to king *James*, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity ſhould be ſo eagerly ſnatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was leaſt contemptible. King *James*'s theological knowledge was not inconſiderable. To preſide at diſputations is not very ſuitable to a king, but to underſtand the queſtions is ſurely laudable. The poet, if he had *James* in his thoughts, was no ſkilful encomiaſt; for the mention of *Harry*'s ſkill in war, forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their preſent king; who yet with all his faults, and many faults he had, was ſuch that Sir *Robert Cotton* ſays, *he would be content that* England *ſhould never have a better, provided that it ſhould never have a worſe.*

5 *The air*, &c.] This line is exquiſitely beautiful.

So

So that the Art, and practic part of life, [6]
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and ſhallow;
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholeſome berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality.
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty. [7]

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for miracles are ceaſed:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

[6] *So that the* Art *and* practic *part of Life,*] All the Editions, if I am not deceiv'd, are guilty of a ſlight Corruption in this Paſſage. The Archbiſhop has been ſhewing, what a Maſter the King was in the Theory of Divinity, War and Policy: ſo that it muſt be expected (as I conceive, he would infer;) that the King ſhould now wed that Theory to Action, and the putting the ſeveral Parts of his Knowledge into Practice. If this be our author's Meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote,

So that the Act, *and practic*, &c. Thus we have a Conſonance in the Terms and Senſe. For Theory is the Art, and Study of the Rules of any Science; and Action, the Exemplification of thoſe Rules by Proof and Experiment. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Dr. *Warburton*, but it appears to me founded upon a miſinterpretation. The true meaning ſeems to be this. He diſcourſes with ſo much ſkill on all ſubjects, that *the art and practice of life muſt be the miſtreſs or teacher of his theorique*, that is, *that his theory muſt have been taught by art and practice*, which, *ſays he*, is ſtrange ſince he could ſee little of the true art or practice among his looſe companions, nor ever retired to diſgeſt his practice into theory: *Art* is uſed by the authour for *practice*, as diſtinguiſhed from *ſcience* or *theory*.

[7] —— *creſcive in his faculty.*] Encreaſing in its proper power.

Ely.

Ely. But, my good Lord,
ow now for mitigation of this bill,
g'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
line to it, or no?
Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
rather ſwaying more upon our part,
an cheriſhing th' exhibiters againſt us.
r I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
on our ſpiritual Convocation,
d in regard of cauſes now in hand
hich I have open'd to his Grace at large
touching *France*, to give a greater Sum,
an ever at one time the Clergy yet
d to his predeceſſors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my Lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty;
ve that there was not time enough to hear
s, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done
he ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages [8]
f his true titles to ſome certain Dukedoms,
nd, generally, to the Crown and ſeat of *France*,
eriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.
Ely. What was th' impediment, that broke this off?
Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
ray'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
o give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſy;
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
efore the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

8 *The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages*] This line I ſuſpect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the *paſſages* of his *titles* are the *lines* of *ſucceſſion*, by which his claims deſcend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Opens to the Preſence.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* WHERE is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury?*

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. *Henry.* Send for him, good uncle.

Weſt. Shall we call in th' ambaſſador, my Liege? [9]

K. *Henry.* Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That * taſk our thoughts, concerning us and *France.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. *Henry.* Sure, we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul [1]
With opening titles † miſcreate, whoſe right
Suites not in native colours with the truth.
For, God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.

9 *Shall we call in,* &c.] Here began the old play. POPE.

* *taſk*] Keep buſied with ſcruples and laborious diſquiſitions.

1 *Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul*] Take heed leſt by nice and ſubtle ſophiſtry you burthen your knowing ſoul, or *knowingly burthen your ſoul*, with the guilt of advancing a falſe title, or of maintaining, by ſpecious fallacies, a claim which, if ſhewn in its native and true colours, would appear to be falſe.

† *miſcreate*—] Ill begotten; illegitimate; ſpurious.

Therefore

ore take heed, how you impawn our perſon, [2]
ou awake our ſleeping ſword of war
arge you in the name of God, take heed.
ver two ſuch kingdoms did contend
at much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
ery one a woe, a ſore complaint,
him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
ake ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
this conjuration, ſpeak, my Lord;
will hear, note, and believe in heart,
vhat you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſht,
e as ſin with baptiſm.
. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you
Peers,
we your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
imperial throne. There is no bar [3]
ke againſt your Highneſs' claim to *France*,
s which they produce from *Pharamond*;
m Salicam *Mulieres nè ſuccedant*;
man *ſhall ſucceed in* Salike *land*:
Salike land the *French* unjuſtly gloſs
the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
under of this law and female bar.
eir own authors faithfully affirm,
he land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
n the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*,

ake heed how you im-
n our perſon;] The
ift of the king is to im-
on the archbiſhop a due
the caution with which
ſpeak. He tells him
crime of unjuſt war, if
e unjuſt, ſhall reſt upon

re take heed how you im-
n your *perſon*.
ink it ſhould be read.
ed how you pledge your-
r honour, your happi-
ſupport of bad advice.

Dr. *Warburton* explains *impawn* by *engage*, and ſo eſcapes the difficulty.

3 —— *There is no bar*, &c.] This whole ſpeech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from *Hall's* Chronicle, *Henry V. year the ſecond, folio* 4. xx, xxx, xl, &c. In the firſt edition it is very imperfect, and the whole hiſtory and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards ſet right, and corrected from his original, *Hall's Chronicle*. POPE.

Where *Charles* the great, having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*,
Who, holding in diſdain the *German* women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſh'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land,
Which *Salike*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not deviſed for the realm of *France*;
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-ſix; and *Charles* the great,
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala* in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make claim and title to the Crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great,
To fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth, [4]
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the ſon
Of *Charles* the great. Alſo King *Lewis* the ninth,

4 *To fine his title*, &c.] This is the reading of the 4to of 1608, that of the folio is, *To find his title*. I would read,

To line *his title with ſhows of truth.*

To *line* may ſignify at once to decorate and ſtrengthen. In *Macbeth*:

He did line *the rebels with hidden help and vantage.*

Dr. *Warburton* ſays, that *to fine his title*, is to *refine* or improve it. The reader is to judge.

Who

Who was ſole heir to the uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfy'd
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
King *Lewis*' Satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female;
So do the Kings of *France* until this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles, *
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread Lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,

* Mr. *Pope* reads:

Than openly imbrace.] But where is the *Antitheſis* betwixt *hide* in the preceding Line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old *Folio*'s read, *Than amply to* imbarre—We certainly muſt read, as Mr. *Warburton* adviſ'd me,—*Than amply to* imbare—lay open, diſplay to View. I am ſurpriz'd Mr. *Pope* did not ſtart this Conjecture, as Mr. *Rowe* has led the way to it in his Edition, who reads;

Than amply to make bare *their crook'd Titles*. THEOBALD.

Mr. *Theobald* might have found in the quarto of 1608, this reading,

Than amply to embrace *their crooked* cauſes,

out of which line Mr. *Pope* formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious.

And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince,
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*,
While his moſt mighty Father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* Nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,[5]
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood, and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze yourſelf,
As did the former Lions of your blood.

Weſt. They know, your Grace hath cauſe; and means and might[6]
So hath your Highneſs; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,[7]
With blood and ſword, and fire, to win your right.
In aid whereof, we of the Spiritualty

5 Theſe four ſpeeches were added after the firſt edition.

6 *They know your* GRACE HATH *cauſe, and means, and might,*
So hath your Highneſs ———]
We ſhould read,
——— *your* RACE HAD *cauſe.*—
which is carrying on the ſenſe of the concluding words of *Exeter.*
As did the former Lions of your blood.
meaning *Edward* III, and the Black Prince. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee but the preſent reading may ſtand as I have pointed it.

7 Theſe two lines Dr. *Warburton* gives to *Weſtmorland*, but with ſo little reaſon that I have continued them to *Canterbury*. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing.

Will

Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the Clergy at one time.
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. *Henry.* We muſt not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. *Henry.* We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been ſtill a [8] giddy neighbour to us;
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*, [9]
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays,
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns,
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exampled by herſelf,
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray
The King of *Scots*, whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with priſoner Kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praiſe, [1]

As

[8] —— *giddy neighbour* ——] That is, inconſtant, changeable.

[9] Never went with his *forces into* France.] *Shakeſpeare* wrote the line thus,

Ne'er went with his FULL *forces into* France.

The following expreſſions of *unfurniſht kingdom*, *gleaned land*, and *empty of defence*, ſhew this. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration.

[1] *And make his chronicle as rich* with

As is the ouzy bottom of the Sea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.

Exet. But there's a ſaying very old and true. [2]
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.* [3]
For once the Eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the Weazel, *Scot*,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To taint, and havock, more than ſhe can eat. [4]

Ely. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſſity; [5]
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,

And

with PRAISE.] He is ſpeaking of King *Edward*'s priſoners; ſo that it appears *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

——— *as rich with* PRIZE,

i. e. captures, booty. Without this, there is neither beauty nor likeneſs in the ſimilitude. WARB.

The change of *praiſe* to *prize*, I believe no body will approve; the ſimilitude between the chronicle and ſo a conſiſts only in this, that they are both full, and filled with ſomething valuable. Beſides, Dr. *Warburton* preſuppoſes a reading which exiſts in no ancient copy, for *his chronicle* as the later editions give it, the quarto has *your*, the folio *their chronicle*.

Your and *their* written by contraction *yr* are juſt alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we ſhould read *her* chronicle.

2 Ely. *But there's a ſaying*, &c.] This ſpeech, which is diſſuaſive of the war with *France*, is abſurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to puſh the King upon it, as appears by the firſt ſcene of this act. Beſides, the poet had here an eye to *Hall*, who gives this obſervation to the Duke of *Exeter*. But the editors have made *Ely* and *Exeter* change ſides, and ſpeak one another's ſpeeches; for this, which is given to *Ely*, is *Exeter*'s; and the following given to *Exeter*, is *Ely*'s. WARBURTON.

3 *If that you will* France *win*, &c.] *Hall*'s Chronicle. *Hen.* V. year 2. fol. 7. p. 2. x. POPE.

4 *To* tear *and havock more than ſhe can eat.*] 'Tis not much the Quality of the Mouſe to tear the Food it comes at, but to run over and defile it. The old Quarto reads, *ſpoile*; and the two firſt folio's, *taint*: from which laſt corrupted Word, I think, I have retriev'd the Poet's genuine Reading, *taint*. THEOB.

5 *Yet that is but a* curs'd *Neceſſity*;] So the old Quarto. The *folio*'s read *cruſo'd*: Neither of the Words convey any tolerable Idea; but give us a counter reaſoning, and not at all pertinent. We ſhould read, *'ſcus'd neceſſity*. 'Tis *Ely*'s buſineſs to

ſhew

'etty traps to catch the petty thieves.
that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
vised head defends itself at home;
vernment, though high, and low, and lower, *
:o parts, doth deep in one consent,
eing in a full and natural close,
nusick.

Therefore heav'n doth divide
te of man in divers functions,
endeavour in continual motion, [6]
ich is fixed, as an aim or butt,
nce. For so work the honey Bees;
'es, that by a rule in nature teach
t of order to a peopled kingdom.
ıave a King, and officers of sort;
some, like magistrates, correct at home,
like merchants, venture trade abroad, [7]
Others

re is no real Necessity
ig at home: he must
mean, that tho' there
ning Necessity, yet it is
may be well *excus'd* and
WARBURTON.
r the old readings nor
ndation seem very sa-
. *A* cursed *necessity* has
a 'scus'd *necessity* is so
t one would not admit
thing else can be found.
l *necessity* may mean, a
hich is *subdu'd* and *over-*
by contrary reasons. We
ad a *crude* necessity, a
ot *complete*, or not well
d and digested, but it
sh.
Hanmer reads,
is not o'course a *necessity*.
Government, *though*
, *and* low, *and* lower,]
ndation and expression
hought seems to be bor-
row'd from *Cicero* de *Republica*, lib. 2. *Sic ex* summis, & mediis, & infimis *interjectis* Ordinibus, *ut* sonis, *moderatam ratione Civitatem*, Consensu *dissimiliorum* concinere; & *quæ* Harmonia *à* Musicis *dicitur in Cantu*, *eam esse in* Civitate Concordiam.
THEOBALD.

6 *Setting endeavour in continual motion,*
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience.] Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour — as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed.* The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the publick good and general design of government.

7 *Others, like merchants,* VENTURE *trade abroad*; What

Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor,
Who buſy'd in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;[8]
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I thus infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly.
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions once a-foot,[9]

End

is the *venturing trade?* I am perſuaded we ſhould read and point it thus,

Others, like merchant-venturers, *trade abroad.*

WARBURTON.

If the whole difficulty of this paſſage conſiſt in the obſcurity of the phraſe *to venture trade*, it may be eaſily cleared. To *venture trade* is a phraſe of the ſame import and ſtructure as to *hazard battle*. Nothing could have raiſed an objection but the deſire of being buſy.

8 *The civil Citizens* KNEADING *up the honey*;] This may poſſibly be right; but I rather think that *Shakeſpear* wrote HEADING *up the honey*; alluding to the putting up merchandiſe in caſks. And this is in fact the caſe. The honey being kneaded up in ſeparate and diſtinct cells by a thin membrane of wax drawn over the mouth of each of them, to hinder the liquid matter from running out.

WARBURTON.

To head *the honey* can hardly be right; for though we *head* the caſk, no man talks of *heading* the commodities. To *knead* gives an eaſy ſenſe, though not phyſically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that *Shakeſpear* perhaps did not know.

9 *So may a thouſand actions,* ONCE *a-foot.*] The ſpeaker is endeavouring to ſhew, that the ſtate is able to execute many projected actions at once, and conduct them all to their completion,

nd in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Vithout defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege;
)ivide your happy *England* into four,
Vhereof take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake.
f we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. *Henry*. Call in the meſſengers, ſent from the *Dauphin*.

Now are we well reſolv'd; and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er *France*, and all her almoſt kingly Dukedoms,
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth;
Not worſhipt with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off

pletion, without impeding or joſtling one another in their courſe. *Shakeſpeare*, therefore, muſt have wrote, *actions 't once a foot, i. e.* at once: or, on foot together. WARBURTON.

Sir *T. Hanmer* is more kind to this emendation by reading *acts at once*. The change is not neceſſary, the old text may ſtand.

The

The *Dauphin*'s meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. *Henry*. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your Highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, *Edward* the third;
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter
Says, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd. There's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble gilliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there.
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.

K. *Henry*. What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. *Henry*. We're glad, the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With * chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not meaſuring, what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
And therefore, living hence, [1] did give ourſelf

* *Chace* is a term at tennis.

[1] *And therefore, living* hence, ——] This expreſſion has ſtrength and energy: He never valued *England*, and therefore lived *hence*, i. e. as if abſent from it. But the *Oxford Editor* alters *hence* to *here*. WARBURTON.

To

barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
at men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
t tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
like a King, and ſhew my ſail of Greatneſs
ien I do rouze me in my throne of *France*.
or that I have laid by my Majeſty,
d plodded like a man for working days;
I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
at I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*,
, ſtrike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
d tell the pleaſant Prince, this mock of his
th turn'd † his balls to gun-ſtones; and his ſoul
ll ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance,
at ſhall fly with them. Many thouſand widows
ll this his Mock mock out of their dear huſbands,
ck mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down;
d ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
at ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dauphin*'s ſcorn.
this lies all within the will of God,
whom I do appeal; and in whoſe name,
l you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
'venge me as I may; and to put forth
rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
get you hence in peace; and tell the *Dauphin*,
jeſt will favour but of ſhallow wit,
ien thouſands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct.—Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. Henry. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it.
erefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
at may give furth'rance to our expedition;
we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
e thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs.

For that I have laid by, &c.] ualify myſelf for this under- g, I have deſcended from my n, and ſtudied the arts of o a lower character.

† *His balls to gun-ſtones.*] When ordnance was firſt uſed, they diſcharged balls not of iron but of ſtone.

There-

Therefore, let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now taſk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. NOW all the youth of *England* are on fire,[2]

And

2 In this place, in all the editions hitherto, is inſerted the chorus which I have poſtponed. That chorus manifeſtly is intended to advertiſe the ſpectators of the change of the ſcene to *Southampton*, and therefore ought to be placed juſt before that change, and not here, where the ſcene is ſtill continued in *London*.

POPE.

Now all the Youth of England] I have replaced this *Chorus* here, by the Authority of the Old *Folio's*; and ended the firſt *Act*, as the Poet certainly intended. Mr. *Pope* remov'd it, becauſe (ſays he) *This* Chorus *manifeſtly is intended to advertiſe the Spectators of the Change of the Scene to* Southampton; *and therefore ought to be placed juſt before that Change, and not here.* 'Tis true, the Spectators are to be informed, that, when they next ſee the King, they are to ſuppoſe him at *Southampton*. But this does not imply any Neceſſity of this *Chorus* being contiguous to that Change. On the contrary, the very concluding Lines vouch abſolutely againſt it.

But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton *do we ſhift our Scene.*

For how abſurd is ſuch a Notion, if the Scene is to change, ſo ſoon as ever the *Chorus* quits the Stage? Beſides, unleſs this *Chorus* be prefixed to the Scene betwixt *Nim*, *Bardolph*, &c. We ſhall draw the Poet into another Abſurdity. *Piſtol*, *Nim*, and *Bardolph* are in this Scene talking of going to the Wars in *France*: but the King had but juſt, at his quitting the Stage, declar'd his Reſolutions of commencing this War: And without the *Interval* of an *Act*, betwixt that Scene and the Comic Characters entring, how could they with any Probability be informed of this intended Expedition?

THEOBALD.

I think

And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man;
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels, as *Engliſh* Mercuries.
[3] For now ſits expectation in the air,
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With Crowns imperial, Crowns, and Coronets
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England!* model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out;
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the ſecond,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third,
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*,

I think Mr. *Pope* miſtaken in tranſpoſing this Chorus, and Mr. *Theobald* in concluding the act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the Act, and ſo I have printed it. Dr. *Warburton* follows Mr. *Pope*.

3 *For now ſits expectation in the air,*
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With Crowns imperial, &c.] The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquiſite. *Expectation ſitting in the air* deſigns the height of their ambition; and the *Sword hid from the hilt to the point with Crowns and Coronets*, that all ſentiments of danger were loſt in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

And

4 And by their hands this 5 grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*.
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play,
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit;
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs; for if we may,

4 *And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,*
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France; *and in* Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, *and the ſcene*
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-houſe now.]

I ſuppoſe every one that reads theſe lines looks about for a meaning which he cannot find. There is no connection of ſenſe nor regularity of tranſition from one thought to the other. It may be ſuſpected that ſome lines are loſt, and in that caſe the ſenſe is irretrievable. I rather think the meaning is obſcured by an accidental tranſpoſition, which I would reform thus:

And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, *and the ſcene*
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton
Ere he take ſhip for France. *And in* Southampton
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
There is the play-houſe now.

This alteration reſtores ſenſe, and probably the true ſenſe. The lines might be otherwiſe ranged, but this order pleaſes me beſt.

5 —— *this grace of Kings*—] *i. e.* he who does greateſt honour to the title. By the ſame kind of phraſeology the uſurper in *Hamlet* is call'd the *Vice of Kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. WARBURTON.

We'll

5 We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
7 But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before Quickly's *Houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

Bard. WELL met, Corporal *Nim.* [8]

Nim. Good morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph.* [9]

Bard. What, are Ancient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not. I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, [1] there ſhall be—[*ſmiles.*] But that

6 *We'll not offend one ſtomach.*] That is, you ſhall paſs the ſea without the qualms of ſea-ſickneſs.

7 *But, 'till the King come forth.*] Here ſeems to be ſomething omitted. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

But when *the King* comes *forth,*

which, as the paſſage now ſtands, is neceſſary. Theſe lines, obſcure as they are, refute Mr. *Pope's* conjectures on the true place of the chorus; for they ſhew that ſomething is to intervene before the ſcene changes to *Southampton.*

8 Bard. *Well met, corporal* Nim.] I have choſe to begin the 2d *Act* here, becauſe each Act may cloſe regularly with a *Chorus.* Not that I am perſuaded, this was the poet's intention to mark the *Intervals* of his *Acts* as the *Chorus* did on the old *Grecian* Stage. He had no occaſion of this ſort: ſince, in his Time, the Pauſes of Action were filled up, as now, with a Leſſon of Muſick: But the Reaſons for this Diſtribution are explained before. THEOBALD.

I have already ſhewn why in this edition the act begins with the chorus.

9 *Lieutenant* Bardolph.] At this ſcene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of King *Henry* IV. The characters would be indiſtinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what paſſed in the two foregoing plays.

1 *there ſhall be* ſmiles] I ſuſpect *ſmiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that ſhall be as it may.* But this fantaſtical fellow is made to ſmile diſdainfully while he threatens; which circumſtance was marked for the player's direction in the margin. WARBURTON.

ſhall

ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one; but what tho? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, [2] and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to *France.* Let it be ſo, good corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*; and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may; men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and ſome ſay, knives have edges. It muſt be as it may. Tho' [3] patience be a tir'd Mare, yet ſhe will plod. There muſt be concluſions. Well, I cannot tell,——

Enter Piſtol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient *Piſtol* and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Baſe tyke, call'ſt thou me hoſt?
Now by this hand, I ſwear, I ſcorn the term:
Nor ſhall my *Nell* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welli-

2 *And we'll all be ſworn brothers to* France.] We ſhould read, *we'll all* go *ſworn brothers to* France, or *we'll all be ſworn brothers* in *France.*

3 *Patience be a tir'd mare.*] The folio reads by corruption, *tired* name, from which Sir *T. Hanmer*, ſagaciouſly enough, derived *tired Dame.* Mr. *Theobald* retrieved from the quarto *tird Mare*, the true reading.

day

y, if he be not drawn [4]! Now we ſhall ſee
lultery, and murder committed.
Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer no-
re.
Piſh! ——
Piſh, for thee [5], *Iſland* dog; thou prick-ear'd
land.
Good corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy valour and put
word.
Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus.*
olus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
s in thy moſt marvellous face,
s in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
hy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
hich is worſe, within thy naſty mouth,
rt the *ſolus* in thy bowels;
an take, and *Piſtol's* cock is up,
hing fire will follow.
I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I
humour to knock you indifferently well; if
v foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with
r as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk
ould prick your guts a little in good terms as I
d that's the humour of it.
O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!

lliday Lady, if he be
rw.] I cannot under-
Drift of this Expreſ-
ie be not *hewn*, muſt
he be not *cut down*;
t Caſe, the very Thing
d, which *Quickly* was
ve of. But I rather
r Fright ariſes upon
r Swords drawn: and
ıtured to make a ſlight
accordingly. *If he*
wn, for, *if he has not*
drawn, is an Expreſ-
ſion familiar with our Poet. THE-

[5] *Iſland dog*] I believe we ſhould read *Iceland dog.* He ſeems to allude to an account credited in *Elizabeth's* time, that in the North there was a nation with human bodies and dogs heads.

[6] *For I can take.*] I know not well what he can *take.* The quarto reads *talk.* In our authour *to take*, is ſometimes to *blaſt*, which ſenſe may ſerve in this place.

The grave doth gape,[7] and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I ſay. He that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. *Coup à gorge*, that is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of *Crete*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the ſpittle go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Creſſid's* kind,
Doll Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
For th' only ſhe. And *pauca*,—there's enough—Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs; he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming pan; faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good huſband, come home preſently. [*Exit* Quickly.

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? We muſt to *France* together; why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!——

[7] *Doating death is near.*] The quarto has *groaning* death.

Nim.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of
ı at betting?
Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave, that pays.
Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home.
[*Draw.*
Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt,
kill him; by this ſword, I will.
Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their
ırſe.
Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt be friends, be
nds; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with
: too. Pry'thee, put up.
Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay,
d liquor likewiſe will I give to thee;
d friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me,
not this juſt? for I ſhall Suttler be
ıto the camp, and profits will accrue.
ve me thy hand.
Nim. I ſhall have my noble?
Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.
Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quick-
:o Sir *John:* ah, poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a
ning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable
behold. Sweet men, come to him.
Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the
ight, that's the even of it.
Piſt. *Nim*, thou haſt ſpoken the right, his heart is
ted and corroborate.
Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as
ıay; he paſſes ſome humours and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to SOUTHAMPTON.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. 'FORE God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſate,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould for a foreign purſe ſo ſell
[3] His Sovereign's life to death and treachery!
[*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution and the act

[3] *To death and treachery.*] Here the quarto inſerts a line omitted in all the following editions. Exet. *O! the lord of* Maſham!

which we have in head aſſembled them?
oop. No doubt, my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
Henry. I doubt not that; ſince we are well perſuaded
arry not a heart with us from hence
grows not in a fair conſent with ours,
eave not one behind that doth not wiſh
ſs and conqueſt to attend on us.
n. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
is your Majeſty; there's not, I think, a ſubject
ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
r the ſweet ſhade of your government.
y. True; thoſe that were your father's enemies
ſteept their gauls in honey, and do ſerve you
h hearts create of duty and of zeal.
Henry. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs,
ſhall forget the office of our hand
er than quittance of deſert and merit
rding to the weight and worthineſs.
oop. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil,
labour ſhall refeſh itſelf with hope
o your Grace inceſſant ſervices.
Henry. We judge no leſs. Uncle of *Exeter*,
ge the man committed yeſterday,
rail'd againſt our perſon. We conſider,
s exceſs of wine that ſet him on,
on his [2] more advice we pardon him.
oop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity;
im be puniſh'd, Sovereign, leſt example

r which we have IN HEAD *ſſembled them?*] This is not *gliſh* phraſeology. I am ded *Shakeſpeare* wrote, *which we have* IN AID *aſmbled them?*
ng to the tenures of thoſe
WARBURTON.
ſtrange that the commentator ſhould forget a word ſo eminently obſervable in this writer, as *head* for *an army formed.*

[1] *Hearts create.*] Hearts *compounded* or *made up* of duty and zeal.

[2] *More advice.*] On his return to more *coolneſs of mind.*

Breed, by his ſuff'rance, more of ſuch a kind.

K. *Henry* O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.

Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.

K. *Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults [3], proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at [4], how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd and digeſted,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Grey*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes—
Who are the late Commiſſioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord.
Your Highneſs bad me aſk for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Grey. And I, my Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* Then *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours;
There yours, Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours.
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded, and chas'd your blood

[3] ——*proceeding on* diſtemper,] *i. e.* ſudden paſſions. WARBURTON.

Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmneſs of mind, from an equipoiſe or due mixture of paſſions. *Diſtemper* of mind is the predominance of a paſſion, as *diſtemper* of body is the predominance of a *humour*.

[4] *How ſhall we ſtretch our eye.*] If we may not *wink* at ſmall faults, *how wide muſt we open our eyes* at great.

Out of appearance?

Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry.* The mercy, that was [5] quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd.
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy,
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters! My Lord *Cambridge* here,
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe;
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange
That [6] though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.

[5] *Quick*] That is, *living*.

[6] *Though the truth ſtand off as groſs,*
As black and white.] Though the truth be as apparent and viſible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *ſtand off* is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the ſtrong parts of a picture.

[7] Treaſon and murder ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe,
[8] Working ſo groſly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and on murder;
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by-treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety,
But [9] he, that temper'd thee, bade thee ſtand up;
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman's*.
[1] Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or ſeem they grave and learn'd?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of noble family?

[7] *Treaſon and murder* ——] What follows to the end of this ſpeech is additional ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

[8] *Working ſo groſly*——] *Groſly* for *commonly*, which the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding, alters it to *cloſely*. WARBURT.

Groſly is neither *cloſely* nor *commonly*, but *palpably*; with a plain and viſible connexion of cauſe and effect.

[9] *He that temper'd thee*] Though *temper'd* may ſtand for *form'd* or *mould'd*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the authour's word, for it anſwers better to *ſuggeſt* in the oppoſition.

[1] *Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected*
The ſweetneſs of affiance!] *Shakeſpeare* urges this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worſt conſequences of breach of truſt is the diminution of that confidence which make the happineſs of life, and the diſſemination of ſuſpicion, which is the poiſon of ſociety.

Why

idſt thou. Seem they religious?
idſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
ı groſs paſſion or of mirth, or anger,
in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
rking with the eye without the ear,
in purged judgment truſting neither?
id ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem.
; thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
ς the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd,

'd and deck'd in modeſt ent.] *ompliment*, that is, WARBURTON.
: will not much help unleſs he knows to is to be applied. I neaning to be this. having mentioned ıperance in diet, paſ- his decency in dreſs, ıat he was *decked in ment*; that is, he was with ornaments, but ght be worn without tation. *Compliment* ething more than is ſo *compliment* in lan- ıat we ſay *ad concili- iam*, more than is iterally meant.
orking with the eye e ear.] He is here character of a com- man, and ſays, he did *eye without the confir- s ear.* But when men ght proof, they think ufficient evidence, and or the confirmation of . Prudent men, on ry, won't truſt the he ear, till it be con- the demonſtration of the eye. And this is that conduct for which the king would here commend him. So that we muſt read,

Not working with the ear, but with the eye.

WARBURTON.

The author's meaning I ſhould have thought not ſo difficult to find, as that an emendation ſhould have been propoſed. The king means to ſay of *Scroop*, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a ſpecious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the eye without the* ear. did not truſt the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and converſation. Surely this is the character of a prudent man.

[4] ——*and ſo finely* boulted *didſt thou ſeem*,——] *i. e.* refined or purged from all faults. POPE.

Boulted is the ſame with *ſifted*, and has conſequently the meaning of *refined*.

[6] *To* MAKE *the full-fraught man*,—] We ſhould read, *To* MARK *the full-fraught man*. i, e. *marked* by the *blot* he ſpeaks of in the preceding line.

WARBURTON.

With

With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.———Their faults are open;
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Henry* Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death,

[6] One of the conſpirators againſt Queen *Elizabeth*, I think *Parry*, concludes his letter to her with theſe words, A culpa, *but not* a pœna; *abſolve me, moſt dear Lady*. This letter was much read at that time, and the author doubtleſs copied it.

This whole ſcene was much enlarged and improved after the firſt edition; the particular inſertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much uſe.

Wherein

Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miſerable wretches, to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
—Now, Lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearly to ſea. The ſigns of war advance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Quickly's *houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy and* Quickly.

Quick. PR'ythee, honey-ſweet huſband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſt. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith. *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting vein.
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for *Falſtaff* he is dead,
And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur's* boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur's* boſom. He made a' finer end, and went away, an it had been any chriſom child. A' parted even juſt between twelve and one, even at the [8] turning o' th' tide. For after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; [9] for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields. How now, Sir *John?* quoth I; what, man? be of good cheer. So a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' ſhould not think of God;

[7] *Finer end*, for *final*.

[8] *Turning o' th' Tide.*] It has been a very old opinion, which *Mead*, *de imperio ſolis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb; half the deaths in *London* confute the notion, but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time.

[9] *for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen*, and a table of green-fields.] Theſe words, *and a table of green-fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonſenſe got into all the following editions by a pleaſant miſtake of the ſtage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal-written parts in the play-houſe. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a ſcene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. *Greenfield* was the name of the property-man or that time who furniſh'd implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of* Greenfield's. POPE.

So reaſonable an account of this blunder Mr. *Theobald* would not acquieſce in. He thought *a table of* Greenfield's part of the text, only corrupted, and that it ſhould be read, *he babled of greenfields*, becauſe men do ſo in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not conſider how ill this agrees with the nature of the Knight's illneſs, who was now in no *babling* humour: and ſo far from wanting cooling in *greenfields*, that his feet were cold, and he juſt expiring.

WARBURTON.

Upon this paſſage Mr. *Theobald* has a note that fills a page, which I omit in pity to my readers, ſince he only endeavours to prove, what I think every reader perceives to be true, that at this time no *table* could be wanted. Mr. *Pope*, in an appendix to his own edition in *twelves*, ſeems to admit *Theobald's* emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced againſt it by a conjecture with which, as it excited merriment, we are loath to part.

I hop'd,

I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet. So a'bade me lay more cloathes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone; then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as [1] cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay, he cried out of Sack.

Quick. Ay, and that a'did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a'did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A'could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

[1] *Cold as any ſtone.*] Such is the end of *Falſtaff*, from whom *Shakeſpeare* had promiſed us in his epilogue to *Henry* IV. that we ſhould receive more entertainment. It happened to *Shakeſpeare* as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confuſion of images, which, while they were yet unſorted and unexamined, ſeemed ſufficient to furniſh a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment, but which, when he was to produce them to view, ſhrunk ſuddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general deſign. That he once deſigned to have brought *Falſtaff* on the ſcene again, we know from himſelf; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures ſuitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleaſantry, and was afraid to continue the ſame ſtrain leſt it ſhould not find the ſame reception, he has here for ever diſcarded him, and made haſte to diſpatch him, perhaps for the ſame reaſon for which *Addiſon* killed Sir *Roger*, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authours learn from this example, that it is dangerous to ſell the bear which is yet not hunted, to promiſe to the publick what they have not written.

This diſappointment probably inclined Queen *Elizabeth* to command the poet to produce him once again, and to ſhew him in love or courtſhip. This was indeed a new ſource of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.

I forgot to note in the proper place, and therefore note here, that *Falſtaff's* courtſhip, or *The Merry Wives of* Windſor, ſhould be read between *Henry* IV. and *Henry* V.

Quick.

Quick. He did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon.*

Boy. Do you not remember, he ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph's* noſe, and ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire. That's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhog? the King will be gone from *Southampton.*

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattles, and my moveables. —
[a] Let ſenſes rule.—The word is, * *pitch and pay*;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my Duck;
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy † cryſtals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France*, like Horſe leeches, my boys,
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that is but unwholſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Let ſenſes rule*] I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not well ſee. Perhaps we may read,

Let ſenſe us *rule.*

Piſtol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kiſſes her; he ſees her rather weeping than attending, and ſuppoſing that in her heart ſhe is ſtill longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, *Let ſenſe us rule*, that is, *let us not give way to fooliſh fondneſs, but be ruled by our better underſtanding.* He then continues his directions for her conduct in his abſence.

* — *pitch and pay*;] I know not the meaning of *pitch.* Perhaps it ſhould be *pinch and pay*; that is, as the language is of the preſent alehouſes, *touch pot, touch penny.*

† *clear thy cryſtals.*] Dry thine eyes.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to the French *King's Palace.*

French *King*, *the Dauphin*, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

ing. THUS come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us,
l more than carefully it us concerns
nſwer royally in our defences.
efore the Dukes of *Berry*, and of *Britain*,
rabant, and of *Orleans*, ſhall make forth,
you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch,
ne, and new repair our towns of war,
. men of courage, and with means defendant;
England his Approaches makes as fierce,
'aters to the ſucking of a gulph.
s us then to be as provident,
:ar may teach us out of late examples,
by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
n our fields.
au. My moſt redoubted father,
moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
ugh war nor no known quarrel were in queſtion,
that defences, muſters, preparations,
ıld be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
vere a war in expectation.

nd more than CAREFULLY *t us concerns*] This was a ſs indeed, that required than care to diſcharge it. ɔerſuaded *Shakeſpear* wrote, *e than* CARELESLY. King is ſuppoſed to hint at the Dauphin's wanton ıt in ſending over tennis- to *Henry:* which, ariſing from over-great confidence of their own power, or contempt of their enemies, would naturally breed *careleſneſs*. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee any defect in the preſent reading; *more than carefuliy* is *with more than common care*, a phraſe of the ſame kind with *better than well.*

There-

Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France*;
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear,
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* morris-dance,
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin!*
[4] You are too much miſtaken in this King.
Queſtion your Grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy;
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
[*] How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution,
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
[5] Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots,
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord high Conſtable,
But tho' we think it ſo, is no matter.

[4] *You are too much miſtaken in this King:* &c.] This part is much enlarged ſince the firſt writing. POPE.

[*] *How modeſt in exception*—] How diffident and decent in making objections.

[5] *Were but the out-ſide of the* Roman Brutus.] *Shakeſpeare* not having given us, in the firſt or ſecond part of *Henry* IV, or in any other place but this, the remoteſt hint of the circumſtance here alluded to, the compariſon muſt needs be a little obſcure to thoſe who don't know or reflect that ſome hiſtorians have told us, that *Henry* IV. had entertain'd a deep jealouſy of his ſon's aſpiring ſuperior genius. Therefore, to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from publick affairs, and amuſed himſelf in conſorting with a diſſolute crew of robbers. It ſeems to me, that *Shakeſpeare* was ignorant of this circumſtance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry* IV. for it might have been ſo managed as to have given new beauties to the character of *Hal*, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to theſe matters, *Shakeſpeare* generally tells us all he knew, and as ſoon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

In

causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd,
Which of a weak, and niggardly projection
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong;
And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When *Cressy*-battle fatally was struck:
And all our Princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black Prince of *Wales*;
While that his mounting fire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns, that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and [9] fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

[6] *That* HAUNTED *us*—] We should assuredly read HUNTED: The integrity of the metaphor requires it. So, soon after, the King says again,

You see this Chase is hotly followed. WARBURTON.

The emendation weakens the passage. To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horrour, which shews that they dreaded the *English* as goblins and spirits.

[7] *While that his* MOUNTAIN *fire, on mountain standing,*] We should read, MOUNTING, ambitious, aspiring. WARBURTON.

[8] *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,*] A nonsensical line of some player. WARBURTON.

And why of a player? There is yet no proof that the players have interpolated a line.

[9] *The fate of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.

—You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt * ſpend their mouths, when, what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good, my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

SCENE VI.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty.
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the Crown,
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours, that pertain
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd,
He ſends you this moſt ' memorable Line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
[*Gives the* French *King a Paper.*
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,

* *Spend their mouths,*] That is *bark*; the ſportſman's term.

' *Memorable Line.*] This genealogy; this deduction of his *lineage.*

Edward

rd the Third; he bids you then reſign
Crown and Kingdom, indirectly held
him the native and true challenger.
King. Or elſe what follows?
e. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the Crown
in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
nder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove*,
if requiring fail, he may compel.
ds you, in the bowels of the Lord,
er up the Crown; and to take mercy
ie poor ſouls for whom this hungry war
s his vaſty jaws; upon your head
ing the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
e dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,
uſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſy.
is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
s the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
hom expreſly I bring Greeting too.
King. For us, we will conſider of this further.
orrow ſhall you bear our full intent
to our brother *England*.
u. For the *Dauphin*,
d here for him; what to him from *England*?
e. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
ny thing that may not miſ-become
mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
ſays my King; and if your father's Highneſs
ot, in grant of all demands at large,
en the bitter mock you ſent his Majeſty;
call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
caves and womby vaultages of *France*

e dead mens' blood.] The ion of the images were egular if we were to read

Turning the dead mens' blood, the widows' tears, The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans, &c.

• *upon your head*

[2] Shall hide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply
It is againſt my will, for I deſire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* [3] ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty *Europe*.
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in *France*.

Fr. King. To-morrow you ſhall know our mind at full. [*Flouriſh.*

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. THUS with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen

[2] *Shall* HIDE *your treſpaſs,*—] Mr. *Pope* rightly corrected it, *Shall* CHIDE ——— WARBURTON.

I doubt whether it be *rightly corrected.* The meaning is, that the authors of this inſult ſhall fly to caves for refuge.

[3] — *Paris Louvre*] This palace was, I think, not built in thoſe times.

The

The well-appointed King at *Hampton* Peer [4]
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage [3], and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this Fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow,
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy.
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies and old women,
Or paſt, or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance;
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?*
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*,
Suppoſe, th' ambaſſador from *France* comes back;
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:

[4] *The well-appointed King at* Dover *peer*
Embark his Royalty;—] Thus all the Editions downwards, implicitly, after the firſt *Folio*. But could the Poet poſſibly be ſo diſcordant from himſelf (and the Chronicles, which he copied) to make the King here embark at *Dover*; when he has before told us ſo preciſely, and that ſo often over, that he embark'd at *Southampton?* I dare acquit the Poet from ſo flagrant a Variation. The Indolence of a Tranſcriber, or a Compoſitor at Preſs, muſt give Riſe to ſuch an Error. They ſeeing *Peer* at the End of the Verſe, unluckily thought of *Dover*-peer, as the beſt known to them: and ſo unawares corrupted the Text. THEOBALD.

[3] — *rivage*] The *bank* or ſhore.

The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock [6] now the deviliſh cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before HARFLEUR.

[*Alarm and Cannon go off.*]

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter; *Soldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

K. Henry. ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
* Or cloſe the wall up with the *Engliſh* dead.
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility;
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry thro' the † portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty ‡ his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit [7]
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,

[6] — *lynſtock*] The ſtaff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired.

* *Or cloſe the wall*, &c.] Here is apparently a chaſm. One line at leaſt is loſt, which contained the other part of a disjunctive propoſition. The King's ſpeech is, *Dear friends, either win the town, or cloſe up the wall with dead.* The ſecond line gives no help.

† *Portage of the head.*] *Portage*, open ſpace, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head, as cannon through the batt'lements, or embraſures, of a fortification.

‡ *His confounded baſe.*] His worn or waſted baſe.

[7] — *bend up every ſpirit*] A metaphor from the bow.

Whoſe

Whoſe blood is fetcht from fathers of war proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument *.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture, let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart; the game's a-foot,
Follow your ſpirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry! England!* and St. *George!*

[*Exeunt* King, *and Train.*
[*Alarm, and Cannons go off.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on. To the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot, and for mine own part, I have not a * caſe of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt, for humours do abound,
Knocks go and come; God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

* *Argument* is *matter*, or *ſubject*.

* *A caſe of lives*] A ſet of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may ſerve.

Boy. 'Wou'd I were in an ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I;
If wiſhes would prevail with me [9],
My purpoſe ſhould not fail with me,
But thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould [1],
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, 'bate thy rage; uſe lenity, ſweet chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch Anticks do not mount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few words are the [2] beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, and

[9] This paſſage I have replaced from the firſt folio, which is the only authentic copy of this play. Theſe lines, which perhaps are part of a ſong, Mr. *Pope* did not like, and therefore changed them, in conformity to the imperfect play in 4to, and was followed by the ſucceeding editors. For *prevail* I ſhould read *avail*.

[1] —— *to men of mould,*] To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men.

[2] —— *beſt men*;] That is, *braveſt*; ſo in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*.

ſold

ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel; I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals [3]. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers, which makes much againſt my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice; their villainy goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the mines; for look you, the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is digt [4] himſelf four yards under the countermines; by *Cheſhu*, I think a' will [5] plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſh* man, a very valliant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain *Macmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſs, as is in the world; I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more

[3] —— *the men would carry coals.*] It appears that in *Shakeſpeare's* age, *to carry coals* was, I know not why, *to endure affronts.* So in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, one ſervingman aſks another whether he will *carry coals.*

[4] — *is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines:*] *Fluellen* means, that the enemy had digged himſelf *countermines* four yards under the *mines.*

[5] —— *will plow up all.*] That is, *he will* blow *up all.*

directions

directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris, *and Capt.* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the antient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I ſay, gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worſhip, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Macmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chriſh law, tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over; I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain *Macmorris*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to ſatisfy my opinion; and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I ſall quit you [6] with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

[6] — *I ſhall quit you*] That is, I ſha'l, with your permiſſion, *requite you*, that is, *anſwer you*, or interpoſe with my arguments, as I ſhall find opportunity.

Mac.

Mac. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the town is beſeech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa'me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, aile do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Macmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain *Macmorris*, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as good a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf; ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Macmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end.* [*Exeunt.*

* It were to be wiſhed that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchaſed with ſo much profaneneſs.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry *and his Train.*

K. *Henry.* HOW yet reſolves the Governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit;
Therefore to our beſt mercy give yourſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt. As I'm a ſoldier,
A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt,
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats [7],
Enlinkt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may, as bootleſs, ſpend our vain command
Upon th' enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
To come a ſhoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,

[7] ——— *fell feats,*
Enlinkt to waſte and deſolation?] All the ſavage practices naturally concomitant to the ſack of cities.

yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
le yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
)lows the filthy and contagious clouds
ıdy murder, ſpoil and villainy.
; why, in a moment, look to ſee
lind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
heir moſt reverend heads daſht to the walls;
naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
eak the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
rod's bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
ıilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor upon the Walls.

'. Our expectation hath this day an end;
)*auphin*, whom of ſuccours we entreated,
ns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
ſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
ield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy,
our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
e no longer are defenſible.
Henry. Open your gates. Come, uncle *Exeter*,
u and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
ortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*.
ıercy to them all. For us, dear Uncle,
/inter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
ght in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt,
orrow for the march we are addreſt.
[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

'hile yet the cool and np'rate wind of grace blows the filthy and conta- ous clouds, &c.] This is a very harſh metaphor. To *over-blow* is to *drive away*, or *to keep off*.

SCENE

Alice. *De nayles, madame.*

Cath. *De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur, d'elbow.*

Cath. *Ainſi, dis je d' elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellez vous les pieds, & de robe.*

Alice. *Le foot, madame, & le coun.*

Cath. *Le foot, & le coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont des mots mauvais, corruptibiles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autrefois ma leçon enſemble; d' band, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, d'elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Cath. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Preſence-Chamber in the French *Court.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'TIS certain, he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury [1],
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage [2] ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

[1] ——— *our fathers' luxury,*] In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *luſt.*

[2] *Savage* is here uſed in the *French* original ſenſe, for *ſilvas, uncultivated*, the ſame with *wild.* *Beaur.*

Bour. *Normans*, but baſtard *Normans*; *Norman* baſtards.

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten [3] Iſle of *Albion*.

Con. *Dieu de Batailles!* why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water [4],
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barly-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine;
Seem froſty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen iſicles
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of *Engliſh* youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with baſtard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the *Engliſh* dancing-ſchools,
And teach *La volta's* high, and ſwift *Corantos*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels;
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Mountjoy*, the herald? ſpeed him hence;

[3] *In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of* Albion.] *Shotten* ſignifies any thing *projected*: So *nook-ſhotten Iſle*, is an Iſle that ſhoots out into capes, promontories and necks of land, the very figure of *Great-Britain*. WARBURTON.

[4] ——— *can ſodden water,*
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades,—] The exact meaning of *ſur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horſes over-ridden or feveriſh, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *maſh*. To this he alludes.

Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field.
Charles Delabreth, [5] high conſtable of *France*;
You dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtraile*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights,
For your great ſeats now quit you of great ſhames,
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur*;
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow [6]
Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The *Alps* doth ſpit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſht in their march;
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Mountjoy*,

[5] *Charles Delabreth*, &c.] *Milton* ſomewhere bids the *Engliſh* take notice how their names are miſpelt by foreigners, and ſeems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the ſame neglect. This privilege ſeems to be exerciſed in this catalogue of *French* names, which, ſince the ſenſe of the author is not aſſerted, I have left it as I found it.

[6] The poet has here defeated himſelf by paſſing too ſoon from one image to another. To bid the *French* ruſh upon the *Engli* as the torrents formed from melted ſnow ſtream from the *Alps* was at once vehement and proper, but its force is deſtroyed by the groſſneſs of the thought in the next line.

And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Conſtable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England's* fall. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VII.

The Engliſh *Camp*.

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. HOW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and pleſſed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an Antient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant a man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a man of no eſtimation in the world, but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Piſtol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:

The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. Bardolph, a ſoldier firm and ſound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddeſs blind that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone———

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Piſtol:* Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, [7] to ſignify to you that fortune is plind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frowns on him,
For he hath ſtol'n a [8] *Pix*, and hanged muſt a' be,
Damned death!

Let

[7] *Fortune is painted* PLIND, *with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you that fortune is plind*;] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as *Hamlet* ſays, *not ſet down for him, and ſhewing a moſt pitiful ambition* to be witty. For *Fluellen*, though he ſpeaks with his country accent, yet is all the way repreſented as a man of good plain ſenſe. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *plind*, by his uſe of it, he could never have ſaid that *Fortune was painted plind, to ſignify ſhe was plind*. He might as well have ſaid afterwards, *that ſhe was painted inconſtant, to ſignify ſhe was inconſtant*. But there he ſpeaks ſenſe, and ſo unqueſtionably, he did here. We ſhould therefore ſtrike out the firſt *plind*, and read,

Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c. WARBURTON.

[8] The old editions, *For he hath ſtol'n a* Pax,] "And "this is conformable to Hiſtory, "(ſays Mr. *Pope*) a Soldier (as "*Hall* tell us) being hang'd at "this Time for ſuch a Fact."— Both *Hall* and *Holingſhead* agree as to the point of the *Theft*; but as to the Thing *ſtolen*, there is not that Conformity betwixt them and Mr. *Pope*. It was an ancient cuſtom, at the Celebration of Maſs, that when the Prieſt pronounc'd theſe Words, *Pax Domini ſit ſemper vobiſcum!* both Clergy and People kiſs'd one another.

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
For *Pix* of little Price. Therefore, go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not *Bardolph's* vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of *Spain*——— [*Exit* Piſt.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall in a ſummer's day: but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his re-

another. And this was call'd *Oſculum Pacis*, the Kiſs of *Peace*. But that cuſtom being abrogated, a certain Image is now preſented to be kiſs'd, which is call'd a *Pax*. But it was not this Image which *Bardolph* ſtole; it was a *Pix*; or little Cheſt (from the *Latin* Word, *Pixis*, a Box); in which the conſecrated *Hoſt* was uſed to be kept. "A fooliſh "Soldier (ſays *Hall* expreſsly, "and *Holingſhead* after him;) "ſtole a *Pix* out of a Church."

THEOBALD.

What *Theobald* ſays is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the paſſage in *Hall*. Yet Dr. *Warburton* rejected the emendation, and continued *Pope's* note without animadverſion.

turn into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where ſervices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-turn'd oaths; and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid ſuite of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you muſt learn to know [9] ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge [1].

[9] *Such ſlanders of the age.*] This was a character very troubleſome to wiſe men in our authour's time. It is the practice with him, ſays *Aſcham*, *to be warlike though he never look'd enemy in the face, yet ſome warlike ſign muſt be uſed, as a ſlovenly buſkin, or an over-ſtaring frounced head, as though out of every hair's top ſhould ſuddenly ſtart a good big oath.*

[1] *I muſt* ſpeak with him from the pridge.] "*Speak with him* "*from the Bridge*, Mr. *Pope* tells "us, is added in the latter "Editions; but that it is plain "from the Sequel, that the "Scene here continues, and "the affair of the Bridge is "over." This is a moſt inaccurate Criticiſm. Tho' the Affair of the Bridge be over, is that a Reaſon, that the King muſt receive no Intelligence from thence? *Fluellen*, who comes from the Bridge, wants to acquaint the King with the Tranſactions that had happened there. This he calls *ſpeaking to the King from the Bridge*. THEOBALD.

With this Dr. *Warburton* concurs.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, and his poor ſoldiers.

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* How now, *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge. I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry.* What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonably great; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire; ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's * out.

K. *Henry.* We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off;
And give expreſs charge, that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages,
But ſhall be paid for; and no *French* upbraided,
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

* *his fire's out.*] This is the laſt time that any ſport can be made with the red face of *Bardolph*, which, to confeſs the truth, ſeems to have taken more hold on *Shakſpeare's* imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the ſolitary reader, though it may be ſomewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the ſtage. This poet is always more careful about the preſent than the future, about his audience than his readers.

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount You know me [2] by my habit.

K. *Henry*. Well then, I know thee; what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. *Henry*. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my King. Say thou to *Harry England*,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep;
Advantage is a better ſoldier than raſhneſs.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him,
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury,
'Till it were ripe. Now, ſpeak we [3] on our cue,
With voice imperial. *England* ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider,
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted,
To anſwer which, his pettineſs would bow under.
Firſt for our loſs, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for concluſion,
Tell him he hath betrayed his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and maſter; and ſo much my office.

K. *Henry*. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy*.

[2] *By my habit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The perſon of a herald being inviolable was diſtinguiſhed in thoſe times of formality by a peculiar dreſs, which is likewiſe yet worn on particular occaſions.

[3] *On our cue.*] In our turn. This phraſe the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry.* Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for to ſay the ſooth,
Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen.* Yet, forgive me God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am,
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk,
My army but a weak and ſickly guard,
Yet [4], God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*,
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this;
We would not ſeek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo. Thanks to your Highneſs. [*Exit.*

[4] *God before.*] This was an expreſſion in that age for *God being my guide*, or when uſed to another, *God be thy guide.* So in an old dialogue between a herdſman and a maiden going on pilgrimage to *Walſingham*, the herdſman takes his leave in theſe words,

Now go thy ways, and God before.

To *prevent* was uſed in the ſame ſenſe.

Glou.

Glou. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws towards night;
Beyond the River we'll encamp ourſelves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

[5]SCENE IX.

The French *Camp near* Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. TUT, I have the beſt armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour, but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of *Europe.*

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of *Orleans*, and my Lord high Conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,———

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns; *ca, ha? le Cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus, chez les Narines de feu* [6]! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a Hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when he touches it; the

[5] SCENE IX.] This ſcene is ſhorter, and I think better, in the firſt editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them. POPE.

[6] *he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were ſtuffed with hair, as appears from *Much ado about Nothing, And the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuffe tennis-balls.* WARBURTON.

baſeſt

haſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for *Perſeus*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horſe[7]; and all other jades you may call beaſts.

Con. Indeed, my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfry; it is a theme as fluent as the ſea; turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a Sovereign to reaſon on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the world familiar to us and unknown to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus[8], *Wonder of nature.*——

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me, well;——which is the preſcript praiſe, and perfection, of a good and particular miſtreſs.

[7] *And all other* jades *you may call* beaſts.] It is plain that *jades* and *beaſts* ſhould change places, it being the firſt word and not the laſt, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is ſaid, *I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a* jade. WARBURTON.

[8] *Wonder of nature.*——] Here, I ſuppoſe, ſome fooliſh poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the anſwer. WARB.

Con.

Con. Methought, yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Troſſers [9].

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride ſo and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. *Le chien eſt retourné à ſon proper vomiſſement, & la truie lavée au bourbier*; thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My Lord Conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

[9] *Like a* Kerne *of* Ireland, *your* French *hoſe off, and in your ſtrait* Stroſſers.] Thus all the Editions have miſtaken this Word, which ſhould be *Troſſers*; and ſignifies, a pair of Breeches. THEOBALD.

Con.

n. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac'd out y way; but I would it were morning, for I would be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

m. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *ſh* priſoners?

n. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard ere you them.

u. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

l. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

m. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

n. I think, he will eat all he kills.

l. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant e.

n. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the

l. He is ſimply the moſt active gentleman of *ce.*

m. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

rl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

m. Nor will do none to-morro w :he will keep good name ſtill.

rl. I know him to be valiant,

m. I was told that, by one that knows him better you.

rl. What's he?

m. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, ar'd not who knew it.

rl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

on. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body it, but * his lacquey; † 'tis a hooded valour, and n it appears, it will bate.

rl. Ill-will never ſaid well.

bis lacquey;] He has beaten ody yet but his foot-boy.

† *'Tis a hooded valour, and it appears, it will bait.*] is ſaid with alluſion to fal- which are kept *hooded* when are not to fly at game, and as ſoon as the hood is off *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the dauphin's valour has never been let looſe upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his firſt eſſay, we ſhall ſee how he will flutter.

Con.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt Sentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees [4] the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And (the third hour of drouſy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over luſty *French*
[5] Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
[6] Inveſt in lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, *Praiſe and glory on his head!*

[4] —— *the other's* umber'd *face.*] *Umber'd* or *umbred.* is a term in blazonry, and ſignifies ſhadowed. WARBURTON.

[5] *Do the low-rated* Engliſh *play at dice;*] *i. e.* do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

[6] INVESTING *lank lean cheeks,* &c.] *A geſture inveſting cheeks and coats* is nonſenſe. We ſhould read.

INVEST IN *lank-lean cheeks,* which is ſenſe, *i. e.* their ſad geſture was cloath'd, or ſet off, in lean-cheeks and worn-coats. The image is ſtrong and picturesque. WARBURTON.

For

or forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt,
ids them good morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
nd calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
pon his royal face there is no note,
ow dread an army hath enrounded him;
or doth he dedicate one jot of colour
nto the weary and all-watched night,
ut freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
ith chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty;
hat ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
holding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
is lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
hawing cold [7] fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
hold, as may unwo[illegible]hineſs define,
little touch of *Harry* in the night.
nd ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly,
here, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
ith four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
ght ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous,
he name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,
[*] inding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Engliſh *Camp, at* Agincourt.

Enter King Henry *and* Glouceſter.

Henry. GLo'ſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;

[7] —— *Fear; that mean and gentle all,*
Behold, as may, &c.] As this ſtood, it was a moſt perplex'd and nonſenſical Paſſage: and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The Poet, in addreſſing himſelf to every degree of his Audience, tells them; he'll ſhew (as well as his unworthy Pen and Powers can deſcribe it) a little Touch, or Sketch of this Hero in the Night.

THEOBALD.

[*] *Minding true things.*] To *mind* is the ſame, as *to call to remembrance.*

The greater therefore ſhould our courage be.

Enter Bedford.

—Good morrow, brother *Bedford*.—God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*,
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France*.

Erping. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better:
Since I may ſay, now lie I like a King.

K. *Henry*. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed,
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted [8] ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas*. Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp,
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my pavillion.

Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. *Henry*. No, my good kight,
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England*.

[8] *Slough* is the ſkin which the ſerpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is ſuppoſed to regain new vigour and freſh youth. *Legerity* is lightneſs, nimbleneſs.

I and

I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry!*

K. *Henry.* God a-mercy, old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſtol. *Qui va là?*

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer?
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. *Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. *Henry.* Even ſo. What are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. *Henry.* Then you are a better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant;
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. *Henry. Harry le Roy.*

Piſt. Le Roy! a *Corniſh* name: art thou of *Corniſh* crew?

K. *Henry.* No, I am a *Welſhman.*

Piſtol. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

K. *Henry.* Yes.

Piſt. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. *David's* day.

K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. *Henry.* And his kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then!

K. *Henry.* I thank you. God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen, *and* Gower *ſeverally.*

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.*———

Flu. So; in the name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer; it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle, nor pibble pabble, in *Pompey's* camp; I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all nigh.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Though it appear a little out of faſhion, There is much care and valour in this *Welſhman.*

SCENE IV.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. *Henry.* Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham.*

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.* Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that, look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet, he ſhould; for tho' I ſpeak it to you, I think, the King is but a man as I am: the Violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human [9] conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

[9] *Conditions* are *qualities.* The meaning is, that objects are repreſented by his ſenſes to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewiſe to him, and when he feels *fear* it is like the fear of meaner mortals.

Bates. Then 'would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſom'd, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects; if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place*, ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children [f] rawly left. I am afear'd there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command tranſporting a ſum of mony, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities; you may call the

[f] *Rawly.*] That is, *without preparation, haſtily, ſuddenly.* What is not *matured* is *raw.* So in *Macbeth.*

Why in this rawneſs left your wife and children.

buſineſs

buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation. But this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers; ſome, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed, for before-breach of the King's laws, in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited [2]. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience; and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, that every man that dies ill, the

[2] This is a very juſt diſtinction, followed, and properly concluded. and the whole argument is well

ill is upon his own head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. *Henry.* I myſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. *Henry.* If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous ſhot out of an Elder-gun [3], that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather; you'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is ſomething too round: I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet, then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry.* There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry.* If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

[3] *That's a perilous ſhot out of an Elder-gun.*] In the old play the thought is more opened. *It is a great diſpleaſure that an elder gun can do againſt a cannon.*

Will.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. *Henry.* Indeed, the *French* may lay * twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to-morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper. [*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

SCENE V.

Manet King Henry.

[4] Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings,
That private have not too, ſave ceremony?
Save gen'ral ceremony?———
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
[5] What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?

O

* *Twenty* French *crowns.*] This conceit, rather too low for the King, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal diſeaſe.

[4] *Upon the King!* &c.] This beautiful ſpeech was added after the firſt edition. POPE.

There is ſomething very ſtriking and ſolemn in this ſoliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as ſoon as he is left alone. Something like this, on leſs occaſions, every breaſt has felt. Reflection and ſerioufneſs ruſh upon the mind upon the ſeparation of a gay company, and eſpecially after forced and unwilling merriment.

[5] *What are thy* rents? *What are thy* comings in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What! is thy SOUL OF *adoration?*] Thus is the laſt line given us, and the nonſenſe of it made worſe by the ridiculous pointing. We ſhould read, *What*

is

O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth,
What is thy ſoul, O adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The [6] farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp

is thy TOLL, *O adoration!* Let us examine how the context ſtands with my emendation: *What are thy* rents? *What are thy* comings-in? *What is thy* worth? *What is thy* toll?—— (*i. e.* the *duties*, and *impoſts*, thou receiveſt:) All here is conſonant, and agreeable to a ſenſible exclamation. So King *John*: —— *No* Italian *prieſt ſhall tythe or* TOLL *in our dominions.* But the *Oxford Editor*, now he finds the way open for alteration, reads, *What is thy* ſhew *of adoration.* By which happy emendation, what is about to be enquired into, is firſt taken for granted: namely, that *ceremony* is but a ſhew. And to make room for this word here, which is found in the immediate preceding line, he degrades it there. but puts as good a word indeed in its ſtead, that is to ſay, *tell.* WARBURTON.

This emendation is not ill conceived, yet I believe it is erroneous. The firſt copy reads, *What? is the ſoul of Adoration.* This is incorrect, but I think we may diſcover the true reading eaſily enough to be, *What is thy ſoul,* O adoration? That is, O reverence paid to Kings, *what art thou within? What are thy real qualities? What is thy intrinſick value?*

[6] *Farſed title running*, &c.] *Farſed* is *ſtuffed.* The tumid puſty titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the ſenſe.

That

That beats upon the high ſhore of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
[7] Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

SCENE VI.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I ſhall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*
K. *Henry.* O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers hearts;

[7] *Can ſleep ſo ſoundly*, &c.] Theſe lines are exquiſitely pleaſing. *To ſweat in the eye of* Phœbus, and *to ſleep in* Elyſium, are expreſſions very poetical.

Poſ-

Poſſeſs them not with fear [8]; take from them now
The ſenſe of reck'ning; leſt th' oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown.
I *Richard's* body have interred new,
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heav'n to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for *Richard's* ſoul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do, is nothing worth,
[9] Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter

[8] In former editions:

——*take from them now*
The Senſe of reck'ning of th' oppoſed Numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them] Thus the firſt *folio*. The Poet might intend, "Take from them "the Senſe of reckoning thoſe "oppoſed Numbers; *which* "might pluck their Courage "from them." But the *relative* not being expreſs'd, the Senſe is very obſcure. THEOB.

The change is admitted by Dr. *Warburton*, and rightly. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

——— *th' oppoſ'd numbers*
Which ſtand before them.

This reading he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the paſſage thus,

Take from them now the ſenſe of reckoning,
That the oppoſed multitudes that ſtand before them
May not appall their courage.

[9] *Since that my penitence comes after* ALL,

Imploring pardon] We muſt obſerve, that *Henry* IV. had committed an injuſtice, of which he, and his *ſon*, reap'd the fruits. But reaſon tells us, juſtice demands that they who ſhare the profits of iniquity, ſhall ſhare alſo in the puniſhment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have ſinned, the Grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance; which, in the language of Divines, are ſtiled *Calls*. Theſe, if neglected, or carelefly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes to late. All this ſhews that the unintelligible reading of the text ſhould be corrected thus,

——— *comes after* CALL.
WARBURTON.

I wiſh the commentator had explained his meaning a little better;

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege.

K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter's* voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the French *Camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. THE Sun does gild our armour; up, my Lords.

Dau. Montez Cheval: my horſe, *valet*, *lacquay:* ha!

Orl. O brave ſpirit!

Dau. Via!——les eaux & la terre.———

Orl. Rien puis! le air & feu.———

Dau. Ciel! Couſin *Orleans.*

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my Lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark, how our Steeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

better; for his comment is to me leſs intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the king's penitence, whether coming *in conſequence of call*, it is ſufficient; or whether coming when *calls have ceaſed*, it is ineffectual. The firſt ſenſe will ſuit but ill with the poſition, that *all which he can do is nothing worth*, and the latter as ill with the intention of *Shakeſpeare*, who certainly does not mean to repreſent the king as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is in my opinion eaſy and right. *I do all this*, ſays the King, *though all that I can do is nothing worth*, is ſo far from an adequate expiation of the crime, *that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon* both of the crime and the expiation.

Dau.

Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes' blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The *Engliſh* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To horſe! you gallant Princes, ſtrait to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls;
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain;
That our *French* gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys and our peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Tho' we, upon this mountain's baſis by,
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation;
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
[1] The tucket ſonance, and the note to mount,
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

[1] *The tucket-ſonance*, &c.] He uſes terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chaſe for ſport. *To dare the field* is a phraſe in falconry. Birds are dared when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from riſing, ſo that they will be ſometimes taken by the hand.

Such an eaſy capture the lords expected to make of the *Engliſh*.

Enter

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of *France?*
Yon Iſland carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty bever peeps.
The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bitt [2]
Lies foul with chew'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs:
And [3] their executors, the knaviſh Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews itſelf.

Con. They've ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting Horſes provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. [4] I ſtay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come, away!
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Gimmal* is in the weſtern countries a *ring*; a *gimmal bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts were one within another.

[3] *Their executors, the knaviſh crows*] The crows who are to have the diſpoſal of what they ſhall leave, their hides and their fleſh.

[4] *I ſtay but for my guard.*] It ſeems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather ſomething of ornament or of diſtinction than a body of attendants.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The English *CAMP.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, *with all the Hoſt*; Saliſbury *and* Weſtmorland.

Glou. WHERE is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi'you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Glo'ſter*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinſman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good *Saliſbury*, and good luck go with thee! [5]

Exe. to *Sal.* Farewel, kind Lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O, that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*,
That do no work to-day!

[5] In the old editions:
Bed. *Farewel, good* Saliſbury,
And good Luck go with thee,
And yet I do thee wrong to mind
thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm
Truth of Valour.
Exe. *Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to-day.*] What! does he do *Saliſbury* Wrong to wiſh him good luck? The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* preſcribed to me the Tranſpoſition of the Verſes, which I have made in the Text: and the old Quarto's plainly lead to ſuch a Regulation. THEOBALD.

K. *Henry.* What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin *Weſtmorland?* No, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
* By *Jove*, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt,
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear,
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires;
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, faith, my Lord, wiſh not a man from *England:*
God's peace! I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more;
Rather proclaim it *(Weſtmorland)* through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart: his paſs-port ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian.*
He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian*;
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to-morrow is Saint *Criſpian*;
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars.
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, † with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,

* *By* Jove] The king prays like a chriſtian, and ſwears like a heathen.

† *With advantages.*] Old men, notwithſtanding the natural forgetfulneſs of age, ſhall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage.* Age is commonly boaſtful, and inclined to magnify paſt acts and paſt times.

Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Saliſbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon,
And *Criſpin Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,
[6] From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall * gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian's* day †.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign Lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are [7] bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry.* All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now!

K. *Henry.* Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, couſin?

Weſt. God's will, my Liege. 'Would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!

[6] *From this day to the ending.*] It may be obſerved that we are apt to promiſe to ourſelves a more laſting memory than the changing ſtate of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feaſt of *Criſpin* paſſes by without any mention of *Agincourt*. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation ſcarcely any tradition of more ancient hiſtory.

* *Gentle his condition.*] This day ſhall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.

† *Upon St.* Criſpian's *day.*] This ſpeech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and loſt none of the ſentiments.

[7] *Bravely* is *ſplendidly, oſtentatiouſly.*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men [8],
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
—You know your places. God be with you all!

SCENE IX.

A Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured over-throw;
For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee. Thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance, that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Muſt lie and feſter.

K. *Henry.* Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of *France.*

K. *Henry.* I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n,

[8] *Thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men.*] By wiſhing only thyſelf and me, thou haſt wiſhed five thouſand men away. *Shakeſpeare* never thinks on ſuch trifles as numbers. In the laſt ſcene the *French* are ſaid to be *full threeſcore thouſand*, which *Exeter* declares to be *five to one*; but, by the King's account, they are twelve to one.

Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in *France*.
[6] Mark then a bounding valour in our *Engliſh*:
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
[1] Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but [2] warriors for the working day:
Our gayneſs, and our guilt, are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt,
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* ſoldiers' heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall, my ranſom them
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour.
Come thou no more, for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:

[6] *Mark then* abounding *Valour in our* Engliſh.] Thus the Old *Folio's*. The Quarto's, more erroneouſly ſtill,

Mark then abundant ——

Mr. *Pope* degraded the Paſſage in both his Editions, becauſe, I preſume, he did not underſtand it. I have reformed the Text, and the Alluſion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the Revival of the *Engliſh* Valour to the *rebounding* of a Cannon-ball.

THEOBALD.

[1] *Killing in relapſe of mortality.*] What it is *to kill in relapſe of mortality*, I do not know. I ſuſpect that it ſhould be read,

Killing in reliques *of mortality.*

That is, continuing to *kill* when they are the *reliques* that *death* has left behind it.

That the alluſion is, as Mr. *Theobald* thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will diſcover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that deſtroys by the ſtench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour *Dryden* might borrow the poſthumous empire of Don *Sebaſtian*, who was to reign whereſoever his atoms ſhould be ſcattered.

[2] *Warriors for the working day.*] We are ſoldiers but coarſely dreſſed; we have not on our holiday apparel.

Which

Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them
Shall yield them little. Tell the Conſtable.

Mount. I ſhall King *Harry*, and ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhall hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* I fear, thou'lt once more come again for Ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. *Henry.* Take it brave *York*; now, ſoldiers, march away.
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Field of Battle.

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French *ſoldier, and Boy.*

Piſt. YIELD, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Piſt. Quality, calmy, cuſture me, art thou a gentleman? [3] what is thy name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Piſt. O, Signieur Dewe ſhould be a gentleman. Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark; O Signieur Dewe, [4] thou dieſt on point of fox,

[3] *Quality*, CALMY, CUSTURE *me, art thou a gentleman?*] We ſhould read this nonſenſe thus, *Quality*, CALITY—CONSTRUE *me, arc thou a gentl man? i. e.* tell me, let me underſtand whether thou be'it a gentleman. WARBURTON.

[4] *Thou dieſt on point of fox.*] *Point of fox* is an expreſſion which, if the editors underſtood it, they ſhould have explained, I ſuppoſe we may better read,

On point of faulchion.

Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prennez miſericorde, ayez pitié de moy.*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys;
[5] For I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat,
In drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſible d'eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Piſt. Braſs, cur.
Thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat,
Offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of [6] moys?
Come hither, Boy, aſk me this ſlave in *French*,
What is his name?

Boy. *Eſcoutez, comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk*.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorg, paramafoy, peſant,
Unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns,
Or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cent eſcus.*

[5] FOR *I will fetch thy* RYM] we ſhould read,
OR *I will fetch thy* RANSOM *out of thy throat.* WARB.
I know not what to do with *rym*. The meaſure gives reaſon to ſuppoſe that it ſtands for ſome monoſyllable; and beſides, *ranſome* is a word not likely to have been corrupted,

[6] *Moy* is a piece of money, whence *Moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold.

Piſt.

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him, my fury ſhall abate, and I
The Crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier, neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promettes, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens, & je m' eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimé Signeur d'Angleterre.*

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks and eſteems himſelf happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew.
Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.*

[*Ex.* Piſt. *and* Fr. Sol.

I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; but the ſaying is true, The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play [7]; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp; the *French* might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it: for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

[7] In modern puppet-ſhows, which ſeem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* ſometimes fights the devil and always overcomes him. I ſuppoſe the *Vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* ſucceeds, uſed to fight the devil with a wooden dagger.

SCENE XI.

Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, *and* Rambures.

Con. O *Diable!*

Orl. *O Signeur! le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu.*

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A ſhort alarm.*
O meſchante fortune!——do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame! let's ſtab ourſelves.
Be theſe the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
[a] Let us die, inſtant—Once more back again;
The man, that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe pander hold the chamber door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than a dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our throngs;
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Let us die*, inſtant: *Once more back again*;] This Verſe, which is quite left out in Mr. *Pope's* Editions, ſtands imperfect in the firſt *Folio*. By the addition of a Syllable, I think, I have retriev'd the Poet's Senſe. It is thus in the Old Copy;

Let us die in *once more back again.* THEOBALD.

SCENE XII.

Alarm. Enter the King and his train, with priſoners.

K. *Henry.* Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all's not done; the *French* yet keep the field.

Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down, thrice up again, and fighting,
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide,
Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, "tarry, my couſin *Suffolk*,
"My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n:
"Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt:
"As in this glorious and well-foughten field
"We kept together in our chivalry."
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſays, "dear my Lord,
"Commend my ſervice to my Sovereign."
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry.

K. *Henry.* I blame you not;
[9] For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarm,*
But, hark, what new alarum is this ſame?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

[1]SCENE XIII.

Alarms continued; after which, Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. [2] Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery,

[9] *For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound*
With mixtful *eyes,*——] The poet muſt have wrote, *miſtful:* i. e. juſt ready to over-run with tears. The word he took from his obſervation of Nature: for juſt before the burſting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a miſt. WARBURTON.

[1] SCENE XIII.] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very abſurdly, ſince both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of *Fluellen* immediately follow thoſe of the King juſt before. POPE.

[2] *Kill the Poys and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the Law of Arms;*] in the Old *Folio's*, the 4th Act is made to begin here. But as the Matter of the *Chorus*, which is to come betwixt the 4th and 5th Acts, will by no means ſort with the *Scenery* that here follows; I have choſe to fall in with the other Regulation. Mr. *Pope* gives a Reaſon, why this Scene ſhould be connective to the preceding Scene; but his Reaſon, according to Cuſtom, is a miſtaken one. *The words of* Fluellen (he ſays,) *immediately follow thoſe of the King juſt before.* The King's laſt Words, at his going off, were;

Then ev'ry Soldier kill his Priſoners:
Give the Word through.

Now Mr. *Pope* muſt very accurately ſuppoſe, that *Fluellen* overhears this: and that by replying: *Kill the Poys, and the luggage; 'tis expreſly againſt the Law of Arms;*—— he is condemning the King's Order, as againſt martial Diſcipline. But this is a moſt abſurd Suppoſition. *Fluellen* neither overhears, nor replies to, what the King had ſaid: nor has *kill the Poys and the Luggage* any reference to the Soldiers' killing their Priſoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no *interval* of an *Act* here) there muſt be ſome little Pauſe betwixt the King's going off, and *Fluellen's* Entring

Knavery, mark you now, as can be deſir'd in your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran away from the battle, have done this ſlaughter. Beſides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King moſt worthily has caus'd every ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig, was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant, that you ſall find, in the compa-

Entring (and therefore I have ſaid, *Alarms continued*); for we find by *Gower's* firſt Speech, that the Soldiers had already cut their Priſoners throats, which required ſome Time to do. The Matter is this. The Baggage, during the Battle (as K. *Henry* had no Men to ſpare) was guarded only by boys and Lacqueys; which ſome *French* Runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the *Engliſh* Camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plunder'd and burn'd the Baggage: in Reſentment of which Villany it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted Lenity, order'd all Priſoners Throats to be cut. And to this Villany of the *French* Run-aways *Fluellen* is alluding, when he ſays, *Kill the Poyes and the Luggage*. The Fact is ſet out (as Mr. *Pope* might have obſerv'd) both by *Hall* and *Holling ſhead*. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the King gives one reaſon for his order to kill the priſoners, and *Gower* another. The King killed his priſoners becauſe he expected another battle, and he had not men ſufficient to guard one army and fight another. *Gower* declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the priſoners to be deſtroyed, becauſe the luggage was plundered, and the boys were ſlain.

riſons

riſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is alſo moreover a river at *Monmouth*; it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander's* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſh'd. I ſpeak but in figures, and compariſons of it. As *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away * the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet. He was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he. I tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

SCENE XIV.

Alarm. Enter King Henry, *with* Bourbon *and other priſoners; Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.*

K. *Henry.* I was not angry ſince I came to *France*, Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,

* *The fat knight*] This is the laſt time that *Falſtaff* can make ſport. The poet was loath to party with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

Ride

Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field, they do offend our ſight;
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings:
* Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have;
And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go, and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. *Henry.* How now, what means their herald? Know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?

Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes, woe the while!
Lie drown'd, and ſoak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,

* *Beſides, we'll cut the throats*, &c.] The king is in a very bloody diſpoſition. He has already cut the throats of his priſoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haſte of compoſition could produce ſuch negligence; neither was this play, which is the ſecond draught of the ſame deſign, written in haſte. There muſt be ſome diſlocation of the ſcenes. If we place theſe lines at the beginning of the twelfth ſcene, the abſurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular ſeries. This tranſpoſition might eaſily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it muſt not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the ſcenes is the ſame as here.

Killing

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. *Henry.* I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. *Henry.* Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt.*

K. *Henry.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*, Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus.*

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in *France.*

K. *Henry.* They did, *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true. If your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did good ſervice in a garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon St. *Tavee's* day.

K. *Henry.* I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that; God pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace and his majeſty too.

K. *Henry.* Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confeſs it to all the orld; I need not be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry.* God keep me ſo!

Enter Williams.

Our hearlds go with him.

[*Exeunt Heralds, with* Mountjoy.

Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts —— Call yonder fellow hither.

SCENE XV.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. *Henry.* Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. A'nt pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. *Henry.* An *Engliſhman?*

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, if alive, I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry.* What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. *Henry.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of * great ſort, † quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. *Henry.* Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

* *Great ſort.*] High rank. So in the ballad of *Jane Shore*,
Lords and ladies of great ſort.

† *Quite from the anſwer of his degree.*] A man of ſuch ſtation as is not bound to hazard his perſon in *anſwer* to a challenge from one of the ſoldier's *low degree.*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry.* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap. When *Alanſon* and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects. I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this glove; that is all; but I would fain ſee it once, an pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. *Henry.* Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear friend, and pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* My Lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick*:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow; and ſee, there be no harm between them.
Come you with us, uncle of *Exeter.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

Before King HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I Warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure.—Captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King; there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, Know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal orld, in *France* or in *England.*

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanſon's.*

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter King Henry, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has ſtruck the glove, which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alanſon.*

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it, and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſy, knave it is. I hope, your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry.* * Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas me, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. *Henry.* How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like yourſelf; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your Highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your Highneſs, pardon me.

* *Give me thy glove, —— look, here is the fellow of it*] It muſt be, *give me* my *glove*, for of the ſoldier's glove the king had not the fellow.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns.
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. Hold there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes. Come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhoes are not ſo good. 'Tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE XVII.

Enter Herald.

K. *Henry.* Now, *Herald*, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French.*

K. *Henry.* What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. [3] *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King;
John Duke of *Bourbon*, and Lord *Bouchiqualt:*
Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquire, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;

[3] Charles *Duke of Orleans, &c.*] This liſt is copied from *Hall.* POPE.

So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred [4] mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles, that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*:
Jaques Chatilion, admiral of *France*;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, Lord *Rambures*;
Great maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*;
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar*: Of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Laſtrale*.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?
Exe. *Edward* the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam*, Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.
K. *Henry*. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and even play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great, and little loſs,
On one part, and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine.
Ex. 'Tis wonderful!
K. *Henry*. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

[4] *Mercenaries* are in this place *common ſoldiers*, or *hired ſoldiers*. The gentlemen ſerved at their own charge, in conſequence of their tenures.

Flu.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry.* Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. *Henry.* Do we all holy rites[5];
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum:*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. VOUCHSAFE, to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais*: grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea. Behold, the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea;

[5] *Do we all holy rites*; &c.] The king (ſay the chroniclers) cauſed the Pſalm, *In exitu Iſrael de Ægypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the Pſalm, *Non nobis, Domine*, &c.) to be ſung after the victory. POPE.

Which, like a mighty [6] whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London*.
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath*,
Where that his Lords deſire him to have borne
His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him through the city; he forbids it;
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride,
[7] Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working houſe of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens;
The Mayor and all his brethren in beſt ſort,
[8] Like to the ſenators of antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæſar* in.
As by a lower but by loving [9] likelihood,

Were

[6] *Whiffler.*] An officer who walks firſt in proceſſions, or before perſons in high ſtations, on occaſions of ceremony. The name is ſtill retained in *London*, and there is an officer ſo called that walks before their companies at times of publick ſolemnity. It ſeems a corruption from the *French* Word *Huiſſier*. HANMER.

[7] *Giving full trophy.*] Transferring all the honours of conqueſt, all trophies, tokens, and ſhews, from himſelf to God.

[8] *Like to the ſenators of antique* Rome.] This is a very extraordinary compliment to the *City*. But he ever declines all general ſatire on them; and in the epilogue to *Henry* VIII. he hints with diſapprobation on his contemporary poets who were accuſtomed to abuſe them. Indeed his ſatire is very rarely partial or licentious. WARBURTON.

[9] Likelihood,] *Likelihood*, for ſimilitude. WARBURTON.

The latter editors, in hope of mending the meaſure of this line, have injured the ſenſe. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, ſince reviſal became faſhionable, and editors have been more diligent to diſplay themſelves than to illuſtrate their authour, have given the line thus;

As by a low, *but loving likelihood.*

Thus they have deſtroyed the praiſe which the poet deſigned for *Eſſex*; for who would think himſelf honoured by the epithet *low?* The poet, deſirous to celebrate that great man, whoſe popularity was then his boaſt, and afterwards his deſtruction,

Vere now the ' General of our gracious Empreſs
As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
ringing rebellion * broached on his ſword;
how many would the peaceful city quit,
o welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
id they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him;
As yet the lamentation of the *French*
ivites the King of *England's* Stay at home:
he Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
o order peace between them) and omit
ll the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till *Harry's* back return again to *France*;
here muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
he int'rim, by remembring you, 'tis paſt.
hen brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
fter your thoughts, ſtraight back again to *France*.

SCENE II.

The Engliſh *Camp in* France.

† *Enter* Fluellen *and* Gower.

ower. NAY, that's right.—But why wear you your Leek to day? St. *David's* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and where-re in all things. I will tell you as a friend, captain *ower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſy, prag-ing knave, *Piſtol*, which you and yourſelf and all ie world know to be no petter than a fellow, look ou now, of no merits; he is come to me and prings

ruction, compares him to king *arry*; but being afraid to offend ie rival courtiers, or perhaps ie queen herſelf, he confeſſes iat he is *lower* than a king, but ould never have repreſented n abſolutely as *low*.

' *Were now the General*, &c.] he Earl of *Eſſex* in the reign f Queen *Elizabeth*. POPE.

* *Broached*.] Spitted; tranſfixed.

† *Enter* Fluellen *and* Gower.] This ſcene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the laſt chorus. There is no *Engliſh* camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happens before the return of the army to *England*, and not after ſo long an interval as the chorus has ſupplied.

me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap, 'till I ſee him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes ſwelling like a Turkycock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turkycocks. God pleſſe you, aunchient *Piſtol:* you ſcurvy lowſy knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou beldam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*,

[a] To have me fold up *Parca's* fatal web?
Hence!—I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſy knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; becauſe, look you, you do not love it, and your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it, I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. [*Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcauld knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe *Trojan*, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld knave, when God's will is. I deſire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſauce for it—[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yeſterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a * Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have † aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Pite, I pray you;

[a] *To have me fold up, &c.*] Doſt thou deſire to have me put thee to death.

* *Squire of low degree.*] That is, *I will bring you to the ground.*

† *Aſtoniſh'd him*] That is, you have ſtunned him with the blow.

you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I [3] eat and eat I ſwear———

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the ſkin is good for your proken coxcomb. When you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em. That's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi'you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave, Will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, and dare not avouch in your

[3] *I eat and eat I ſwear*] Thus the firſt folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and ſwear*. We ſhould read, I ſuppoſe, in the frigid tumour of *Piſtol's* dialect,

I eat and eke *I ſwear.*

deeds

deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* cudgel; you find 'tis otherwiſe; and henceforth let a *Welſh*-correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth [4] fortune play the huſwife with me now?
* News have I, that my *Dol* is dead i' th' ſpittle
Of malady of *France*,
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off;
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand,
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe cudgell'd ſcars,
And ſwear, I got them in the *Gallia* Wars [5]. [*Exit* [6].

[4] *Fortune doth play the huſwife.*] That is, the *jilt*. *Huſwife* is here in an ill ſenſe.

* *News have I, that my* Dol *is dead,*] We muſt read, *my* Nell *is dead*. *Dol Tearſheet* was ſo little the favourite of *Piſtol* that he offered her in contempt to *Nym*. Nor would her death have *cut off his rendezvous*; that is, *deprived him of a home*. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan.

[5] In the quarto of 1608 theſe lines are read thus,

Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?
Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike loins?
Well France *farewell. News have I certainly,*
That Doll *is ſick of malady of* France.
The wars affordeth nought, home will I trudge,
Bawd will I turn, and uſe the ſlight of hand.
To England *will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;*
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear I got them in the Gallia *wars.*

[6] The comick ſcenes of the hiſtory of *Henry* the fourth and fifth are now at an end, and all the comick perſonages are now diſmiſſed. *Falſtaff* and Mrs. *Quickly* are dead; *Nym* and *Bardolph* are hanged; *Gadſhill* was loſt immediately after the robbery; *Poins* and *Peto* have vaniſhed ſince, one knows not how; and *Piſtol* is now beaten into obſcurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The French *Court, at* Trois *in* Champaigne.

ter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

Henry. PEace to this meeting, wherefore we are met [7].
nto our brother *France*, and to our ſiſter,
ealth and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes,
o our moſt fairly and princely couſin *Catharine*;
nd as a branch and member of this royalty,
' whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
'e do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
nd, Princes *French*, and Peers, health to you all.
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
oſt worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
) are you, Princes *Engliſh*, every one.
Q. *Iſa.* So happy be the iſſue, brother *England*,
f this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
s we are now glad to behold your eyes,
our eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
gainſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
he fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks;
he venom of ſuch looks we fairly hope
ave loſt their quality, and that this day
ıall change all griefs, and quarrels into love.
K. *Henry.* To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Q. *Iſa.* You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.
Burg. My duty to you both on equal love.
reat Kings of *France* and *England*. That I've labour'd

[7] *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.*] Peace, r which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth act ſeems naturally to begin.

With

With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
[8] Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightneſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from *France* too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
[9] Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like * priſoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the coulter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavag'ry:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility;

[8] *Unto this bar.*] To this *barrier*; to this place of congreſs.

[9] *Her vine,* ——— *Unpruned* dyes:] We muſt read, *lyes*: For neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but cauſes it to ramify immoderately, and grows wild; by which the requiſite nouriſhment is withdrawn from its fruit. WARB.

This emendation is phyſically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough ſaid to die which ceaſes to bear fruit.

* This image of priſoners is oddly introduced. A *priſoner* may be *overgrown with hair*, but *wildneſs* is contrary to the ſtate of a priſoner. A *hedge even-pleach'd* is more properly impriſoned.

And

And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs.
Even ſo our houſes, and ourſelves and children
Have loſt, or do not learn for want of time,
The ſciences, that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages, as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, [1] diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our [2] former favour,
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies;
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. *Henry.* If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands,
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry.* Well, then the peace
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your Grace
T'appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed

[1] ——— diffus'd *attire*,] Diffus'd, for extravagant. The military habit of thoſe times was extremely ſo. Act 3. Scene 7. *Gower* ſays, *And what a beard of the General's cut, and a* horrid ſuit of the camp, *will do among ſt &c. is wonderful to be thought on.* WARBURTON.

Diffus'd is ſo much uſed by our authour for *wild, irregular*, and *ſtrange*, that in the *Merry Wives of* Windſor, he applies it to a ſong ſuppoſed to be ſung by fairies.

[2] *Former favour.*] Former *appearance.*

To

To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
[3] Paſs, or accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. *Henry.* Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and you, brother *Glo'ſter*,
Warwick and *Huntingdon*, go with the King;
And take with you free pow'r to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our Demands;
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. *Iſa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd be ſtood on.

K. *Henry.* Yet leave our couſin *Catharine* here with us.
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. *Iſa.* She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent King Henry, Catharine, *and a Lady.*

K. *Henry.* Fair *Catharine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England.*

K. *Henry.* O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

[3] ——— *we will ſuddenly*
Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer.*] As the *French* King deſires more time to conſider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and abſurd for him to ſay abſolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly muſt mean, that he would at once *waive* and *decline* what he diſlik'd, and conſign to ſuch as he approv'd of. Our author uſes *paſs* in this manner in other places: As in *King* John.

But if you fondly paſs *our proffer'd love.* WARB.

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vhat is *like me.*

K. *Henry* An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges ?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit-il.*

K. *Henry*. I ſaid ſo, dear *Catharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.*

K. *Henry* What ſays ſhe, fair one ? that tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits. Dat is de Princeſs.

K. *Henry*. The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh* Woman. I'faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding ; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou couldſt, thou wouldſt find me ſuch a plain King, [4] that thou wouldſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, *I love you* ; then if you urge me further than to ſay, *do you in faith ?* I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer ; i'faith, do ; and ſo clap hands and a bargain. How ſay you, lady ?

Cath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. *Henry*. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why, you undid me ;

[4] *—ſuch a plain king.*] I know not why *Shakeſpeare* now gives the king nearly ſuch a character as he made him formerly ridicule in *Percy*. This military groſſneſs and unſkilfulneſs in all the ſofter arts, does not ſuit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge aſcribed to him at his acceſſion, or with the contemptuous meſſage ſent him by the *Dauphin*, who repreſents him as fitter for the ball room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into dutchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard*. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get ; and not even *Shakeſpeare* can write well without a proper ſubject. It is a vain endeavour for the moſt ſkilful hand to cultivate barrenneſs, or to paint upon vacuity.

for

for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy,[5] for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themſelves into ladies' favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou wouldſt have ſuch a one, take me;

[5] — *a fellow of plain and* uncoined *conſtancy,*] i. e. a conſtancy in the ingot, that hath ſuffered no alloy, as all coined metal has. WARBURTON.

I believe this explanation is more ingenious than true; to *coin* is to *ſtamp* and to *counterfeit*. He uſes it in both ſenſes; *uncoined* conſtancy ſignifies *real* and *true* conſtancy, *unrefined* and *unadorned*.

ke a ſoldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of *rance?*

K. *Henry.* No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love e enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you ould love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* ſo ell, that I will not part with a village of it; I will ve it all mine; and, *Kate*, when *France* is mine and m yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. *Henry.* No, *Kate?* I will tell thee in *French*, hich, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ook off, *quand j' ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand us aves le poſſeſſion de moi* (let me ſee, what then? . *Dennis* be my ſpeed)! *donc voſtre eſt France, & us eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, *Kate*, to conquer e kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French*. I ſhall ver move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le François que vous par-, eſt meilleur que l' Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Henry.* No, faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy ſpeak-g of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt eds be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, doſt ou underſtand ſo much *Engliſh?* canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry.* Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate?* I aſk them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſ-n this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, u will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you ve with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mer-fully, the rather gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee uelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have ving faith within me, tells me, thou ſhalt) I get thee

* *married wife*] Every *wife* ſhould read *new married*; an epi-a *married wife*. I ſuppoſe we thet more expreſſive of fondneſs.

with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I, between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople* [6] and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. *Henry.* No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe. Do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a King and a bachelor. How anſwer you, *Le plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe?*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe French enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. *Henry.* Now, fy upon my falſe *French*; by mine honour, in true *Engliſh* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou lov'ſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my viſage [7]. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he 'got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine; which

[6] —— *Conſtantinople*] *Shakeſpeare* has here committed an anachroniſm. The *Turks* were not poſſeſſed of *Conſtantinople* before the year 1453, when *Henry* V. had been dead thirty-one years. THEOBALD.

[7] *and* UNTEMPERING *effect*] Certainly, UNTEMPTING. WARBURTON.

word

word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy *Engliſh* broken: therefore Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry.* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſiez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. *Henry.* Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Cath. *Les dames & damoiſelles pour eſtre baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coûtume de France.*

K. *Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of *France*; I cannot tell, what is *baiſer* en *Engliſh.*

K. *Henry.* To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre* better *que moy.*

K. *Henry.* Is it not a faſhion for the maids in *France* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy, vraycment.*

K. *Henry.* O *Kate*, nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion; we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the Liberty that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country in denying me a kiſs. Therefore—patiently and yielding—[*Kiſſing her*] You have witchcraft in your

lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* Council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE V.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty! My royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs *Engliſh?*

K. *Henry.* I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *Engliſh.*

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. *Henry.* Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, [8] if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked ſeeing ſelf? it were my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. *Henry.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they do.

[8] *Frankneſs of my mirth,*] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very groſs, and the ſentiments are very worthleſs.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Then, good my Lord, teach your couſin o conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my Lord, if ou will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well ummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew*ide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then hey will endure handling, which before would not bide looking on.

K. *Henry* * This moral ties me over to time, and a ıot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the fly your couſin n the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. *Henry*. It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank ove for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. *Henry*. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. *Henry*. I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. *Henry*. Is't ſo, my Lords of *England?*

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France*, having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition in *French*: [9] *noſtre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre*,

* *This moral*] That is, the application of this fable: the *moral* being the application of a fable, our authour calls any application a *moral*.

9 *noſtre tres cher filz* —— And thus in *Latin*; PRÆCLARISSIMUS *filius*] What, is *tres cher*, in *French*, *Præclariſſimus* in *Latin!* We ſhould read, PRÆCARISSIMUS. WARBURTON.

heretier de France: and thus in *Latin*; *Præclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. *Henry.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me; that theſe contending Kingdoms,
England and *France*, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen!

K. *Henry.* Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. *Iſa.* God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French*, *Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

[1] *Thruſt in between the* paſſion *of theſe Kingdoms.*] The old Folio's have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the author's Word was *paction*; a Word, more proper on the occaſion of a Peace ſtruck up. A Paſſion of two Kingdoms for one another, is an odd Expreſſion. An Amity and political Harmony may be fixed betwixt two Countries, and yet either People be far from having a Paſſion for the other. THEOBALD.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept, and proſp'rous be!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far with rough, and all unable, pen
Our blending author [2] hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts [3] the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This Star of *England*; fortune made his ſword,
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed,
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had i'th' managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [4]

[2] *Our* BENDING *author* ——] We ſhould read,
BLENDING *author* ——
So he ſays of him juſt afterwards, *mangling by ſtarts.*
WARBURTON.

[3] — *by ſtarts.*] By touching only on ſelect parts.

[4] This play has many ſcenes of high dignity, and many of eaſy merriment. The character of the King is well ſupported, except in his courtſhip, where he has neither the vivacity of *Hal*, nor the grandeur of *Henry*. The humour of *Piſtol* is very happily continued; his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the *Engliſh* ſtage.

The lines given to the chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praiſed, and much muſt be forgiven; nor can it be eaſily diſcovered why the intelligence given by the chorus is more neceſſary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptineſs and narrowneſs of the laſt act, which a very little diligence might have eaſily avoided.

THE

FIRST PART

OF

HENRY VI.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Sixth.*
Duke of Glouceſter, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal Beauford, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and great Uncle to the King.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his Son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of* York.
Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Sir John Faſtolfe. Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London. *Sir* Thomas Gargrave.
Sir William Glanſdale. *Sir* William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the* White Roſe, *or* York *Faction.*
Baſſet, *of the* Red Roſe, *or* Lancaſter *Faction.*
Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alanſon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Maſter Gunner of Orleans. *Boy, his Son.*
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.
Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inſpir'd from Heav'n, and ſetting up for the Championeſs of* France.
Fiends, attending her.
Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the Engliſh *and* French.
The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

[1]The FIRST PART of

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WESTMINSTER-*Abbey*.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Gloucester, *Protector*; *the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,

Brandiſh

[1] *The* firſt *Part of K.* HENRY VI.] The Hiſtorical Tranſactions contained in this Play, take in the Compaſs of above 30 Years. I muſt obſerve, however, that our Author, in the three Parts of *Henry* VI. has not been very preciſe to the Date and Diſpoſition of his Facts; but ſhuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of Time. For Inſtance; The Lord *Talbot* is kill'd at the End of the 4th Act of this Play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of *July* 1453: and the 2d Part of *Henry* VI. opens with the Marriage of the King, which was ſolemniz'd 8 Years before *Talbot's* Death, in the Year 1445. Again, in the

[2] Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes in the ſky,
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,
That have conſented unto *Harry's* death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glou. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with its beams,
His arms ſpread wider than a Dragon's wings,
His ſparkling eyes, repleat with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid day ſun fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He never lifted up his hand but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend:
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,

the 2d Part, Dame *Eleanor Cobham* is introduced to inſult Q. *Margaret*; though her Penance and Baniſhment for Sorcery happened three Years before that Princeſs came over to *England*. I could point out many other Tranſgreſſions againſt Hiſtory, as far as the Order of Time is concerned. Indeed, tho' there are ſeveral Maſter-Strokes in theſe three Plays, which inconteſtably betray the Workmanſhip of *Shakeſpeare*; yet I am almoſt doubtful, whether they were entirely of his Writing. And unleſs they were wrote by him very early, I ſhould rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a Director of the *Stage*; and ſo to have received ſome finiſhing Beauties at his Hand. An accurate Obſerver will eaſily ſee, the *Diction* of them is more *obſolete*, and the *Numbers* more *mean* and *proſaical*, than in the Generality of his genuine Compoſitions. THEOBALD.

[2] *Brandiſh your* CRYSTAL *treſſes*—] We have heard of a cryſtal heaven, but never of cryſtal comets before. We ſhould read, CRISTED or *creſted*, i. e. treſſes ſtanding an end, or mounted like a creſt. WARBURTON.

I believe *cryſtal* is right.

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think [3] the ſubtle-witted *French*
Conj'rers and ſorc'rers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verſe have thus contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought;
The church's pray'rs made him ſo proſperous.
Glou. The church? where is it? had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom, like a School-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Glo'ſter, whate'er we like, thou art Protector.
And lookeſt to command the Prince and realm;
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men may.
Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'ſt the fleſh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes,
Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe jars, and reſt your minds in peace.
Let's to the altar. Heralds, wait on us.
Inſtead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry's* dead.
Poſterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moiſt eyes babes ſhall ſuck;
[4] Our iſle be made a nouriſh of ſalt tears,

And

[3] *The ſubtle-witted* French, &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As ſuperſtition grew weaker, theſe charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was ſuppoſed that the *Iriſh* could kill rats by a ſong.

[4] *Our Iſle be made a* Mariſh *of ſalt Tears.*] Thus it is in both the Impreſſions by Mr. *Pope:* upon what Authority, I cannot ſay. All the old Copies read, a *Nouriſh:* and conſidering it is ſaid

And none but women left to 'wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens;
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make,
Than *Julius Cæſar*, or bright———[5].

SCENE II.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guyſors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite loſt.
Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man?—Before dead *Henry's* coarſe?———
Speak ſoftly, or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.

ſaid in the Line immediately preceding, that Babes ſhall ſuck at their Mothers moiſt Eyes, it ſeems very probable that our Author wrote, a *Nourice:* i. e. that the whole Iſle ſhould be one common *Nurſe*, or *Nouriſher*, of Tears: and thoſe be the Nouriſhment of its miſerable Iſſue.

THEOBALD.

Was there ever ſuch nonſenſe! But he did not know that *Mariſh* is an old word for marſh or fen; and therefore very judiciouſly thus corrected by Mr. *Pope*.

WARBURTON.

5 *Than* Julius Cæſar, *or bright*——] I can't gueſs the occaſion of the Hemiſtic and imperfect ſenſe in this place; 'tis not impoſſible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*,—tho' that were a terrible anachroniſm; (as bad as *Hector's* quoting *Ariſtotle* in *Troilus and Creſſida*); yet perhaps at the time that brave *Engliſhman* was in his glory, to an *Engliſh*-hearted audience, and pronounced by ſome favourite actor, the thing might be popular, tho' not judicious; and therefore by ſome critick in favour of the author afterwards ſtruck out. But this is a mere ſlight conjecture. POPE.

To confute the *ſlight* conjecture of *Pope* a whole page of vehement oppoſition is annexed to this paſſage by *Theobald*. Sir *T. Hanmer* has ſtopped at *Cæſar*—perhaps more judiciouſly.

Glou.

Glou. Is *Paris* loſt, and *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.
Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?
Meſſ. No treachery, but want of men and mony.
Among the ſoldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain ſev'ral factions,
And, whilſt a field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring wars with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *Engliſh* nobility!
Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your Arms,
Of *England's* Coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
Theſe tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern. Regent I am of *France*
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with theſe diſgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the *French*, inſtead of eyes,
[6] To weep their intermiſſive miſeries.

SCENE III.

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* Lords, view theſe letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the *Engliſh* quite,
Except ſome petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,

[6] *To weep their intermiſſive miſeries.*] i. e. their miſeries, which have had only a ſhort intermiſſion from *Henry* the Fifth's death to my coming amongſt them. WARBURTON.

The

The baſtard *Orleans* with him is join'd,
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth take his part,
The Duke of *Alanſon* flies to his ſide. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither ſhall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ſter, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

SCENE IV.

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* My gracious Lords, to add to your laments
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry's* hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't ſo?

3 *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'er-thrown.
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful Lord
Retiring from the ſiege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon.
No leiſure had he to enrank his men,
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers,
Inſtead whereof ſharp ſtakes pluckt out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confuſedly
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him,
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew,

The

The *French* exclaim'd, " The devil was in arms!"
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle:
Here had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir *John Faſtolfe* had not play'd the coward [7];
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroke.
Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their enemies;
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all *France* with her chief aſſembled ſtrength
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlain? then I will ſlay myſelf,
For living idly here in pomp and eaſe;
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Meſſ.* O no, he lives, but is took priſoner,
And lord *Scales* with him, and lord *Hungerford:*
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took likewiſe.

Bed. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay;
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His Crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend.
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my maſters, to my taſk will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make.
To keep our great St. *George's* feaſt withal.

[7] *If Sir* John Faſtolfe] Mr. *Pope* has taken Notice, " That " *Falſtaff* is here introduced " again, who was dead in *Henry* " V. the occaſion whereof is " that this Play was written be- " fore *Henry* IV. or *Henry* V." But Sir *John Faſtolf*, (for ſo he is called) was a Lieutenant-General, Deputy Regent to the Duke of *Bedford* in *Normandy*, and a *Knight* of the *Garter*: and not the *Comick* Character afterwards introduced by our Author. THEOBALD.

Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all *Europe* quake.
3 Meſſ. So you had need, for *Orleans* is beſieg'd,
The *Engliſh* army is grown weak and faint,
The Earl of *Saliſbury* craveth ſupply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they ſo few watch ſuch a multitude.
Exe. Remember, Lords, your oaths to *Henry* ſworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.
Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haſte I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial governor;
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend,
I am left out, for me nothing remains
But long I will not be thus out of office;
The King from *Eltam* I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before Orleans *in* FRANCE.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier, *marching with a Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. MARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns,
So in the earth to this day is not known;
Late, did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide,
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles;
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lie near *Orleans*,

Tho'

Tho' ſtill the famiſh'd *Engliſh*, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.
Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves;
Either they muſt be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths.
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.
Reig. Let's raiſe the ſiege, why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear,
Remaineth none but mad-brained *Saliſbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men, nor mony, hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, ſound alarum: we will ruſh on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French*,
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the* Engliſh *with great loſs.*

Re-enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daſtards! I wou'd ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midſt my enemies.
Reig. Saliſbury is a deſp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life,
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey [8].
Alan. Froyſard, a countryman of ours, records,
[9] *England* all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,

[8] *As their hungry prey.*] I believe it ſhould be read,
As their hungred *prey.*

[9] England *all* Olivers *and* Rowlands *bred,*] Theſe were two of the moſt famous in the liſt of *Charlemagne's* twelve Peers; and their exploits are render'd ſo ridiculouſly and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence aroſe that ſaying amongſt our plain and ſenſible anceſtors, of *giving one a* Rowland *for his* Oliver, to ſignify the matching one incredible lye with another. WARBURTON.

During the time *Edward* the Third did reign;
More truely now may this be verified,
For none but *Sampſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh, one to ten.
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity!

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd ſlaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager;
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

Reig. I think, by ſome odd [1] gimmals or device
Their arms are ſet like clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe they could ne'er hold out ſo, as they do.
By my conſent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Baſtard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks, your looks are ſad, [2] your chear appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand.
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a viſion, ſent to her from heav'n,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege;
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France*.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the [3] nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*,

[1] *Gimmals.*] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*.

[2] *Your chear appall'd.*] *Chear* is countenance, appearance.

[3] ——— *nine* Sibyls *of old* Rome:] There were no *nine Sibyls* of *Rome*: but he confounds things, and miſtakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the *Tarquins*. WARBURTON.

What's

What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? [4] Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in. But firſt, to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place,
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern;
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath.

SCENE VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind,
I know thee well, tho' never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs.
In compleat glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;

[4] *Believe my words.*] It ſhould rather be read,
—— *believe* her *words.*

And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with fine Flow'r de-luces on each ſide;
The which, at *Tourain* in St. *Catharine*'s church,
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Dau. Then come o'God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and* Joan la Pucelle *overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*;
And fighteſt with the ſword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire.
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above;
When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.

Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtleſs, he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock;
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.

Reig. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know;
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?

Pucel. Why, no, I ſay; diſtruſtful recreants!
Fight till the laſt gaſp, for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What ſhe ſays, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Aſſign'd I am to be the *Engliſh* ſcourge.
This night the ſiege aſſuredly I'll raiſe,
* Expect Saint *Martin's* ſummer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into theſe wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henry's* death the *Engliſh* circle ends;
Diſpers'd are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Helen the mother of great *Conſtantine*,
[5] Nor yet St. *Philip's* daughters, were like thee.
Bright ſtar of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

* *Expect St.* Martin's *ſummer.*] That is, expect *proſperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at *Martlemas*, after winter has begun.

[5] Meaning the four daughters of *Philip* mentioned in the *Acts*.

Dau. Preſently try. Come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe proves falſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Tower-*Gates*, *in* LONDON.

Enter Glouceſter, *with his Serving-men.*

Glou. I AM this day come to ſurvey the *Tower*;
Since *Henry's* death, I fear, there is [6] conveyance.
Where be theſe warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Glouceſter* that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh ſo imperiouſly?
1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Glouceſter*.
2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him;
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.
Glou. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warranty.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Glouceſter's *men ruſh at the* Tower-*gates*, *and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.*

Wood. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Glo'ſter*, that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids;
From him I have expreſs commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.

[6] *Conveyance* means *theft*. HANMER.

Glou.

Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him o'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late Sovereign, ne'er could brook!
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King;
Open the gate, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burſt them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower-*gates*, Winchester *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphrey*, what means this [7]?

Glou. Piel'd Prieſt [8], doſt thou command me be ſhut out?

Win. I do, thou moſt uſurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator;
Thou, that contriv'd'ſt to muder our dead Lord;
Thou, that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin [9];
I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.

Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot.
This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain* [1],
To ſlay thy brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

[7] *How now ambitious* umpire, *what means this?*] This Reading has obtained in all the Editions ſince the 2d *Folio*. The firſt *Folio* has it *Umpheir*. In both the Word is diſtinguiſh'd in *Italicks*. But why, *Umpire?* Or of what? The Traces of the Letters, and the Word being printed in *Italicks*, convince me, that the Duke's Chriſtian Name lurk'd under this Corruption. THEOBALD.

[8] Piel'd *Prieſt*,——] Alluding to his ſhaven crown. POPE.

[9] ——*giv'ſt whores indulgence to ſin*;] The public ſtews were formerly under the diſtrict of the Biſhop of *Winchester*. POPE.

[1] *This be* Damaſcus, *be thou curſed* Cain,] *N. B.* About four miles from *Damaſcus* is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on which *Cain* ſlew his brother *Abel*. *Maundrell's* Travels. *page* 131. POPE.

Glou.

Glou. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll uſe to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do, what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Prieſt, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's hat;
In ſpight of Pope or dignities of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Glo'ſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the Pope.
Glou. Wincheſter Gooſe[2]! I cry, a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats; out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here Glouceſter's *men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fy, Lords; that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!
Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs;
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.
Win. Here's *Glo'ſter* too, a foe to citizens,
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines,
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.
Glou. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*

[2] Wincheſter *Gooſe!*——] A clap, or rather a ſtrumpet was called a *Wincheſter* Gooſe.

Mayor.

Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canſt.

All manner of men aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highneſs's name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling places, and not wear, handle, or uſe any ſword, weapon, or dagger henceforward upon pain of Death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law,
But we ſhall meet, and tell our minds at large.
Win. *Glo'ſter*, we'll meet to thy dear coſt, be ſure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewel: thou doſt but what thou may'ſt.
Win. Abominable *Glo'ſter*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it, ere be long. [*Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomachs bear!
I myſelf fight not once in forty year [3]. [*Exeunt.*

3 —— *that nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomachs bear!*
I myſelf fight not once in forty year.] The Mayor of *London* was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preſerves a ſufficient dignity. In the line preceding theſe, he directs his officer, to whom without doubt theſe two lines ſhould be given. They ſuit his character, and are very expreſſive of the pacific temper of the City Guards.
WARBURTON.
I ſee no reaſon for this change. The Mayor ſpeaks firſt as a magiſtrate, and afterwards as a citizen.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Orleans *in* France.

Enter the Maſter-gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. SIRRAH, thou know'ſt how *Orleans* is beſieg'd,
And how the *Engliſh* have the ſuburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miſs'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me.
Chief Maſter-gunner am I of this town,
Something I muſt do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'ſpials have informed me,
The *Engliſh*, in the ſuburbs cloſe intrench'd,
Went thro' a ſecret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully ev'n theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
For I can ſtay no longer,———
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Salisbury *and* Talbot *on the Turrets, with others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being priſoner?

Or

Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of *Bedford* had a priſoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile.*
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me,
Which I diſdaining ſcorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be ſo vile eſteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I deſir'd.
But, oh! the treach'rous *Faſtolfe* wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.
Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With ſcoffs and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick ſpectacle to all.
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the *French*;
The ſcare-crow, that affrights our children ſo.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great a fear my name amongſt them ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel;
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, *on the other ſide, with a Linſtock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd.
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in *Orleans:*

Here

Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify;
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand Lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled.

[*Here they ſhoot, and* Saliſbury *falls down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man.

Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt us?

Speak, *Saliſbury*, at leaſt if thou canſt ſpeak,
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!
Accurſed tow'r, accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles *Saliſbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the wars.
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.
—Yet liv'ſt thou, *Saliſbury?* tho' thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heav'n for grace.
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.
—Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Saliſbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
—Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.
—O *Saliſb'ry*, chear thy ſpirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die, while———
——He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me,
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.

Planta-

Plantagenet, I will; and, *Nero*-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn;
Wretched ſhall *France* be only in my name.
[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
What ſtir is this? what tumults in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin*, with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy Propheteſs new riſen up.
Is come with a great courage to raiſe the ſiege.
[*Here* Saliſbury *lifteth himſelf up, and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Saliſbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Saliſbury* to you.
* *Pucelle* or *Puſſel*, *Dauphin* or *Dog fiſh*,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave *Saliſbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing* Saliſbury *and Sir* Thomas Gargrave *out.*

SCENE X.

Here an alarm again; *and* Talbot *purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our *Engliſh* troops retire, I cannot ſtay them.
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

* Pucelle *or* Puſſel.] I know not what *puſſel* is: perhaps it ſhould be *Pucelle* or *puzzle*. Something with a meaning it ſhould be, but a very poor meaning will ſerve.

Enter

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, ſhe comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee.
[4] Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And ſtraitway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that muſt diſgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heav'ns, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.

Pucel. Talbot, farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

[*A ſhort alarm. Then enters the town with ſoldiers.*

O'ertake me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-ſtarved men.
Help *Saliſbury* to make his teſtament.
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel,
I know not where I am, nor what I do,
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts.
So Bees with ſmoke, and Doves with noiſom ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driv'n away.
They call'd us for our fierceneſs *Engliſh* dogs,
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[*A ſhort alarm.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England's* Coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give Sheep in Lion's ſtead.
Sheep run not half ſo tim'rous from the Wolf,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.

[*Alarm. Here another Skirmiſh.*

[4] The ſuperſtition of thoſe times taught that he that could draw the woman's blood, was free from her power.

not be. Retire into your trenches;
ll conſented unto *Saliſbury's* death,
one would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
is enter'd into *Orleans*,
ght of us, or aught that we could do.
uld I were to die with *Saliſbury!*
ame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit* Talbot.
Alarm, Retreat, Flouriſh.

SCENE XI.

r on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanſon, *and Soldiers.*

elle. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
d is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* Wolves;
Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea's* daughter,
hall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
romiſes are like *Adonis'* Garden ⁷,
That

⁷ — *like* Adonis' *Garden*,] ot be impertinent to take f a diſpute between four of very different orders, is very *important* point of *dens of* Adonis. *Milton* ,
ore delicious than thoſe Gardens feign'd,
reviv'd Adonis, *or* —— Dr. *Bentley* pronounces ; *For that the* Κῆποι Ἀδώ- Gardens of *Adonis, ſo y mentioned by* Greek Plato, Plutarch, &c *were ut portable earthen Pots, e Lettice or Fennel grow- em. On his yearly feſti- ry woman carried one of them for* Adonis' *worſhip; becauſe* Venus *had once laid him in a let- tice bed. The next day they were thrown away*, &c. To this Dr. *Pierce* replies, *That this account of the* Gardens of *Adonis is right, and yet* Milton *may be defended for what he ſays of them: For why* (ſays he) *did the* Grecians *on* Adonis' *feſtival carry theſe ſmall earthen Gardens about in honour of him? It was becauſe they had a* tradition, *that, when he was alive, he delighted in Gar- dens, and had a magnificent one: For proof of this we have* Pliny's *words*, xix. 4. Antiquitas nihil priùs mirata eſt quàm Heſperi- dum HORTOS, ac regum ADO-

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next,
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs;
Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.

Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won.

NIDIS & Alcinoi. One would now think the queſtion well decided: But Mr. *Theobald* comes, and will needs be Dr. *Bentley's* ſecond. *A learned and reverend gentleman* (ſays he) *having attempted to impeach Dr.* Bentley *of error, for maintaining that there* NEVER WAS EXISTENT *any magnificent or ſpacious Gardens of* Adonis, *an opinion in which it has been my fortune to ſecond the Doctor, I thought my ſelf concerned, in ſome part, to weigh thoſe authorities alledged by the objector, &c.* The reader ſees that Mr. *Theobald* miſtakes the very queſtion in diſpute between theſe two truly learned men, which was not whether *Adonis'* Gardens *were ever exiſtent*, but whether there was *a tradition of any celebrated Gardens cultivated by* Adonis. For this would ſufficiently juſtify *Milton's* mention of them, together with the Gardens of *Alcinous*, confeſſed by the poet himſelf to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no ſuch Garden* (ſays Dr. *Bentley*) *ever exiſtent, or* EVEN FEIGN'D. He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would juſtify the poet; and it is on that aſſertion only that his adverſary Dr. *Pierce* joins iſſue with him. *Why* (ſays he) *did they carry the ſmall earthen Gardens? It was becauſe they had a* TRADITION, *that when he was alive he delighted in Gardens.* Mr. *Theobald*, therefore, miſtaking the queſtion, it is no wonder that all he ſays, in his long note at the end of the fourth volume, is nothing to the purpoſe; it being to ſhew that Dr. *Pierce's* quotations from *Pliny* and others, do not prove the real *exiſtence* of the Gardens. After theſe, comes the *Oxford Editor*; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. *Bentley* againſt Dr. *Pierce*, in theſe words, *The Gardens of* Adonis *were never repreſented under any local deſcription.* But whether this was ſaid at hazard, or to contradict Dr. *Pierce*, or to rectify Mr. *Theobald's* miſtake of the queſtion, it is ſo obſcurely expreſſed, that one can hardly determine.

WARBURTON.

ɔf which I will divide my Crown with her,
nd all the prieſts and friars in my realm
ıall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
han *Rhodope's* or *Memphis'* ever was!
memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
er aſhes, in an urn more precious
han the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*,
ranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals,
:fore the Kings and Queens of *France*.
ɔ longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
ıt *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France's* Saint.
ɔme in, and let us banquet royally,
:ter this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before ORLEANS.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

ı IRS, take your places, and be vigilant,
) If any noiſe or ſoldier you perceive
:ar to the wall, by ſome apparent ſign
:t us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. [*Exit Serjeant*] Thus are poor ſervitors,
hen others ſleep upon their quiet beds,
ınſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

ter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
whoſe approach the regions of *Artois*,

Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful ſorcery.
Bed. Coward of *France!* how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A maid, they ſay.
Bed. A maid? and be ſo martial?
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long!
If underneath the ſtandard of the *French*
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits;
God is our fortreſs, in whoſe conqu'ring name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together; better far I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Saliſbury!* for thee, and for the right
Of *Engliſh Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm; the enemy doth make aſſault.
[*The* Engliſh, *ſcaling the Walls, cry, St.* George!
A Talbot!

SCENE

SCENE II.

The French *leap o'er the Walls in their ſhirts. Enter, ſeveral ways, Baſtard,* Alanſon, Regnier, *half ready and half unready.*

Alan. How now, my Lords? what all * unready ſo?
Baſt. Unready? ay, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds;
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alan. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate than this.
Baſt. I think, this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, ſure, favour him.
Alan. Here cometh *Charles*; I marvel how he ſped.

Enter Charles *and* Joan.

Baſt. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defenſive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loſs might be ten times as much?
Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me!
Improvident ſoldiers, had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of *Alanſon*, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alan. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

* *Unready* was the current word in thoſe times for *undreſſed.*

Baſt. Mine was ſecure.
Reig. And ſo was mine, my Lord.
Char. And for myſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?
Pucel. Queſtion, my Lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſt,
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Within the Walls of Orleans.

Alarm. *Enter a Soldier crying, a* Talbot! *a* Talbot! *they fly, leaving their cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'LL be ſo bold to take what they have left.
The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword,
For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. [*Retreat.*
Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Saliſbury*,
And here advance it in the market place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul,
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps ſhall be interr'd,
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans*,
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, Lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe, we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſy beds,
They did amongſt the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myſelf, as far as I could well diſcern
For ſmoke and duſky vapours of the night,
Am ſure, I ſcar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When, arm in arm, they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my Lords. Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France?*

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?

Meſſ. The virtuous lady, Counteſs of *Auvergne*,
With modeſty, admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou wouldſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor Caſtle where ſhe lies;
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it ev'n ſo? nay, then, I ſee, our wars

Will turn into a peaceful comick ſport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my Lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Tal. Ne'er truſt me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly, that is more than manners will;
And I have heard it ſaid, unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whiſpers.*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Counteſs of Auvergne's *Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs, and her Porter.

Count. PORter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you've done ſo, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count The plot is laid. If all things fall out right
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account.
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madam, according as your ladyſhip

By

eſſage crav'd, ſo is Lord *Talbot* come.
nt. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
ff. Madam, it is.
nt. [*as muſing*] Is this the ſcourge of *France?*
s the *Talbot* ſo much fear'd abroad
with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?
report is fabulous and falſe;
ight, I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules*;
ond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
large proportion of his ſtrong-knit limbs.
this is a child, a ſilly dwarf.
not be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
d ſtrike ſuch terror in his enemies.
'. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you,
nce your ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
rt ſome other time to viſit you.
nt. What means he now? Go aſk him, whither
he goes.
ff. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*; for my lady craves,
now the cauſe of your abrupt departure.
'. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
o certify her, *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with keys.

nt. If thou be he, then art thou priſoner.
'. Pris'ner? to whom?
nt. To me, blood-thirſty Lord,
for that cauſe I train'd thee to my houſe.
; time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
n my gallery thy picture hangs,
ow the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
haſt by tyranny theſe many years
ed our country, ſlain our citizens,
ſent our ſons and huſbands captivate.
'. Ha, ha, ha.
nt. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn
to moan.

Tal.

Tal. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have aught but *Talbot's* ſhadow
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but a ſhadow of myſelf,
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity.
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here;
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his horn; drums ſtrike up; a peal of Ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe;
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath,
For, I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me,
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,

But

But only with your patience that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have;
For ſoldiers' ſtomachs always ſerve them well.
Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to London, *in the* Temple *garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plan. GReat Lords and Gentlemen, what means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
And was not wrangling *Somerſet* in th' error[6]?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment;
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.

[6] All the editions read,
Or elſe was wrangling Somerſet *i'th' error?*] Here is apparently a want of oppoſition between the two queſtions. I once read,
Or elſe was wrangling Somerſet i'th' right?
But I have inſerted Sir *T. Hanmer's* emendation.

Plan.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer thro' a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
[7] From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no [8] colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe with *Plantagenet.*
Suf. I pluck this red roſe with young *Somerſet,*
And ſay, withal, I think, he held the right.
Ver. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are cropt from the tree,

[7] *From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me,* &c.] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houſe of *York* and *Lancaſter*, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expreſſion of *ſaying a thing under the Roſe*, I am perſuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itſelf into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* Roſe, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting againſt one another, then when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the ſame quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *ſaid it under the Roſe*; meaning that, as it concern'd the faction, it was religiouſly to be kept ſecret.

WARBURTON.

Of this proverb other authors give other originals, but the queſtion is not of great importance.

[8] *Colours* is here uſed ambiguouſly for *tints* and *deceits.*

Shall

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good maſter *Vernon*, it is [9] well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red;
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the ſide, where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on; who elſe?
Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* Somerſet.
In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.
Plan. Now, *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white roſe to a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our Roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy Roſe a canker, *Somerſet?*
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a thorn, *Plantagenet?*
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roſes,

[9] *Well objected.*] Properly thrown in our way, juſtly propoſed.

That

That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
[1] I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion, peeviſh boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet.*
Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool!*
We grace the Yeoman by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*,
His grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third ſon to the third *Edward* King of *England*;
Spring [2] creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a root?
Plan. [3] He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart, ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For treaſon headed in our late King's days?
And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
[4] Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.

[1] *I ſcorn thee and thy* Faſhion,--] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. *Theobald* altered it to *Faction*, not conſidering that by *faſhion* is meant the badge of the *red-roſe*, which *Somerſet* ſaid he and his friends ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd by. But Mr. *Theobald* aſks, *if* Faction *was not the true reading, why ſhould* Suffolk *immediately reply*,

Turn not thy ſcorns this way,
Plantagenet?

Why? becauſe *Plantagenet* had called *Somerſet*, with whom *Suffolk* ſided, *peeviſh boy*. WARB.

Mr. *Pope* had altered *faſhion* to *paſſion*.

[2] *Spring* creſtleſs *Yeomen*—] i. e. thoſe who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

[3] *He bears him on the place's privilege.*] The *Temple*, being a religious houſe, was an aſylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodſhed.

[4] *Corrupted and* exempt—] *Exempt*, for excluded. WARBURTON.

Plan.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Pool*, and you yourſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
[5] To ſcourge you [6] for this apprehenſion;
Look to it well and ſay, you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill,
And know us by theſe colours for thy foes;
For theſe my friends, in ſpite of thee ſhall wear.

Plan. And by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, *Pool:* farewell, ambitious *Richard.* [*Exit.*

Plan. How am I brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Glo'ſter*,
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet* and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe.
And here I propheſy; this brawl to day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,

[5] *To ſcourge you for this* Apprehenſion.] Tho' this Word poſſeſſes all the Copies, I am perſuaded, it did not come from the Author. I have ventur'd to read, *Reprehenſion:* and *Plantagenet* means, that *Somerſet* had *reprehended* or reproach'd him with his Father, the Earl of *Cambridge's* Treaſon. THEOBALD.

[6] ——*for this* apprehenſion;] Apprehenſion, *i. e.* opinion. WARBURTON.

Shall

Shall ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you;
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come let us four to dinner; I dare ſay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A PRISON.

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. KIND keepers of my weak decaying age,
[7] Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:
And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of [8] *Edmund Mortimer.*
Theſe eyes, like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their * exigent.
Weak ſhoulders over-born with burd'ning grief,
And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe feet, whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
Unable to ſupport this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.

[7] *Let dying* Mortimer *here reſt himſelf.*] I know not whether *Milton* did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy.

[8] This *Edmund Mortimer*, when K. *Richard* II. ſet out upon his fatal *Iriſh* expedition, was declared by that Prince heir Apparent to the Crown: for which Reaſon K. *Henry* IV. and V. took Care to keep him in Priſon during their whole Reigns. THEO.

* *Exigent*, end.

But

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come;
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And anſwer was return'd that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reign,
Before whoſe glory I was great in arms,
This loathſom ſequeſtration have I had;
And ev'n ſince then hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance;
But now the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt death, kind * umpire of men's miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence.
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my lateſt gaſp.
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs.
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from *York's* great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay, of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Plan. Firſt, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm,
And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my † Diſeaſe.
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me,
Amongſt which terms he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death,
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,

* *Umpire of miſery.*] That is, he that terminates or concludes miſery. The expreſſion is harſh and forced.

† *Diſeaſe* ſeems to be here *uneaſineſs* or *diſcontent*.

Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance' ſake, declare the cauſe
My father Earl of *Cambridge* loſt his head.
Mor. This cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathſome dungeon there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Plan. Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot gueſs.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his couſin *Richard*, *Edward's* ſon
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that deſcent.
During whoſe reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reaſon mov'd theſe warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage,
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third ſon
To the third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the Fourth of that heroick Line.
But mark; as in this * haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir;
I loſt my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy father, earl of *Cambridge*, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my ſiſter, that thy mother was;
Again in pity of my hard diſtreſs,

* Haughty for high

Levied

an army, weening to redeem
-inſtal me in the Diadem:
he reſt ſo fell that noble Earl,
as beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
n the title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
. Of which, my Lord, your honour is the laſt.
. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no iſſue have;
at my fainting words do warrant death.
rt my heir. The reſt I wiſh thee gather;
: be wary in thy ſtudious care.
. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me;
:, methinks, my father's execution
othing leſs than bloody tyranny.
. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politick;
-fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
ike a mountain, not to be remov'd.
w thy uncle is removing hence,
nces do their Courts when they are cloy'd
ong continuance in a ſettled place.
. O uncle, would ſome part of my young years
but redeem the paſſage of your age!
. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaught-
t'rer doth,
giveth many wounds when one will kill.
not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
ive order for my funeral.
farewel; [9] and fair be all thy hopes,
roſp'rous be the life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*
. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
on haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
ike a hermit, over-paſt thy days.

and fair be all *thy Hopes*,] knew *Plantagenet's* were fair, but that the ıment of the *Lancaſtrian* ſappointed them: ſure, ıld wiſh, that his Ne- fair Hopes might have a e. I am perſuaded the ote;

—— *and fair* befal *thy Hopes!* THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir *T. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton*. I do not ſee how the readings differ in ſenſe. *Fair* is *lucky*, or *proſperous*. So we ſay, a *fair* wind, and *fair* fortune.

— Well; I will lock his counſel in my breaſt;
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myſelf
Will ſee his burial better than his life.
[1] Here dies the duſky torch of *Mortimer*,
[2] Choak'd with ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not but with honour to redreſs,
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament;
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
[3] Or make my Ill th' advantage of my Good. [*Exit.*

[1] *Here* DIES *the duſky torch*—] The image is of a torch juſt extinguiſhed, and yet ſmoaking. But we ſhould read LIES inſtead of DIES. For when a dead man is repreſented by an extinguiſhed torch, we muſt ſay the *torch lies:* when an extinguiſhed torch is compared to a dead man, we muſt ſay the *torch dies.* The reaſon is plain, becauſe integrity of metaphor requires that the terms proper to the thing *illuſtrating*, not the thing *illuſtrated*, be employed. WARBURTON.

[2] *Choak'd with ambition of the meaner ſort.*] We are to underſtand the ſpeaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of *Mortimer*, in being always made a tool of by the *Percies* of the north in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in aſſerting his claim to the crown, in ſupport of his own princely ambition. WARBURTON.

[3] In the former Editions:

Or make my Will *th' Advantage of my Good.*] So all the printed Copies: but with very little regard to the Poet's Meaning. I read,

Or make my Ill *th' Advantage of my Good.*

Thus we recover the *Antitheſis* of the Expreſſion. THEOBALD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PARLIAMENT.

uriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Win-
:eſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Richard
Plantagenet. Glouceſter *offers to put up a Bill:*
Wincheſter *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

WINCHESTER.

'OM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd,
mphrey of *Glo'ſter?* If thou can'ſt accuſe,
aught intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
it without invention ſuddenly;
I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
urpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.

Glou. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my patience,
thou ſhouldſt find, thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
hink not, altho' in writing I prefer'd
he manner of thy vile outragious crimes,
hat therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
rbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
o, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
hy lewd, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
he very Infants prattle of thy pride.
hou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
roward by nature, enemy to peace,
aſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
. man of thy profeſſion and degree.
nd for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
i that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
s well at *London-bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
eſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,

The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Win. Glo'ſter, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me, how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe myſelf, but keep my wonted Calling?
And for diſſention, who preferreth peace
More than I do except I be provok'd?
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, which hath incens'd the Duke;
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he,
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good———
Glou. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I then Protector, ſaucy prieſt?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?
Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſes it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ſter!*
Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This *Rome* ſhall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, ſee, the Biſhop be not over-borne.
Som. Methinks, my Lord ſhould be religious;
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks, his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler then;
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.

War. State, holy or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;
Leſt it be ſaid, 'Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould,
'Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with Lords?'
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter*.
K. *Henry.* Uncles of *Glo'ſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpecial watchmen of our *Engliſh* weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a ſcandal is it to our Crown,
That two ſuch noble peers as ye ſhould jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell
Civil diſſention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the Common-wealth.
[*A noiſe within*; Down with the tawny coats.
K. *Henry.* What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the Biſhop's men.
[*A noiſe again*, Stones, Stones.

SCENE II.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city of *London*, pity us,
The Biſhop and the Duke of *Glo'ſter's* men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble ſtones,
And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out;
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry ſtreet,
And we for fear compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter men in Skirmiſh with bloody pates.

K. *Henry*. We charge you on allegiance to ourſelves,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace,
—Pray, uncle *Glo'ſter*, mitigate this ſtrife.

1 *Serv*. Nay, if we be forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv*. Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*Skirmiſh again.*

Glou. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil;
And ſet this * unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.

3 *Serv*. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Juſt and upright, and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majeſty;
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kind a father of the Common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an Inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight:
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv*. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, ſtay, I ſay;
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear awhile.

K. *Henry*. O how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My Lord Protector, yield; yield, *Wincheſter*,
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Sovereign, and deſtroy the Realm.
You ſee, what miſchief, and what murder too,

* *Unaccuſtomed* is *unſeemly, indecent.*

† *An Inkhorn mate.*] A *Bookman.*

Hath

Hath been enacted thro' your enmity,
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Glou. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop,
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern and tragical?
Glou. Here, *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my hand.
K. *Henry.* Fy, uncle *Beaufort*; I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin,
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?
War. Sweet King! the Biſhop hath a kindly gird!
—For ſhame, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.
Glou. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourſelves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I diſſemble not!
Win. [*Aſide*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
K. *Henry.* O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ſter*
How joyful am I made by this contract!
—Away, my maſters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip as your Lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content. I'll to the Surgeon's.
2 *Serv.* So will I.
3 *Serv.* And I'll ſee what phyſick the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

War. Accept this ſcrowl, moſt gracious Sovereign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.
Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*; for, ſweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do *Richard* right:
Eſpecially, for thoſe occaſions
At *Eltham*-place I told your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his blood.
War. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his blood,
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter*.
K. *Henry.* If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of *York*;
From whence you ſpring by lineal Deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble ſervant vows obedience,
And faithful ſervice, till the point of death.
K. *Henry.* Stoop, then, and ſet your knee againſt my foot.
And in [5] reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant ſword of *York*.
Riſe, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And riſe created Princely Duke of *York*.
Rich. And ſo thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Majeſty!
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York!*

[5] *Reguerdon.*] Recompence, return.

Som.

Som. Periſh, baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *York!* [*Aſide.*

Glou. Now will it beſt avail your Majeſty
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in *France:*
The preſence of a King engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects and his loyal friends,
As it diſanimates his enemies.

K. *Henry.* When *Glo'ſter* ſays the word, King *Henry* goes;
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ſhips already are in readineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue;
This late diſſention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love;
And will at laſt break out into a flame.
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away;
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed [6].
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking babe;
That *Henry*, born at *Monmouth*, ſhould win all:
And *Henry* born at *Windſor* ſhould loſe all;
Which is ſo plain, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

[6] *So will —— diſcord breed.*] this diſcord *propagate itſelf* and advance. That is, ſo will the malignity of

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to Roan *in* France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *diſguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. THeſe are the city gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy muſt make a breach,
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as I hope we ſhall)
And that we find the ſlothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.
Sol. Our ſacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city,
And we be Lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Watch. *Qui va là?*
Pucel. *Paiſans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to ſell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.
Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll ſhake thy bulwarks to the ground.

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, and Alanſon.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bleſs this happy ſtratagem!
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in *Roan*.
Baſt. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practiſants [7].
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?
Reig. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tow'r,

[7] ——*practiſants.*] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the ſofter ſenſe *ſtratagem*. *Practiſants* are therefore *confederates in ſtratagem*.

Which,

Which, once diſcern'd, ſhews that her meaning is,
[8] No way to that for weakneſs which ſhe enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thruſting out a torch burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites.*
Baſt. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch, in yonder turret ſtands.
Dau. Now ſhines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, the *Dauphin!* preſently,
And then do execution on the Watch.
[*An Alarm*; Talbot *in an Excurſion.*
Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares,
That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of *France* [9]. [*Exit.*

[8] *No way to that*—] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way ſo fit as that.

[9] *That hardly we eſcap'd the* pride *of* France.] *Pride* ſignifies the *haughty power*. The ſame ſpeaker ſays afterwards, Act 4. Scene 6.

And from the pride *of* Gallia *reſcu'd thee.*

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critic obſcure! Mr. *Theobald* ſays, Pride of France *is an abſurd and unmeaning expreſſion*, and therefore alters it to *Prize of France*; and in this is followed by the *Oxford Editor*.
WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

An alarm: Excurſions. Bedford *brought in, ſick, in a chair. Enter* Talbot *and* Burgundy, *without; within,* Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin, Baſtard, and* Alanſon[1], *on the walls.*

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think, the Duke of *Burgundy* will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs courtizan!
I truſt, ere long, to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.
Dau. Your Grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſty paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardiſe a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with his ſhame.
Pucel. Are you ſo hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy Peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.
[Talbot *and the reſt whiſper together in council.*
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field!
Pucel. Belike, your Lordſhip takes us then for fools,

[1] *Alanſon* Sir *T. Hanmer* has replaced here, inſtead of *Reignier*, becauſe *Alanſon*, not *Reignier*, appears in the enſuing ſcene.

To

To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak to not that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alan. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang.——Baſe muleteers of *France!*
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodneſs by his looks.
God be wi' you, my Lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be *Talbot's* greateſt fame!
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy Houſe,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs ſuſtain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I, as ſure as *Engliſh Henry* lives,
And as his father here was Conqueror,
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cœurdelion's* heart was buried,
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.
Burg. My vows are equal patners with thy vows.
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*. Come, my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place:
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here I will ſit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Methinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers' hearts;
Becauſe I ever found them as myſelf.
Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
Then be it ſo. Heav'ns keep old *Bedford* ſafe!

And

And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy. [*Exit.*

An Alarm: excurſions. Enter Sir John Faſtolfe, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Faſtolfe*, in ſuch haſte?
Faſt. Whither away? to ſave myſelf by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord *Talbot?*
Faſt. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to ſave my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill-fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excurſions. Pucelle, Alanſon, *and Dauphin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart, when heav'n ſhall pleaſe,
For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE VI.

Within the walls of Roan.

An Alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*

Tal. LOST and recover'd in a day again?
This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet, heav'ns have glory for this victory!
Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as Valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke. But where is *Pucelle* now?

I think, her old Familiar is asleep.
Now where's the bastard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What, all a mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief;
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lies.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burguudy*.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd;
But see his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alanson, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while;
And, like a Peacock, sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Joan* deviſe
By fair perſuaſions mixt with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry's* warriors;
Nor ſhall that Nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
[*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the ſound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
[*Here beat an* Engliſh *March.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours ſpread,
And all the troops of *Engliſh* after him. [French *March.*
Now, in the rereward, comes the Duke and his,
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets ſound a parley.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy.*——

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*

Pucel. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.

Burg. What ſayſt thou, *Charles?* for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France!*
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid ſpeak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*;
And ſee the cities, and the towns defac'd.
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe [2],
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes;
See, ſee the pining malady of *France.*
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thyſelf haſt giv'n her woful breaſt.
Oh, turn thy edged ſword another way;
Strike thoſe that hurt; and hurt not thoſe that help:
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of common gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots.

Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

Pucel. Beſides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee;
Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not truſt thee but for profit's ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of Ill;
Who then but *Engliſh Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof?
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free without his ranſom paid;
In ſpight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen;
And join'ſt with them, will be thy ſlaughter-men.

[2] —— *on her* LOWLY *babe,*] It is plain *Shakeſpeare* wrote, LOVELY *babe,* it anſwering to *fertile France* above, which this domeſtic image is brought to illuſtrate. WARBURTON. The alteration is eaſy and probable, but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* anſwers as well to *towns defaced* and *waſting ruin,* as *lovely* to *fertile.*

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring Lord.
Charles, and the reſt will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquiſhed. Theſe haughty words of hers
Have battered me like roaring cannon-ſhot [3],
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen;
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewel, *Talbot*, I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman*: turn, and turn again [4]!

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a Coronet of gold.

Dau Now let us on, my Lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter, *&c. To them* Talbot, *with his Soldiers.*

Tal. MY gracious Prince and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

[3] —— *Theſe haughty words of hers*
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon ſhot,] How theſe lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the ſpeech of *Joan* haughty or violent, it was all ſoft entreaty and mild expoſtulation.

[4] *Done like a* Frenchman: *turn, and turn again!*] This ſeems to be an offering of the poet to his royal miſtreſs's reſentment, for *Henry* the Fourth's laſt great turn in religion, in the year 1593. WARBURTON.

The inconſtancy of the *French* was always the ſubject of ſatire. I have read a diſſertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our ſteeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the *French* for their frequent changes.

I have

I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign.
In ſign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſev'n walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem;
Lets fall the ſword before your Highneſs' feet:
And with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart
Aſcribes the glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. *Henry.* Is this the fam'd Lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ſter*,
That hath ſo long been reſident in *France?*

Glou. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.

K. *Henry.* Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father ſaid,
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted your reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe 'till now we never ſaw your face;
Therefore ſtand up, and, for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you *Earl* of *Shrewſbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of *York*;
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſ. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſaucy tongue
Againſt my Lord, the Duke of *Somerſet.*

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York.*

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take you that.
[*Strikes him.*

Baſ. Villain, thou know'ſt, the law of arms is ſuch,
That, whoſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death [5];
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.

Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *and Governor of* Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

LORD Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his head.

Win God ſave King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. Now, Governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend [6]
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

[5] *That, whoſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death;] Shakeſpeare* wrote,
—— *draws a* ſword i'th' preſence 't's *death*;
i. e. in the Court, or in the preſence Chamber. WARBURTON.
This reading cannot be right, becauſe, as Mr. *Edwards* obſerved, it cannot be pronounced.

[6] —— *ſuch as ſhall pretend.*] To *pretend* is to *deſign*, to *intend*.

Enter

Enter Faſtolfe.

Faſt. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your Coronation;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt;
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poictiers*,
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;
Myſelf and divers gentlemen beſide
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?
Glou. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage [7];
Such as were grown to Credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of Knight,
Profaning this moſt honourable Order;

[7] ——— *haughty courage*;] *Haughty* is here in its original ſenſe for *high*.

And ſhould, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.

K. *Henry*. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'ſt thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of death. [*Exit* Faſt.
And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King*. [*Reading*.
Hath he forgot, he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Portend ſome alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial cauſe*, [Reads.
Mov'd with compaſſion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feeds upon,
Forſaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monſtrous treachery! can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

K. *Henry*. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glou. He doth, my Lord, and is become your foe.

K. *Henry*. Is that the worſt this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worſt, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. *Henry*. Why then, Lord *Talbot* there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
My Lord, how ſay you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. *Henry*. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtrait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treaſon,

And

And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

SCENE II.

Enter Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.
Baſ. And me, my Lord; grant me the combat too.
York. This is my ſervant; hear him, noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine; ſweet *Henry*, favour him.
K. *Henry.* Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to ſpeak.
—Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
K. *Henry.* What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the ſea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks;
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble Lord;
For though he ſeem with forged quaint conceit
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet, know, my, Lord, I was provok'd by him;

And

And he firſt took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleneſs of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.
York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.
K. *Henry.* Good Lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men!
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe!
Good couſins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your Highneſs ſhall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourſelves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerſet*.
Ver. Nay, let it reſt, where it began at firſt.
Baſ. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable Lord.
Glou. Confirm it ſo?—Confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate;
Preſumptuous vaſſals! are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage
To trouble and diſturb the King, and us?
And you, my Lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverſe objections:
Much leſs to take occaſion from their mouths
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt yourſelves:
Let me perſuade you, take a better courſe.
Exe. It grieves his Highneſs. Good my Lords, be friends.
K. *Henry.* Come hither you, that would be combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cauſe.
—And you, my Lords, remember where we are,
In *France*, amongſt a fickle wavering nation;
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,

And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
To wilful Diſobedience, and Rebel?
Beſide, what infamy will there ariſe,
When foreign Princes ſhall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry's* Peers and chief Nobility
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of *France*?
O, think upon the Conqueſt of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be Umpire in this doubtful ſtrife.
I ſee no reaſon, if I wear this roſe,
[*Putting on a red roſe.*
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more incline to *Somerſet*, than *York*.
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach,
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France*:
And, good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourſelf, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that trait'rous rout.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promiſe you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.
York. [8] And, if I wis, he did.—But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For had the paſſion of thy heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancrous ſpight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſcepters are in childrens' hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion:
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

[8] In former editions,
And if I wiſh he did.] By the Pointing reform'd, and a ſingle Letter expung'd. I have reſtor'd the Text to its Purity. *And, if I wis, he did.*——*Warwick* had ſaid, the King meant no harm in wearing *Somerſet's* Roſe: *York* teſtily replies, "Nay, if I "know any thing, he did think "harm." THEOBALD.
This is followed by the ſucceeding editors, and is indeed plauſible enough; but perhaps this ſpeech may become intelligible enough without any change, only ſuppoſing it broken.
And if — I wiſh—he did.
or perhaps,
And if he did, I wiſh——

SCENE

SCENE III.

Before the Walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *with trumpets and drum.*

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General, aloft.

Engliſh John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* King of *England*;
And thus he would.———Open your city-gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forſake the offer of our love [9].

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd;
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,

[9] The common editions read,———*the offer of* their *love*. Sir *T. Hanmer* altered it to *our*.

And

And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery [1]
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but *Engliſh Talbot*.
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy [2] due thee withal;
For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſick to thy tim'rous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy.
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England's* tim'rous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *Engliſh* Deer, be then in blood; [3]
Not raſcal like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and deſp'rate Stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel, [4]
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us, my friends.

[1] *To rive their dangerous artillery*] I do not underſtand the phraſe *to* rive *artillery*, perhaps it might be to *drive*; we ſay *to drive a blow*, and to *drive at a man*, when we mean to expreſs furious aſſault.

[2] ——— *due thee*] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.

[3] —— *be then in blood*;] Be high in ſpirits; be of true mettle.

[4] ——— *with heads of ſteel*,] Continuing the image of the *deer*, he ſuppoſes the lances to be their horns.

God

God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England's* right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of France.

Enter a Meſſenger, that meets York. *Enter* York, *with trumpet, and many ſoldiers.*

York. ARE not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
[5] And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*;

[5] *And I am lowted*——] To *lowt* may ſignify to *depreſs*, to *lower*, to *diſhonour*; but I do not remember it ſo uſed. We may read, *And I am* flouted. *I am mocked*, and treated with contempt.

Who

Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction.
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke; to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England's* honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot's* place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd Lord!

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, *France* ſmiles; we loſe, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John!* whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father;
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewel; no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe; I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
'Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while [6] the vulture of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders.
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs:
The Conqueſts of our ſcarce cold Conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth!—While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

[6] —— *the vulture*] Alluding to the tale of *Prometheus*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Another Part of France.

Enter Somerſet, *with his army.*

Som. IT is too late; I cannot ſend them now.
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too raſhly plotted; all our gen'ral force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour
By this unheedful, deſp'rate, wild adventure.
York ſet him on to fight and die in ſhame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.
Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
From our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you ſent?
Lucy. Whither, my Lord? from bought and ſold Lord *Talbot*,
Who, ring'd about [7] with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, [*] in advantage ling'ring, looks for reſcue;
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England's* honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation [8].
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,

[7] — *ring'd about*] Environed, encircled.

[*] *In advantage ling'ring.*] Protracting his reſiſtance by the advantage of a ſtrong poſt.

[8] —— *worthleſs emulation.*] In this line *emulation* ſignifies merely *rivalry*, not ſtruggle for ſuperior excellence.

Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Baſtard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about;
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lies; he might have ſent, and had the horſe;
I owe him little duty and leſs love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*;
Never to *England* ſhall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtrait;
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en, or ſlain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot*, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A field of Battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *and his ſon.*

Tal. O Young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war,
That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boading ſtars!
Now art thou come unto * a feaſt of death,

* *A feaſt of death.*] To a field where *death* will be *feaſted* with ſlaughter.

A ter-

A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not; begone.
John. Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard and a ſlave of me.
The world will ſay, he is not *Talbot's* blood
That baſely fled, when noble *Talbot* ſtood [9].
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.
John. He that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.
John. Then let me ſtay, and, father, do you fly;
Your loſs is great, ſo * your regard ſhould be,
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the *French* can little boaſt,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done;
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will ſwear,
But if I bow, they'll ſay, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my bleſſing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.

[9] For what reaſon this ſcene is written in rhyme I cannot gueſs. If *Shakeſpeare* had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verſes in the ſame manner, I ſhould have ſuſpected that this dialogue had been a part of ſome other poem which was never finiſhed, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inſerted it here.

* *Your regard.*] Your care of your own ſafety.

Tal. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; ſhall flight abuſe it?
Tal. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.
John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain,
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.
John. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide;
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I,
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon.
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excurſions, wherein Talbot's *ſon is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France's* ſword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy ſon;
The life thou gav'ſt me firſt was loſt and done,
Till with thy warlike ſword, deſpight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee.

The ireful baſtard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt Fight, I ſoon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus; Contaminated, baſe,
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave boy —
Here, purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* how doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmens'* rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age;
By me they nothing gain; and, if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my life one day;
In thee thy mother dies, our houſhold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame,
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay,
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The ſword of *Orleans* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
Oh what advantage bought with ſuch a ſhame,[1]
To ſave a paultry life, and ſlay bright fame!

Before

[1] *On that advantage, bought with ſuch a Shame,*
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright Fame!] This paſſage ſeems to lie obſcure and diſjointed. Neither the Grammar is to be juſtified; nor is the Sentiment better. I have ventur'd at a ſlight Alteration, which departs ſo little from the Reading which has obtain'd, but ſo much raiſes the Senſe, as well as takes away the Obſcurity, that I am willing to think it reſtores the Author's

Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant boys of *France*, [a]
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* ſon.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Sire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus!* thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's ſide;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot, *led by the* French.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant Death, * ſmear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot's* valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me,
And, like a hungry Lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience;

Author's Meaning;
Out on that *vantage.*
THEOBALD.

Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *Oh what advantage*, which I have followed, though Mr. *Theobald's* conjecture may be well enough admitted.

[a] *And like me to the peaſant boys of* France,] *To like one to the peaſants* is, to *compare*, to *level by compariſon*; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itſelf, but in this ſenſe it wants connection. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *And* leave *me*, which makes a clear ſenſe and juſt conſequence. But as change is not to be allowed without neceſſity, I have ſuffered *like* to ſtand, becauſe I ſuppoſe the author meant the ſame as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with.*

* *Death ſmear'd with captivity.*] That is, death ſtained and diſhonoured with captivity.

when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
ıdring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
y-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
enly made him from my ſide to ſtart,
the cluſtring battle of the *French*,
, in that ſea of blood, my boy did drench
over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
Icarus! my bloſſom in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, *borne.*

v. O my dear Lord! lo! where your ſon is borne.
l. [4] Thou antick death, which laught'ſt us here to ſcorn,
ı, from thy inſulting tyranny,
ıled in bonds of perpetuity,
Talbots winged [5] through the lither ſky,
y deſpight, ſhall 'ſcape mortality.
ou, whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
k to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
e death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no,
ine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.
boy! he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
ad death been *French*, then death had died to day."
e, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
iers, adieu. I have what I would have,
my old arms are young *John Talbot's* Grave.

[*Dies.*

endring my ruin,———] ıing me with tenderneſs in ll.

Thou antick death.] The ır *antick* of the play, made by mocking the graver per-es.

[5] *Through the* lither *ſky*] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. In much the ſame ſenſe *Milton* ſays,

——*He with broad ſails*
Winnow'd the buxom *air.*

That is, the obſequious air.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundy, *Baſtard and* Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HAD *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging brood
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmens'* blood! [o]
Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid."
But with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: "Young *Talbot* was not born
"To be the pillage of a * giglot wench."
So, ruſhing in the Bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble Knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.
Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was *England's* glory, *Gallia's* wonder.
Char. Oh, no. Forbear. For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

[o] The return of rhyme where young *Talbot* is again mentioned, and in no other place, ſtrengthens the ſuſpicion, that theſe verſes were originally part of ſome other work, and were copied here only to ſave the trouble of compoſing new.

* *Gigot* is a *wanton*, or a *ſtrumpet*.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. [7] Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word,
We *Engliſh* warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For priſoners aſk'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewſbury?*
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great Earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchingfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble Order of St. *George*,
Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marſhal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.
Pucel. Here is a ſilly, ſtately, ſtile, indeed.
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this.
Him that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlain, the *Frenchmens'* only ſcourge,

[7] *Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know*
Who hath obtain'd —] *Lucy's* Meſſage implied that he knew who had obtained the victory; therefore Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,
Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent.

Your

Your kingdom's terror and black *Nemeſis?*
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces!
Oh that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France!*
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beſeems their worth.

Pucel. I think, this Upſtart is old *Talbot's* ghoſt;
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit.
For God's ſake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink and putrify the air.

Char. Go, take the bodies hence;

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their aſhes, Dauphin, ſhall be rear'd
A Phœnix, that ſhall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.
—And now to *Paris*, in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s ſlain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* HAVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac?*

Glou. I have, my Lord; and their intent is this;
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France.*

K. *Henry.* How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou. Well, my good Lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on ev'ry ſide.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one Faith.
Glou. Beſide, my Lord, the ſooner to effect
And ſurer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great Authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage with a large and ſumptuous dowry,
K. *Henry*. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young,
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' Ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers ev'ry one.
I ſhall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my Country's weal.

Enter Wincheſter, *and three Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. What is my Lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the Fifth did ſometime propheſy;
" If once he come to be a Cardinal,
" He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown."
K. *Henry*. My Lords Ambaſſadors, your ſev'ral ſuits
Have been conſidered and debated on;
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable;
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my Lord of *Wincheſter* we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to *France*.
Glou. And for the proffer of my Lord your maſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſs ſo at large;
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,

He

He doth intend ſhe ſhall be *England's* Queen.

K. *Henry*. In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And, ſo, my Lord Protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover*; where, inſhipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt King and Train.*

Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you ſhall firſt receive
The Sum of money which I promiſed
Should be delivered to his Holineſs.
For cloathing me in theſe grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordſhip's leiſure.

Win. Now *Wincheſter* will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt Peer.
Humphry of *Glo'ſter*, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That * nor in birth, or for authority,
The Biſhop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanſon, *Baſtard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. THESE news, my Lords, may chear our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout *Pariſians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.

Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Pow'rs in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us,
Elſe Ruin combat with their Palaces.

* *Nor in birth.*] I would read *for* birth, That is, thou ſhalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate and thy authority ſupreme.

Enter

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeſs unto our valiant General,
And happineſs to his accomplices!
Dau. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.
Scout. The *Engliſh* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle preſently.
Dau. Somewhat too ſudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.
Bury. I truſt, the ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.
Pucel. Of all baſe paſſions fear is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt, *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret and all the world repine.
Dau. Then on, my Lords; and *France* be fortunate. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excurſions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, [8] ye charming Spells and Periapts;
And ye choice Spirits, that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents; [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly [9] monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.

[8] —— *ye charming Spells and Periapts;*] Charms ſow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. *Wo to them that ſow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt ſouls.* POPE.

[9] *Monarch of the North.*] The North was always ſuppoſed to be the particular habitation of bad ſpirits. *Milton* therefore aſſembles the rebel angels in the North.

Now,

Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
[1] Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and ſpeak not.*
Oh, hold me not with ſilence over long,
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further benefit,
So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs? my body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then, take my ſoul; my body, ſoul and all;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.
[*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty-plumed creſt,
And let her head fall into *England's* lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with.
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Excurſions. Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.* Pucelle *is taken.* *The* French *fly.*

York. Damſel of *France*, I think, I have you faſt.
Unchain your ſpirits now with ſpelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's Grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;

[1] *Out of the pow'rful* regions *under earth.*] I believe *Shakſpeare* wrote *legions.* WARBURTON.

No ſhape, but his, can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing miſchief light on *Charles* and thee!
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpris'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your beds.
York. Fell, banning hag! inchantreſs, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curſe a-while.
York. Curſe, miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the ſtake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk, *with Lady* Margaret *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner. [*Gazes on her.*
Oh, faireſt beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands.
I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou? ſay; that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret, my name; and daughter to a King;
The King of *Naples*; whoſoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;
So doth the Swan her downy cignets ſave,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk's* friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, ſtay!—I have no pow'r to let her paſs;
My hand would free her, but my heart ſays, no.
[a] As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams,
Twink-

[a] *As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams*, &c.] This compariſon, made between things which ſeem ſufficiently unlike,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fy, *De la Pole*, [3] diſable not thyſelf;
Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here thy priſ'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's ſight?
Ay; beauty's princely Majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and make the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For, I perceive, I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How can'ſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aſide.*
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? what ranſome muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*
Mar. 'Twere beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would, that you would anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King. Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is ſome carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And Peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too,

is intended to expreſs the ſoftneſs and delicacy of Lady *Margaret's* beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its luſtre.

[3] *Diſable not thyſelf.*] Do not repreſent thyſelf ſo weak. To *diſable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the ſame as to deſtroy its credit or authority.

For

For though her father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet he is poor;
And our Nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? Are ye not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much.
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*;
And then I need not crave his courteſy. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England's* royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
To put a golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my ——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife;
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, Madam, are you ſo content?
Mar. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our colours forth.

And, Madam, at your father's caſtle-walls,
We'll crave a parly to confer with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier *on the walls.*

Suf. See, *Reignier*, ſee thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord.
Conſent, and for thy honour give conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I deſcend;
To give the anſwer of thy juſt demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou*, what your Honour pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King.
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my ſuit?
Reig. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of ſuch a Lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be *Henry's*, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig.

Reig. And I again in *Henry's* Royal name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſign of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffick of a King.
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd.
So farewell, *Reignier*; ſet this diamond ſafe
In golden Palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my Lord. Good wiſhes, praiſe and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret.* [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam; hark you, *Margaret*;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thyſelf.——I will not ſo preſume
* To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a King.
Suf. O, wert thou for myſelf!——but, *Suffolk*, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas;

* *To ſend ſuch* peeviſh *tokens*—] *Peeviſh*, for childiſh. WARB.

That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry's* feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, *a Shepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, *Joan!* This kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I ſought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs, cruel, death?
Ah, *Joan*, ſweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit miſer! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! — my Lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows,
Her mother, living yet, can teſtify,
She was the firſt-fruit of my batch'lorſhip.

War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues, what her kind of life hath been.
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.

Shep. Fy, *Joan*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle[5]:
God knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear.
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan.*

Pucel. Peaſant, avaunt! You have ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe to obſcure[6] my noble birth.

[5] *Why wilt thou be ſo obſtacle?*] A vulgar corruption of *obſtinate*, which I think has odly laſted ſince our author's time till now.

[6] —— *my noble birth.*
'Tis true, I gave a noble—&c.] This paſſage ſeems to corroborate an explanation, ſomewhat far fetched, which I have given in *Henry* IV. of the *noble man* and *Royal man.*

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the prieſt,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
Had been a little ratſbane for thy ſake;
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep my lambs a-field,
I wiſh ſome rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy father, curſed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit*
York. Take her away, for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Pucel. Firſt, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd.
Not me begotten of a ſhepherd ſwain,
But iſſu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, choſen from above,
By inſpiration of celeſtial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked ſpirits.
But you, that are polluted with your luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand vices,
Becauſe you want the grace, that others have,
You judge it ſtreight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils.
No, miſconceived *Joan of Ark* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden blood thus rig'rouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.
York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, Sirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides,
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although you hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greateſt miracle that ere you wrought.
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine, what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince *Charles* muſt father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was *Alanſon* that enjoy'd my love.

York. [7] *Alanſon!* that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave; I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's moſt intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl.—I think, ſhe knows not well.
There were ſo many, whom ſhe may accuſe.

War. It's a ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee;
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious ſun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make aboad!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death

[7] Alanſon? *that notorious* Machiavel.] *Machiavel* being mentioned ſomewhat before his time, this line is by ſome of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text.

Inviron you, 'till miſchief and deſpair [8]
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves!
[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

SCENE VII.

Enter Cardinal of Wincheſter.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know, my Lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outragious broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a gen'ral Peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aſpiring *French* [9];
And ſee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approaching to confer about ſome matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many Captains, gentlemen and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh, *Warwick*, *Warwick!* I foreſee with grief

[8] — *'till miſchief and deſpair*
Drive you to break your necks,—] Perhaps *Shakeſpeare* intended to remark in this execration, the frequency of ſuicide among the *Engliſh*, which has been commonly imputed to the gloomineſs of their air.

[9] *Betwixt our nation and th'* ASPIRING *French*;] But would an Ambaſſador, who came to perſuade peace with *France*, uſe it as an argument, that *France* was *aſpiring*. *Shakeſpeare* without doubt wrote,

—— *th'* RESPIRING French.

i. e. who had but juſt got into breath again, after having been almoſt hunted down by the *Engliſh*. WARBURTON.

The ambaſſador yet uſes no argument; but if he did, *reſpiring* would not much help the cauſe. *Shakeſpeare* wrote what might be pronounced, and therefore did not write *th'reſpiring*.

The utter loſs of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a Peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *Baſtard*, *and* Reignier.

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*;
We come to be informed by yourſelves,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my priſon'd voice,
By ſight of theſe our baleful enemies [1].

Win. *Charles* and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives conſent,
Of meer compaſſion and of lenity,
To eaſe your Cóuntry of diſtreſsful war,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitful Peace;
You ſhall become true liegemen to his Crown.
And, *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute and ſubmit thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him;
And ſtill enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Muſt he be then a ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a Coronet [2],
And yet in ſubſtance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſt
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambaſſador, I'll rather keep

[1] —— *baleful enemies*.] *Baleful* is *ſorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we ſhould read *bateful*, hurtful, or miſchievous.

[2] —— *with a Coronet*.] *Coronet* is here uſed for a *crown*.

That

That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
York. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a League;
And now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Standſt thou aloof upon compariſon [3]?
Either accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit [4] proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.
Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your Subjects from ſuch maſſacre,
Ard ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleaſure ſerves.
[*Aſide, to the Dauphin.*
War. How ſay'ſt thou, *Charles?* ſhall our Condition ſtand?
Char. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.
York. Then ſwear allegiance to his Majeſty.
As thou art Knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
[Charles *and the reſt give tokens of fealty.*
—So now diſmiſs your army, when you pleaſe;
Hang up your enſigns, let your drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn Peace. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —— *upon compariſon?*] Do you ſtand to compare your preſent ſtate, a ſtate which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?

[4] —*accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,*
Of benefit ——] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to England.

Enter Suffolk, *in Conference with King* Henry; Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* YOUR wondrous rare deſcription, Noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Marg'ret* hath aſtoniſh'd me;
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettled paſſions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide,
[5] So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tuſh, my good Lord, this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praiſe.
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I ſuffiient ſkill to utter them,
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And, which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſs of mind
She is content to be at your command,
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intent,
To love and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

K. *Henry.* And otherwiſe will *Henry* ne'er preſume.
Therefore, my lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Marg'ret* may be *England's* Royal Queen.

Glou. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
You know, my Lord, your Highneſs is betroth'd

[5] *So am I driv'n*———] This ſimile is ſomewhat obſcure; he ſeems to mean, that as a ſhip is driven againſt the tide by the wind, ſo he is driven by love againſt the current of his intereſt.

Unto

Unto another Lady of eſteem.
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that Contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that[6] at a triumph having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds;
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds;
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*;
And of ſuch great Authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace;
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.
Glou. And ſo the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto *Charles*.
Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral Dow'r,
While *Reignier* ſooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A Dow'r, my Lords! Diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen;
And not to ſeek a Queen to make him rich.
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in * by Attorneyſhip,
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,

[6] —— *at a triumph*] That is, at the ſports by which a triumph is celebrated.

* *By attorneyſhip.*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the diſcretional agency of another.

In

In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd,
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth Bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial Peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King;
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
More than in woman commonly is ſeen,
Anſwer our hope in Iſſue of a King;
For *Henry*, ſon unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors;
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

K. *Henry*. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping; poſt, my Lord, to *France*;
Agree to any Covenants; and procure,
That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to *England*; and be crown'd
King *Henry's* faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for 'till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thouſand cares.
And you, good Uncle, baniſh all offence:

If

If you do cenſure me [7], by what you were,
Not what you are, I know, it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [8] [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
We hope to find the like event in love;
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

[7] *If you do cenſure me*, &c.] To *cenſure* is here ſimply to *judge*. *If in judging me you conſider the faſt frailties of your own youth.*

[8] ——— *ruminate my grief.*] *Grief* in the firſt line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneaſineſs*; in the ſecond ſpecially for *ſorrow*.

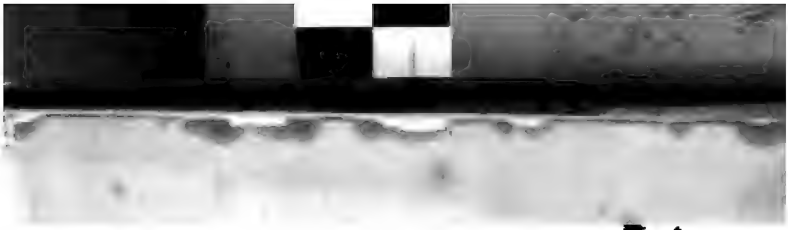
Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two ſucceeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the ſecond and third parts were publiſhed without the firſt may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were ſurreptitiouſly obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick thoſe plays not ſuch as the authour deſigned, but ſuch as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the ſeries of events; that it was written and played before *Henry* the fifth is apparent, becauſe in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts.

Henry *the ſixth in ſwaddling bands crown'd king,*
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had th' managing
That they loſt France, *and made all* England *rue,*
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhewn.

France is loſt in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*.

The two firſt parts of *Henry* VI. were printed in 1600. When *Henry* V. was written we know not, but it was printed likewiſe in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the firſt and ſecond parts, the firſt part of *Henry* VI. had been often *ſhewn on the ſtage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the authour been the publiſher.

The END of the FOURTH VOLUME.



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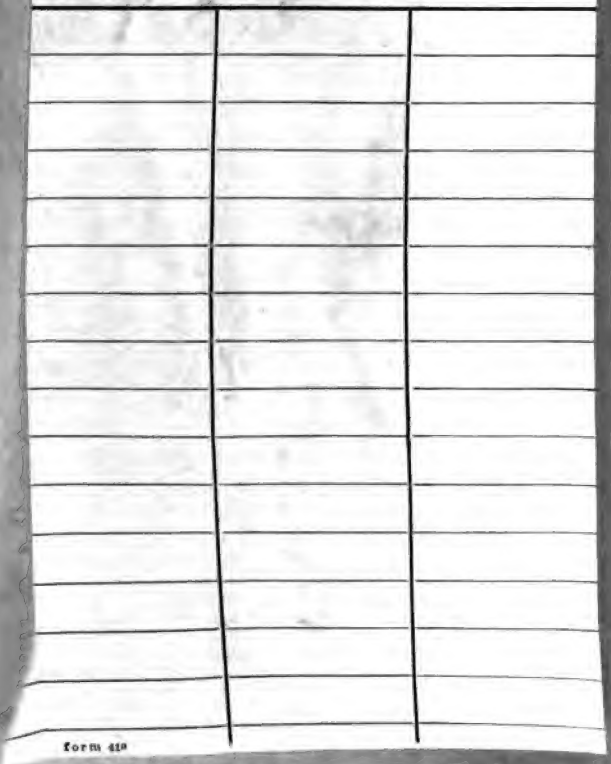

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